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REAR-ADMIRAL LORD CLARENCE PAGET, 1864.

on 27 November, 2018

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND JOURNALS

OF

Admiral Lord Clarence E. Paget,

G.C.B.

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EDITED BY THE

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LONDON: CHAPMAN & HALL, LD.
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PREFACE.

CLARENCE EDWARD PAGET, whose autobiography follows in these pages, was the eldest son of Lord Anglesey (the Waterloo marquis), by his second marriage with Lady Charlotte Cadogan. He shared fully those physical advantages which were characteristic of all Lord Anglesey's children.

I remember well when I first saw him as my father's flag-captain, how much I was impressed by his good looks, and charmed by his singing. He possessed many accomplishments, was a good linguist, and a skilful artist both with brush and chisel. A man of the world also, but not spoilt by the world. I soon conceived a great affection for him, which lasted until that sad day in the spring of last year, when I followed his body and that of his wife, my sister, to their grave. This feeling of affection it is which causes some doubt whether I can be considered an altogether impartial judge of his merits. I prefer, therefore, to give the opinion of one who, during an

intimacy of thirty years, and an official connection of seven years, had ample opportunity for forming an opinion of his character. To this gentleman, as also to the two daughters of Lord Clarence, I am much indebted for aid in the arrangement of his journals and papers. The Baltic journal, I may here mention, was not written for publication. I have, therefore, in accordance with what I think would be the desire of the deceased Admiral, while reserving a fair expression of his views, *eliminated some passages* from it. Mr. Kempe, the official to whom I referred, writes to me as follows:—

"I was unacquainted with his lordship before he did me the honour of selecting me from the permanent staff of the Admiralty to be his private secretary, and I well remember how, on my first introduction to him, I was struck with his handsome presence and breezy, seamanlike, but, at the same time, polished manner.

"His naval career is well known. If his commands were undistinguished by any startling incidents of warfare, they were characterized by a thorough knowledge of his profession, by constant, active, and earnest solicitude for the ships, officers, and men under his command. His care for the latter was illustrated by the establishment, soon after he took the Mediterranean command, of the Naval Savings Bank system, which has since worked so well, and proved such an advantage to the seamen of the fleet.

"His ability as an official and a politician was fully recognized by his colleagues, by the House of Commons, and by the Press. Responsible as he was in the House for the Navy, this responsibility, added to the burden of much official work, at times pressed heavily upon him.

"Speaking of him as Secretary of the Admiralty, a writer in a periodical of the day said: 'Nature must have meant him for a great diplomatist: Fortune sent him to a man-of-war: and some power or another enabled him to combine the gifts and advantages

of both professions. His explanations are even ostentatiously artless. He cannot make a speech (he seems to say with Antony), so he tells the House quietly, and with a sort of winning and apparently involuntary candour, which, with his "hemming" and "hawing," and other tokens of oratorical imperfection, disarms distrust. Besides, who would look for Parliamentary tactics in a gentleman with such an open, sailor-like face, known as that of the smartest captain's in the Service?—and yet there is no man on either side of the House who, in a statement of extreme candour, knows how just to slip over the weak points; how to parry an awkward question; and to keep—accidentally, as it were—the strong points before his audience. How, last and greatest gift of all, to gild the "pill" of twelve millions for Naval Estimates, by the exhibition of a wise, philanthropic, and energetic Board of Admiralty.'

"Many hours spent in listening to naval debates, enable me to vouch for the truth of this description. I doubt whether the Board, whom he had to serve and represent in the House, ever fully appreciated the skill and power with which he pleaded for and defended their policy.

"In his official dealings, one of his marked characteristics was his hatred of jobbery; and, in his sincere desire to avoid all suspicion of it, he may, doubtless, have appeared to his friends to be somewhat indifferent."

During Lord Clarence Paget's six to seven years' tenure of office, when he represented in the House of Commons a great spending department of the State—the Board of Admiralty—he was, necessarily, in frequent communication with the principal members of the Cabinet, other than his immediate chief, and especially with Lord Palmerston, the Prime Minister; Mr. Gladstone, the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and Mr. Sidney Herbert, the Secretary of State for War. With Earl Cowley, his half-brother, then ambassador at Paris, he also maintained constant correspondence, and was well informed on all matters relating to the

naval power and projects of France, as well as of the views of the Emperor and the men in authority who were about him.

I have read the voluminous correspondence of Lord Clarence with much interest. As most of the letters, however, are of a private and confidential character, and deal with subjects of a very delicate nature, I have not thought it right to publish them. I make one exception only, as regards a letter of Lord Palmerston's—not marked private—concerning which it is necessary to offer a short explanation.

Lord Clarence, as a sailor, was naturally anxious that the naval power of the country should be maintained in full strength and efficiency. He found, however, a strong party in the House of Commons opposed to what they called the "enormous" expenditure for naval purposes; and as this party was mainly composed of supporters of the Government of which he was a member, he was obliged to take their views into account. The navy of France was at that time the only foreign navy of importance. He conceived, therefore, a plan of an arrangement with France, by which the preponderating power of our navy should be maintained, and a large expenditure in both countries for naval purposes diminished. He acquainted the Prime Minister with the details of his plan, and Lord Palmerston disposed of them in a letter so eminently characteristic of that most able and practical statesman, that I think it may well find a place here."

"94, Piccadilly,
"January 31, 1861.

"MY DEAR CLARENCE PAGET,

"I return you your memorandum about the English and French navies. There is much truth in it, but I do not think it quite the sort of statement to be usefully shewn or repeated to the Emperor of the French, and with regard to any Proposal for entering into any agreement with France as to the amount and nature of the Naval Force which each of the two Countries should maintain, we do not think it advisable either to make such a Proposal to France, or to accept it if made by France to us. In the first place, France is not the only Power possessing a Navy, and we must regulate our Naval Force with reference to other Powers as well as to France.

"In the next place, such an agreement with any foreign Power would shackle the free action and discretion of England in a manner which we never would submit to; and if such an agreement were made, there must be a perpetual inquisitorial watch kept up by each Power over the Dockyards and Navy of the other, in order to see that the agreement was not broken through, and this would lead to frequent bickerings, besides being intolerable to National self-respect. Moreover, if we were to start now with a proposal that we should have double the Force the French have, or as much again, the Emperor would laugh at us and say, 'By all means! I must have 20 or 24 Iron-cased ships—you are quite welcome to have 40 or 48, and I hope you will find money enough to build them; but do not expect that I am to sit with my hands across till you have done so!'

"Yours sincerely,
"PALMERSTON."

Since the date of this letter, the state of things affecting maritime power has greatly changed. Other nations in Europe, besides France, are now possessed of important navies; and, in the Far East, a progressive and aspiring nation has given proof of the "Influence of Sea-Power," since the remarkable and valuable work of Captain Mahan, of the United

States Navy, on that subject was published. I have reason to know, from many conversations with Lord Clarence Paget, how fully he recognized that the strength of the Navy, on which our national existence depends, must be based on other considerations than those of the naval power of France.

In a very short time Lord Clarence gained the ear of the House of Commons by a charm of voice and manner which, so far as my experience goes, was never surpassed by that of any member, nor equalled by any, unless it were by the late Sydney Herbert (afterwards Lord Herbert of Lea). I remember on one occasion, when Lord Clarence had used this quality with great effect in dealing with some questions of a direct and difficult character, Mr. Disraeli saying, "It is difficult to discuss matters with the noble lord, or to obtain information from him, because he does not answer our questions, but hitches his breeches, and tells us he is a plain, seafaring man!" What is quite certain is that, during seven consecutive sessions, he moved the Naval Estimates with unexampled success; and when, after a long evening's work, he retired, for the solace of his cigarettes, to that small, well-known room ("Gossett's room"), where men of all parties met for social intercourse, he always received praise and congratulations from those who had been opposed to him. I know that he left the House of Commons—the scene of his many labours and triumphs—with much regret; but his heart was given to his profession, and the

Mediterranean command had more value, in his estimation, than any other office.

In his declining years, blessed in the affectionate care of his wife and children, and the companionship of many friends, he would sometimes speak, but always with becoming modesty, of the happiness he derived from the thought that he had been able, in some degree, to improve the condition of the sailor-folk he loved so well.

In the pages which follow will be found the best account of his professional career, as also the proof of his strong religious convictions and affectionate nature.

ARTHUR OTWAY.

January 29th, 1896.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

1811–1839.

PAGE

Childhood—A practical joke—School days at Halnaker and Westminster—George IV.—His coronation—A royal page *v.* Nose-blower—Enters H.M.S. navy as a ship's boy—Appointed to H.M.S. *Naiad*—A ghost story—Joins H.M.S. *Talbot*—Bombardment of Algiers—Greek war of independence—Navarino—Lord Byron's ladies—Joins H.M.S. *Rifleman*—A royal refugee at Cowes—Joins H.M.S. *Warspite*—Promoted to lieutenant—St. Helena—Napoleon—Joins H.M.S. *Belvedere*—Portuguese civil war—Don Pedro and Don Miguel—Syria—Lady Hester Stanhope—A new king for Greece—Promoted to commander—Illness and cure by a French homœopath—Appointed to H.M.S. *Pearl*—Lisbon—Ordered home to stand for Southampton—Sent to West Indies—Rebellion in Canada—Capture of Slavers—The Prince de Joinville—*Pearl* paid off ... 1

CHAPTER II.

1839.

Journal of a trip to Copenhagen—Stockholm—St. Petersburg—Moscow—Nijni Novgorod—Borodino—Anecdotes of the Emperor Nicolas, his empress, and family 30

CHAPTER III.

1840–1853.

PAGE

Flag-captain to Vice-admiral Sir Robert Otway at Sheerness—Brings H.R.H. Prince Albert to Dover in H.M.S. *Firebrand*—Ceremonies upset by *mal de mer*—Appointed to H.M.S. *Aigle*—Some saluting difficulties—Mission to Montenegro—Appointed secretary of Ordnance Office—Elected for Sandwich—"Dickey Green"—Marriage ... 69

CHAPTER IV.

1854.

Appointed to H.M.S. *Princess Royal*—Review of squadron by Queen—Sails for the Baltic—Admiral Sir Charles Napier His signal to the Fleet—Gulf of Finland—Lost opportunities—Death of Lord Anglesey—Hango—The "Demon of War"—A fiasco—Helsingfors—The French fleet—International compliments bungled—Demonstration off Cronstadt—Bomarsund—A sham bombardment—Cholera—A bad character retrieved—To Bomarsund with the French admiral—A successful bombardment—Nothing more to be done—A daughter born—*Une fille de bataille*—A tardy reconnaissance—A campaign to be forgotten 77

CHAPTER V.

1855.

"At it again"—Sails for Black Sea in *Princess Royal*—Malta and its reminiscences—Constantinople—The Turkish question—Dardanelles—Stamboul—Crimea—Hurricane of the 15th of November—Lord Raglan and the newspapers—Sir Edward Lyons—Balaclava—Inkerman—The Czar's death—French camp—The Mamelon—The grand attack—Naval attack suggested—Night work—Attack on Kertch planned—Stopped by Imperial interference—A coast cruise—Kertch again—Evacuated by the Russians General Pelissier—Night attacks renewed—Unsuccessful attack of 18th of June—Death of Lord Raglan—Funeral—Invalided 136

CHAPTER VI.

1857–1866.

PAGE

General election—Re-elected for Sandwich—Motion in the House of Commons about coast lights—Royal commission—The Deal pilots dissatisfied—Debate on navy estimates—The missing millions—Appointed Secretary to the Admiralty—Alleged kidnapping of an admiral—A sleeping duke—A protracted pantomime—Ironclads *vice* line-of-battle ships—*La Gloire* examined—Schleswig-Holstein—Contagious Diseases Act—Civil Lords of the Admiralty—Death of Lord Palmerston—Takes leave of official life and the House of Commons—Appointed to command of Mediterranean Squadron—John Bright—Leaves for Marseilles 186

CHAPTER VII.

1866.

Arrival at Malta—Collapse of state carriage—Introductory visits—A startling telegram—A bank failure—Fleet evolutions—Adriatic—Patras—Athens—War between Austria and Italy—The young King of Greece—A *fête*—Constantinople—A pacha's villa—The Turks at home—Syracuse—Sardinia—Portmahon—Naples—Pompeii 204

CHAPTER VIII.

1867.

Visit to Egypt—Investiture of Viceroy with the Order of the Bath—Lady Clarence Paget's visit to the harem—Suez Canal—*Victoria* ordered home—Algiers again—The Kabyles—Gibraltar—An embroglio avoided—Malaga—Hints for travellers in Spain—Bargaining with "mine host"—The Alhambra—A "Posada"—Seville—Duke and Duchess de Montpensier—Cadiz—Good-bye to the *Victoria*—Arrival of *Caledonia*—Hyères—Toulon—Remarks on French ships—Genoa—Spezzia—Carrara quarries—*Cruiser* ashore—Elba—Napoleon and his relics—Malta 249

CHAPTER IX.

1868.

PAGE

A naval canteen and savings bank—Athens—Constantinople Smyrna—Santorin—Admiral Farragut 295

CHAPTER X.

1868.

Visit to the Holy Land—Jaffa—Bethoron camp—First view of Jerusalem—The holy sepulchre—Calvary—Bethany—Bethlehem—Sailors ashore—The Dead Sea—Jericho—Sychem—Samaria—Jezreel—Mount Tabor—Hermon—Tiberias—Capernaum—Cana—Nazareth—Beyrout—Sidon—Druses and Maronites—Cyprus—Rhodes—A Turkish *fête*—The Abyssinian campaign—Sir R. Napier—King Theodore's son—Malta—Corfu—Ancona—"Santa Casa" of Loretto—Venice—Pola—Trieste—Battle of Lissa—The torpedo—Dalmatian coach—Fiume—Zara—Sebenico—Cherga waterfall—Gravosa—Ragusa—Bocca di Cattaro—Montenegro—Austrian bands—Naples—Chasse at Capo di Monte—San Carlo—Caprera—Garibaldi—A follower of Nelson—Palermo—The last cruise concluded—Malta—Winter exercises—A farewell ball on New Year's eve 308

APPENDIX I.

A yacht voyage in 1882 through the Canal du Midi of France 351

APPENDIX II.

Remarks on the Board of Admiralty 360

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

TO FACE PAGE

REAR-ADMIRAL LORD CLARENCE PAGET, 1864 *Frontispiece*

LORD CLARENCE PAGET ÆT. 11 1

AN EVENING AT UXBRIDGE HOUSE, 1840. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY ... 69

H.M.S. "PRINCESS ROYAL," 91 GUNS, WITH THE COMBINED FLEETS IN THE BALTIC 77

PORTRAIT OF LADY CLARENCE PAGET 254

"CONTRAST." SAILORS PAST AND PRESENT 295

AT COWES, 1886 350

COLOSSAL STATUE OF NELSON, MODELLED AND ERECTED BY ADMIRAL LORD CLARENCE PAGET 366

LORD CLARENCE PAGET ÆT. 11.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER I.

1811—1839.

WHETHER any one should write his own biography is a question which I have often asked myself. It is certain that if all had done so who were able to write there would be extant a fund of information, valuable in proportion to its antiquity, as to the inner life of our forefathers, of which we know very little. For instance, had the Man with the Iron Mask had a valet or secretary who jotted down his daily life, we should know who he was and why he was incarcerated. Again, had the publisher of the Letters of Junius kept a diary, he would have been sure to allude to his client, and we should have known who wrote them. How interesting would be notes of the daily life of one of Elizabeth's courtiers—Leicester, for instance, and his doings at Kenilworth—with the true story of Amy Robsart. He had, of course, confidantes, male and female, whose autobiography, though ever so rough, would have explained that mystery.

It is with this view that I write these pages, which, like all autobiographies, are necessarily egotistical,

and have the fatal defect of the constant use of the personal pronoun. I have written them in the leisure hours of old age, when, strange to say, the memory, so deficient in everyday matters, becomes singularly vivid and distinct as to occurrences long gone by; but I have also incorporated the journals which I kept when I was in Russia, the Crimea, and elsewhere.

I was born on June 17, 1811. My earliest impressions were painfully and indelibly ingrained on my mind. An officer on my father's staff administered a sound thrashing to me for filling his boots with sand. It fell out in this wise. The glorious battle of Waterloo had been fought, and one of the last shots splintered my father's knee. No sooner did the news of the battle reach the Regent, than he sent the particulars to my mother, and offered her conveyance to Ostend in a royal yacht, which she gladly accepted, and carried me, then a child of four years old, with her to Brussels, where we arrived some days after the conflict. My father was quartered with his staff in one of the houses of the great square, now a beautiful garden, but then a sandy and unkempt field, in which I found the material for my first practical joke. Mrs. Collins, my nurse, was highly indignant at "them sodgers" for hurting her dear little boy, but the lesson was useful. I have never tampered with boots since.

The next event I can remember was the awful morning on which I was hoisted into the stage coach for Chichester, in charge of Mr. Wately, the butler, on a bitterly cold morning, and dropped at Halnaker

school, about five miles from the former town. The school was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Bayton. There were about a dozen boys, among them Charles, son of Sir Charles Paget, and another who has since earned some eminence, named A'Becket. Mr. Bayton had a portly wife, a round chubby daughter of about seventeen, and an awful boy of about my own age, seven. We had prayers and birching at eight, with an occasional repetition of the latter during school hours. Our French master, of the name of Favre, was an *emigré*, and used to recount the victories of Napoleon, and always included Waterloo among them—"only," said he, "*nous etions trahis par Grouchy.*"

We were tolerably happy, except for the three birchings which always awaited us after each holiday for not doing "holiday tasks." The prospect of this punishment weighed on our minds, particularly during the last week at home, when my poor mother and sisters used to cry at the inevitable doom awaiting me, and ceaselessly and vainly implored me to set to work at my task; but I preferred my clear holiday, wound up by the floggings, and several other boys took the same philosophic view. My schoolfellows were perpetually pinching my leg, because they thought I must have inherited a wooden leg from my father. We used to have pleasant walks through Halnaker Park to Goodwood and Molecombe, the latter place then inhabited by my sister, Lady March. From Halnaker I was transferred to Westminster School, in 1821, and no sooner there than I was, in a moment and for a moment, turned into a royal page, in seventeenth-

century habiliments, sword, hat, and feathers. From Grant's boarding-house in Little Dean's Yard I was taken to the deanery opposite, where I found my father being arrayed as Lord High Steward, and my eldest brother Uxbridge as train-bearer; and, being all duly equipped, we repaired to the Abbey, there to await the king (George IV.), whose coronation was about to take place. My particular and imposing duty was to carry a silken bag full of pocket-handkerchiefs to wipe the sovereign's brow and to blow his royal nose. The procession to Westminster Hall I well remember, for I stumbled several times over my sword. Charged with my relay of nose-wipers, I was close to his Majesty on the steps of the throne. All went off well enough till the king returned from the banquet, when a very disorderly scene took place—a general rush at the good things, in which I lost myself, and was trampled on; but I succeeded in getting safe back to the school and into my ordinary clothes. Among the many kind and eccentric acts of this rather wicked but most charming king was a freak which took place at the Pavilion at Brighton some years before the events I have just related. He made my father take me with him on one of his numerous visits, and I was sent for to dessert at a large party. The Prince Regent, as he then was, took me on his knee, and the first thing that struck my fancy was a little cross and red ribbon which he wore on his breast. In playing with it, it fell off, on which I jumped from his knee and ran off crying; but he had me back, pinned it on my frock, and announced that he had made me a

Knight of the Bath. I still have this interesting relic, and my nurse to the day of her death believed I was a real knight.

The king used to have me with my father to visit him on board the *Royal George* yacht, where he was always full of jokes and fun. Many odd scenes I witnessed there—practical jokes, songs by the sailors, and games. There was an old gentleman about him who was a constant butt, Sir Edmund N——. One day he told Sir Edmund that he must get rid of some long hairs, which grew out of his nose; and sent straightway for a pair of tweezers and pulled them out himself! Alderman Sir W. Curtis was also often on board. He had a Dutch galliot yacht, called *Die Yonge Vrou*, which used to cruise with the royal squadron. My father at that time had the *Emerald* cutter built by Sainty, but the king insisted on buying her, and she was long afterwards in the navy as a tender.

The fagging at Westminster was very severe, and I fell into the hands of a huge Welsh boy named Edwards—whom, by-the-by, I have since met as a worthy squire and magistrate. It was no joke to keep his room and clothes in order. The first thing in the morning I had to clean the grate and light his fire, then to clean his boots and clothes and to cook his breakfast. During the game season he had presents of pheasants, which had to be cooked for himself and friends, and supper laid for them, after which the fags regaled themselves on the bones, which sometimes were daubed with red pepper before being given to us. One considerable thrashing we all got.

Sir Francis Burdett, a popular leader, was engaged in one of his parliamentary contests (I think for Middlesex), and a procession of his supporters happening to pass the school, we, taking the cue from our masters, incontinently shouted, "Down with Burdett, the Radical!" on which the mob laid hold of us and gave us a rough time.

One morning we fags were summoned to the grand school hall earlier than usual, and ordered to bring with us our satchels or leathern bags containing our books. Arrived at the hall, we were mustered in front of the "shell" form and placed in rows, the smallest boys in front, the big boys forming a mass behind—there were some three hundred in all. The head-master, Dr. Goodenough, had issued an order that the fags were no longer to clean either shoes, grates, or candlesticks. This produced the rebellion of which the following was the *dénouement*.

At the usual hour the head-master, followed, as was customary, by the second master, and the six ushers of forms, and attended by the king's scholars, marched up the hall. At a given signal, all the upper boys were to commence firing their books at his head, and the fags were to supply ammunition. Nothing daunted by the crowd, Dr. Goodenough proceeded steadily up the hall, and when in the middle he stopped and harangued the boys. His magnificent presence and coolness overawed them, and they slunk away one by one to their forms. I need not say we poor fags were nothing loth; but there remained staunch to their colours two tall youths, and he

thus addressed them: "Lord Arthur Paget and Mr. Lidyard, go to your places, or you will be expelled the school." They hesitated, but at last, deserted by their comrades, they, too, filed off, and thus ended the "shoes and candlesticks rebellion," and with it the inelegant occupation for us little boys. Arthur Paget was a fine youth. He went into the 7th Hussars, his father's regiment, and was killed out hunting in Yorkshire.

In April, 1823, I was sent to sea in H.M. frigate *Naiad,* captain the Hon. R. C. Spencer. Being below the regulated age (13 years), I was entered as a ship's boy. A celebrated character of those days was the first lieutenant, Michael Quin, a curious specimen of the old school, full of oaths, but a good man at heart. We cruised in the Channel, and in the autumn joined the squadron at Lisbon, under the command of Sir Harry Neale, one of Nelson's captains. In December, much to our regret at leaving the gaieties of Lisbon, we were packed off, under sealed orders, with an Algerine brig in company. At Gibraltar we took in boats, guns, and ammunition. In those days there were no sights to the guns, and our captain improvised wooden sights. All this looked like war, and we were the envy of our neighbours. Two days after leaving Gibraltar, we fell in with a squadron of three frigates which showed Algerine colours. We took no notice but passed on. Three days later we were at war with Algiers.

It appears that the Dey had insulted our consul, and we were sent to obtain redress. The utmost

that the Dey would grant was permission for the consul and his family to embark, and it was a risky business, for the whole town was up, and the wild Moors were with difficulty kept back while the *cortége* proceeded to the mole to embark; and I remember, as a youngster in a boat, being a little alarmed at the angry menaces of the mob. War was declared on a large sheet of paper. The boats returned, and we weighed with a fresh breeze blowing into the bay. Scarcely were we under weigh, when we sighted a corvette running in. Fortunately, it was not our friends of three days before, or we should have had hot work. We fired a shot ahead of the corvette to make her heave to, but she stood gallantly on, so we opened our broadside with grape and canister, and peppered the unfortunate vessel till she was in a sinking state, on which she luffed up and grounded on the rocks. We then boarded her and took the few survivors prisoners. Her decks were literally ploughed up with grape shot, and the carnage was frightful. We, however, rescued about twenty Spaniards, who had been captured by this corsair, and were on their way to slavery at Algiers. They were in the hold, and the water was nearly up to their heads. In a few minutes their worldly troubles would have been over; but they shouted lustily, and we were just in time to take the hatches off and save them. Such was Algiers in those days.

The consul, his wife, and daughters, made the ship lively. The gallant old Reis, or captain of the corvette, was appointed to mess with us in the midshipmen's

berth, and we amused ourselves in a ghastly manner with the old man, by scraping our throats with knives, and so intimating to him that on arrival at Malta he would be cut a head shorter; but he was a devout and stolid Mussulman, and only shrugged his shoulders.

Having landed the consul and prisoners at Malta, we returned to blockade Algiers, and so passed more than six months without tasting fresh meat or vegetables, except from an occasional capture, and without landing anywhere except on the open coast to get water, when we usually had a brush with the Arabs, who continually came down in hordes to molest our watering-parties. We had also two exciting nocturnal freaks, one in burning a brig of war under the batteries of Bona, and the other in cutting out a large vessel loaded with grain at Stova. This formed an acceptable prize, as we were able to grind the corn and make soft bread. The finale of this little war was the arrival of Sir Harry Neale's squadron with bomb ships, and, what was then a curious sight, a steamer. After bombarding Algiers for several hours ineffectually, a sort of peace was patched up, and we all proceeded to Malta. Here I became acquainted with the Right Hon. John H. Frere, who had married Lady Errol. They had a pleasant house on the Pietà, and were extremely good to me; in fact, I look back often to the charm of the old ambassador's conversation.

This was the period of the Greek war of independence. Byron, Hobhouse, Trelawny, Lord Guildford, and other Philhellenes were battling away

in the cause. *Apropos* of the last named, I was taken to pay him a visit at the University, Corfu, where he had established himself as a second Socrates, and was arrayed in Grecian garb and academicals, as were all his pupils. The whole civilized world was excited. Greek committees in London, and even Paris (where the Bourbons then reigned), and all over the world were pouring in money and volunteers, and we were ordered to the Archipelago into the thick of it.

We touched at Corfu, and there learnt that Byron was lying dead at Missolonghi, deserted by his Palikari, and without a covering to his body. We hastened off there, and on arrival found it was too true. There he lay, having been robbed of his clothes, arms, money, and even the little furniture of his room. The carpenter made a coffin, and his remains were taken in a country boat to Zante, and thence shipped to England. Missolonghi was being then besieged by the Turkish army. It was pretty to see the thousands of tents, those of the Pashas being green, and all the paraphernalia of war. The place subsequently fell, and the whole garrison was put to the sword; indeed, throughout the war, neither party gave quarter.

Just before our arrival in the Archipelago, a distressing event occurred on board a corvette, the *Hind*, commanded by Lord ——. His ship was anchored close to the Greek camp at Salamis, and almost within sight of the Turkish stronghold of Athens. He invited the Greek chiefs to an

entertainment, and, being of a jovial turn, the wine passed freely. He suddenly turned up the hands to make sail, and told the Greeks that he was going to hand them over to their mortal enemies. They made a rush on deck, which was full of their armed retainers, drew their Yataghans and set to work to cut away all the ropes. The sailors were taken in a panic, and ran forward, so that the Palikari had full possession of the ship, and made a wreck of the upper deck. At length the captain succeeded in persuading them that it was only a joke, and order was restored; but it cost him his career. He was ordered home, and was never employed again. He became, years afterwards, equerry to the Duke of Sussex, who was very fond of him, as indeed were all who knew him.

At Napoli di Romagna—Nauplia—we were witnesses to terrible scenes. It was on one of these occasions that I was concerned in the only authentic "ghost story" that I know of. The *Cambrian* and *Naiad* frigates were anchored opposite the Greek island of Hydra. A boat was sent alongside by the consul to inform us that they were putting a lot of Turkish prisoners to death in revenge for the frightful massacre by the Turks of the Greek prisoners in the Turkish island of Ypsara. The boats were immediately manned and armed, and we proceeded to the town to endeavour to rescue these unfortunates. They opened fire upon us, and we lost several men and one young officer. Having accomplished our mission, and brought away a small remnant of the prisoners, we returned to our ships.

The officer of the watch reported that they had heard the firing on board, and that this young officer had come near the ship in a small boat; that they had hailed, and that he had answered, and had suddenly vanished, boat and all. The curious part was that the officer of the watch told the story on our reaching the deck, before he knew that any one had been killed. The story was corroborated by the sentry at the gangway, and by the quarter-master of the watch. The bodies were buried with all honours. These frightful events lasted three years, and were only put an end to by the battle of Navarino, to which I shall presently allude. My service in the *Naiad* lasted nearly four years, during which we visited most parts of the Mediterranean, and returned to England in 1826. From the *Naiad* I was transferred to the *Talbot*, commanded by the brother of my late captain—a different character, and, I think, a better officer, though both had a high reputation and deserved it.*

In the *Talbot* I again returned to the Mediter-

* It is right that, in alluding to these distinguished officers, I should particularly advert to the extraordinary care which they both took with the education of the youngsters—a matter much neglected in those days. The Rev. David Morton, chaplain of the *Naiad*, was a high-class Cambridge man. We had, besides, a French and Italian master; nor was music neglected, although both captains hated that art. I can safely say that I learnt more in those two ships than in all the years I was at school. Indeed, I owe whatever advancements I have enjoyed in life to those noble brothers. Frederick Spencer, who commanded the *Talbot*, ultimately succeeded to the title. Robert, called in the service "Bobby," died while in command of the *Madagascar*.

ranean, and had my small share in the battle of Navarino. Matters in the East had attained such gravity, that the three powers, England, Russia, and France—the latter, however, reluctantly—resolved to put a stop to the butchery, and in August, 1827, there assembled off Navarino, which was the head-quarters of the Turkish fleet and army, a squadron which was composed of ten line-of-battle ships and about as many smaller vessels. Sir Edward Codrington commanded in chief; the French were under Admiral de Rigny, and the Russians under Count Hayden. Ibrahim Pacha, who commanded the whole Turkish and Egyptian forces, was summoned to evacuate Greece forthwith, to which he assented; and, relying on his good faith, the squadron dispersed, leaving several small vessels to witness the evacuation. At that time Patras was closely invested by the Greeks, and no sooner were the big ships out of sight, than the Turkish fleet got under weigh and proceeded to victual and rescue the garrison of Patras. Our admiral had fortunately only gone to Zante, which is opposite the former place, so we in the *Talbot* hastened to inform him of what was taking place. We fell in with him, and signalled, "Enemy's fleet close behind us." He had only the *Asia*, flagship, *Dartmouth*, and *Talbot* in company, but he signalled, "Prepare for battle," and took up his position between the Turks and Patras, and sent the *Talbot* to close the Capitan Pacha and inform him that, unless the fleet turned back he would open his broadside. We had a Greek interpreter on board, and I well remember his

tremulous voice when he hailed a big line-of-battle ship, carrying the flag of the Capitan Pacha, "to put about immediately, on pain of combat." This bold stroke, however, had its effect. The signals went up and the fleet of about thirty ships of all sizes put about and returned to Navarino.

Meantime the other squadrons had been sent for in all directions, and by the beginning of October were again assembled outside, and pourparlers began. This time the Turks were obdurate, so on the 20th, at 1 p.m., we sailed into the harbour with a nice leading wind, under very easy sail. The Turks were moored in a crescent round the harbour, and in two lines, the smaller ships filling the intervening spaces. They had fire-ships at each horn of the crescent, and finally they had powerful batteries on either side of the entrance. We sailed majestically in; not a sound of shot or shell was heard, so that that particular and indescribable sensation on going into action began to wear off. Our admiral anchored close abreast of his Turkish rival. The French and Russians did likewise, and we all took up our positions and furled sail. Presently a few musket shots were fired, then a great gun or two, and in a few minutes there was a general blaze. It so happened that the *Talbot*, whose station was opposite a Turkish frigate, had some delay in letting go her anchor, and, in consequence, she was in front of three of them, so that when they opened fire it went hard with us, and we lost a good many men and three officers in a quarter of an hour; but fortunately, *l'Armide*, French frigate, commanded

by Baron Hugon, who had arrived a little late, gallantly luffed up under our stern and anchored with great skill right between us and the centre frigate. We gave the Frenchmen three hearty cheers, and they well deserved it. Our work was now easy enough, for by this time the Russian frigates got to their stations and hammered away. One of them, however, in passing our stern, sent several shot into us, and killed the old signalman, whereupon Captain Spencer ordered Grey and me, his two aides-de-camp, to go on board and remonstrate. We found, I regret to say, that several of the officers were quite drunk, and the captain not much better. By sunset the whole of the Turks were silenced, and had hauled down their flags, but none were boarded, as we were not, strictly speaking, at war.

During the night many blew up, and the scene was awful. Hundreds of poor slaves, chained to their guns, were blown into the air, and at daylight few out of this large fleet were afloat. It was a mournful sight as we went down to supper, for they had laid the dead in rows on the lower deck, against the midshipmen's berth, and our hammocks were slung right over them, so that one had to tread on the bodies to get into one's hammock. I remember this shocked me a good deal, but in spite of it we spent a joyful evening. The *Talbot* was ordered to repair damages as quickly as possible, and carry the news to Malta. The artificers of the fleet plugged the shot-holes, and our masts, which were a good deal damaged, were fished with spars, and we got away,

jury-rigged, in five days. On our way we fell in with a fine frigate, the *Druid*, commanded by Sir Thomas Staines, and I was sent on board to inform him of the events. He was a one-armed veteran, who had seen much service, and he thumped his side with his empty sleeve in pure vexation at having been out of it. It was a mystery why the Turks allowed the allied squadrons to take their places quietly in the harbour before commencing the action; if they had opened fire from the forts as we entered the port, we should have suffered a great deal more. There were many surmises on the subject, but none which I thought reasonable.

We had, soon after, delightful cruises on the coast of Italy; and, at Venice, received a visit from the famous Countess Guiccioli, the favourite of Lord Byron—a fat, fubsy woman. Another of his inamoratas, and to whom he also wrote sonnets, was "the maid of Athens," who was positively ugly.

The *Talbot* was paid off in 1828, and I paid a short visit to my family, in Dublin (my father being then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland), but the state and ceremony of the Castle were not much to my taste, and I again returned to the Mediterranean and joined the *Rifleman* brig at Constantinople, just in time to take part in the suite of the ambassador, at his reception by Sultan Mahmoud, after the peace. It was a picturesque and splendid affair, under gorgeous tents, in the beautiful valley of Buyukdere, at the mouth of the Bosphorus. We were first ushered through long lines of Janissaries, and attended by Pachas to a grand pavilion, where coffee was

served and pipes with beautiful mouthpieces. Next rosewater was handed to us, and, finally, cloaks with diamond clasps and furs—the theory of this odd proceeding being that no infidels could approach the sacred person of the Padishah until they had been washed, fed, and clothed. We were then ushered into another splendid pavilion, where sat on his throne, the great man, surrounded by guards carrying huge hatchets, which were actually held over our heads. This, again, was a barbarous custom, denoting that he might cut our heads off at any moment. He slightly bowed, and murmured a few words to the interpreter, which were duly responded to by Sir Robert Gordon, and we were bowed out and entered the state caiques to be rowed back to Constantinople. These Imperial caiques were really beautiful and wonderfully swift, with their twenty to thirty oars rowed by splendid caiquegees.

From the *Rifleman*, I passed my examination for lieutenant, and returned to England in 1829.

Part of the summer of 1830 I spent with my family at Cowes, and a curious historical incident occurred. In the month of July, I was awoke by the master-gunner of the castle one morning very early. He informed me that the King of France had arrived during the night in an American packet, escorted by a French frigate. My father, being captain of the castle, was the authority to whom any important event should be reported, and I accordingly called him and received orders to go on board and wait on Charles X.

I found him, the Duc d'Angoulême, and several of the princesses and children on the deck, wretchedly clad, and looking the picture of misfortune. Having stated my instructions, they began by a volume of thanks, and poured out their griefs. They had no clothes with them, and hardly any food. They described their escape from Paris and fortunate arrival on board the American. I told them I would endeavour to procure such things as were necessary, and requested the King not to land until the London authorities had been informed of this important matter. We managed among my sisters to make up clothing for the royal children, and all but the king landed and visited my father and mother, and were very grateful. They remained off Cowes some days, and then went to Lulworth Castle, the seat of Mr. Weld.

After a short stay I was sent out in a small frigate to join the *Warspite*, flag-ship of Sir Thomas Baker, at Rio de Janeiro. During the passage, a disagreeable incident took place in crossing the line, and was, I believe, partly the cause of the discontinuance of that ancient custom of shaving the neophytes. By a series of misunderstandings, with, as usual, faults on both sides, the captain had made himself much disliked by the officers, and, being one of the old school, he was for keeping up the custom of allowing Neptune to visit the ship. Out of a pure spirit of contradiction, the young officers declined to allow themselves to be shaved by the sailors, and he was as determined they should undergo the process. The first lieutenant, Grove, a very

good and conciliatory officer, warned the captain that it would lead to serious conflict if persisted in. The Minister to Brazil, Mr. Gore, who was taking a passage, also implored the captain not to persevere; but he was obdurate. Some fifteen or sixteen officers barricaded the door of the midshipmen's berth, and ensconced themselves within, armed with knives, cutlasses, etc., and awaited the onset of the sailors. These having had a good deal of liquor, for it was usual to save up the grog to have a carouse on crossing the line, made a tremendous onslaught, and speedily tore down one of the doors, when a scuffle ensued, and several on both sides received severe cuts, and all were highly exasperated. At this moment the first lieutenant made his appearance with a file of marines, and separated the combatants, who were all marched up and made prisoners on the quarter-deck, and so it ended; but it left a very undesirable state of feeling in the ship, and I was glad to quit her at Ric and join the *Warspite*.

From Rio we were despatched to the Mauritius (Isle of France), to assist in quelling an *emeute* caused by the appointment of Sir Hudson Lowe as governor. He having been the jailor of Napoleon, and the population of that island being French, it was an unwise appointment, and, indeed, only a very temporary one, for he was removed immediately afterwards. Thence we proceeded to the Cape of Good Hope, and I learnt there of my promotion to lieutenant. An instance of hardship occurred to me on this occasion. Sir Thomas Baker had already

promoted me to be his flag-lieutenant, on a death-vacancy some months before, but the later Admiralty commission superseded the other, and I lost several months' sea-time in consequence.

I returned to England in a wretched transport, and we were four months on the passage; but we visited St. Helena and the tomb of Napoleon. What a strange finale to his great career—the little cottage of three or four rooms, the valley in which he was buried, the paths among the hills along which he was wont to stroll, always attended, much to his disgust, by one or more officers! The contrast between his abode of Longwood and that of Sir Hudson Lowe, the governor, was striking. The island, however, is beautiful, and the climate delightful. The anchorage is under a high cliff, and affords the only landing, the sea faces being rugged and precipitous; indeed, it was from these features probably that this island was chosen as the prison of the great emperor. We also visited Ascension, another rocky and volcanic island in mid-Atlantic, and lived for several days on turtle, the chief produce. At length we were landed in Old England again, and I had this time some months at home.

My next appointment was to the *Belvidera* frigate, R. S. Dundas; and we were employed on the coast of Portugal, during the civil war between Dom Pedro and Dom Miguel. After a long and bloody siege, Oporto was relieved, and Donna Maria proclaimed queen; and there were great rejoicings. Being there, we were invited to a grand picnic up the river Douro;

the wine passed freely, and opinions likewise. Our captain, as his name would denote, was a strict Conservative, which term implied a preference for Dom Miguel. Whether he or some of our party were indiscreet enough to propose a toast or make a speech in that sense, I do not remember. Certain it is, that suddenly the party broke up in uproar and confusion, and we returned to our boats, glad to get out of the mess. From the coast of Portugal we were sent up the Straits again, and were mostly employed on the Barbary coast. I was then transferred to the *Madagascar*, Captain Edmund Lyons, and we sailed for Syria. From Beyrout we made a party to visit a celebrated woman, Lady Hester Stanhope. She was living in a castle on Mount Lebanon, as a Sheik of the desert, surrounded by armed retainers. She graciously received all but me, and sent me messages, but declined to see any one of my name. I learnt afterwards that an uncle of mine had in some way offended her in her youth. They described her as being like an old sheik, and dressed as a Bedouin. From thence we went to Alexandria, and there I was introduced to old Mehemet Ali, then Pacha of Egypt, the terror of Turks and Greeks alike. He presented me with a scimitar. Soon afterwards we were sent to Athens, and found the Greeks already tired of their republic under Mavrocordato, and determined, like the Israelites of old, to have a king. A king was accordingly provided by Bavaria, and we were sent to Trieste with a convoy of transports to convey Otho, Prince of Bavaria, with a small army of four

thousand Bavarians, to Greece. Captain Lyons attached me as A.D.C. to the king, and I proceeded to Munich to arrange the embarkation. The Bavarians are considered somewhat slow, and on this occasion they did not belie their reputation. Instead of being ready, two long months intervened before we were *en route;* but I had the chance of an interesting tour to Vienna and other places. At length we landed the king and troops at Napoli di Romagna, together with his prime minister, Count Armansperg; but this German government, I need not say, soon found disfavour with the Greeks, and Otho returned eventually, and was succeeded later by a Danish prince.

In 1833 we were paid off, and I was, not long after, promoted to commander. In those days there were so few commands that, on arriving at that rank, I, like many others, was shelved, and my service until 1837 was principally in attending balls, sporting and travelling; but an incident in my life deserves to be recorded in honour of the illustrious founder of the homeopathic system, Hahnemann.

I was taken ill in London of what was supposed by the best doctors to be an abscess on the lungs, and after months of suffering, life was fast ebbing away, when some friend of my father suggested that I should be removed to Paris to consult Dr. Hahnemann, as a last chance; and my father, who knew nothing of the man or his system, determined to attempt it: but how to get me across was the question. Fortunately the King, William IV., remembered there

was a luxurious old bed travelling-carriage in the royal coach-houses, which had carried his brother, George IV., and he kindly placed it at the disposal of my father. Into it I was put, more dead than alive, and we got across to Calais, and from thence by easy stages to Paris. Each day my father sent accounts to my mother, which I have seen, and I must have had a very narrow shave. Dr. Hahnemann was immediately summoned—a little wizened old man of seventy, not more than five feet high, with a splendid head, and bent double—with him his wife, a remarkably intelligent French woman, who was very plain, and much younger than the doctor. He gave one the idea of a necromancer. He wrote down every symptom, examined me all over, asked ever so many questions which I had scarcely strength to answer, and took up his gold-headed cane to depart. My father hung upon every word, but could get nothing from him. He came next, and next day, and after about the fourth visit he suddenly exclaimed in French, "The doctors have mistaken the case; it is not an abscess on the lungs, but an abscess on the liver, and I will cure him in three weeks." And so it was. Three weeks after that there was a ball at the Tuileries, and the good old king congratulated my father on my recovery.

In 1837 I was appointed to command the *Pearl* corvette. She was built by Sainty on the enlarged lines of my father's yacht, which was the clipper of those days. It was a graceful compliment to him to give me this vessel, as he had proposed her construction. She had all

the attributes of the cutter *Pearl*, was marvellously fast, but not very weatherly. I was sent to Lisbon, which was then in its chronic state of disturbance. A large squadron was stationed there under Sir William Gage's command. The widow of Dom Pedro resided at a country palace at the entrance of the Tagus, and as the Miguelites were for the moment uppermost, they thought fit to endeavour to imprison this lady, who was supposed to have considerable political activity. A large body of insurgents marched from Lisbon, and suddenly I was ordered by signal to proceed in the *Pearl* to her rescue, as there was not sufficient water for the big ships to anchor near her palace. Fortunately there was a nice breeze and a fair tide, and I got to my station just before the rebels; so I shotted my guns, and sent an officer to inform them that unless they immediately turned about I would open fire. They took the wise course and turned to the right-about. The Empress was very grateful, and I remained as her guard, often visiting her and sitting in the beautiful garden with her and her household. One day the packet entered the river and signalled the admiral, "*Pearl* to proceed to England immediately." What follows will scarcely be credited by this generation of sailors. King William had died and Queen Victoria ascended the throne. This necessitated a general election, and my ship was to go home, in order that I should stand for Southampton! I took leave of the Empress, who was so much distressed at being left without her faithful policeman, that I went on board the flag-ship and prevailed on the good old

Admiral to defer the departure of the *Pearl* at least until a proper vessel could supply my place. I was not sorry for the excuse, as I had not the least ambition to be in Parliament. Alas! the return mail brought him a wigging from the Admiralty, with orders to send me home immediately; so this time I parted from the Empress, not without very kindly expressions, and sailed for Southampton. But the delay had made me late for the contest, and I arrived at that ancient port, only to be informed that I had been beaten two days before, by fifteen votes. Fate now led me in quite another direction. I was ordered to proceed to Bermuda, to join Sir Charles Paget's squadron in the West Indies. On arrival at Bermuda, the yellow fever broke out violently on board, and carried off several of my ship's company, although there was no such fever in the island, nor had I touched anywhere. The ship was put in strict quarantine, and the people were landed, but it never was ascertained how the fever originated.

In 1838 the sad rebellion, almost revolution, occurred in Canada. It was supposed to be supported and fomented by the United States Government, and I was sent in the depth of winter to the Chesapeake, ostensibly to confer with our minister at Washington, Mr. Fox, but really with a roving commission to visit especially the naval establishments, and to report whether any activity was observable. I fell in with a succession of gales, and the poor *Pearl* was nearly overwhelmed in crossing the Gulf stream; but we got safely into the Chesapeake after twenty days. I sent

a lieutenant on shore to the fort which defends the entrance, to inform the governor that I was about to salute the flag. My lieutenant found the governor at breakfast, and on his stating his errand, the governor replied, "I guess you have caught us with our breeches down, for we have not got a gun mounted on the fort, to return your salute." I met with all sorts of kindness during a two months' tour along the sea-board, and satisfied myself that there was no cause for alarm. During the following summer Lord Durham was sent to Canada as governor-general, and the squadron went up the St. Lawrence to Quebec, to attend him. This gave us the opportunity of making many interesting excursions to the lakes and to Niagara.

My next visit was to the West Indies, and off the Havana I had the good luck to capture a Spanish brig with six hundred slaves. Having some knowledge of the language, I persuaded the captain to give me information of another large slaver not far off, and I also obtained their private signals from him; so I put a prize crew on board, and gave orders that if they saw a suspicious vessel they were to make the private signal—"Wish to communicate." The next day I observed them make the preconcerted signal, whereupon the vessel bore down to them, and they summoned her to surrender. Unfortunately, however, she had landed five hundred slaves in the night. I took her along with the brig into the Havana, where they were condemned, and my share of the prizes was six hundred pounds. Whilst on

the same cruise I made my first acquaintance with H.R.H. the Prince de Joinville. He was lieutenant of *l'Hercule* line of battle ship, commanded by an old Captain Cazy, which was laying in the Havanna when I arrived with my two slavers. He was very kind and civil, and admired the *Pearl*, but added that *La Favorite*, a small barque-rigged corvette that was with *l'Hercule*, would beat us to windward, and he invited me to keep company through the Bahama Channel,—he being bound for New York, —and try rate of sailing. I was bound to land my slaves at the English island of New Providence, so it suited me to go with him. We had two days' interesting trials, and I must say that the *Pearl* had much the best of it. The second day H.R.H. invited me to dine on board, and hove-to for me; so we had a friendly chat, in which the old captain and he admitted the *Pearl* had beaten the *Aviso*, but excused it on the score of her being out of trim. While smoking in the stern gallery the officer of the watch reported that the Bahama lights were in sight ahead, and I immediately told Captain Cazy that we had better tack and stand out on port tack off the land for the night. He, however, decided to stand on, and I soon got so fidgety that I took leave and jumped into my boat, and back to the *Pearl*. I had no sooner got on board than the master told me he was very anxious for my return, as we were standing in rather close to this dangerous coast, so we tacked off. We watched the Frenchmen by their lights still standing in, and at last lost sight of them. We felt in all

probability they would come to grief, so by occasionally running to leeward—the Gulf stream here sets to the northward—we endeavoured to keep the *Pearl* as near as possible to her place, so as to see at daylight what had happened to our friends. Sure enough, as day broke, the Frenchmen were hull down, evidently at anchor or aground, as their sails were furled and top-gallant masts down, and as we neared we could see the coral reefs and were obliged to con the ship clear of them from the foreyard. The liner was hard and fast, and the *Aviso* was anchored just ahead of her, and was sending cables to haul her off. We let go both anchors close to her, and got stream cables over the stern to help, and I went on board to offer assistance. Fortunately the water was smooth, and had risen somewhat in the night, and she floated off of herself; but it was a narrow escape. I felt that, under the circumstances, my presence would be no longer so welcome, and I accordingly made signal at noon that I was obliged to part company, as my course lay farther east, and wished H.R.H. a pleasant voyage, to which they sent a cordial reply. I then fired a royal salute, which was returned, and we parted company.*

* The Prince de Joinville, in his "Vieux Souvenirs," pp. 100–102, refers to this in the following terms: "I spent two days in the pleasantest of company, and . . . Lord Clarence Paget, who was of the party, astonished us by his talent as a singer. . . .

"At two o'clock in the morning I was awakened in my cabin by a violent shock. The *Hercules* had just run aground in the dangerous waters of the Bahama Channel. . . . If the swell increased

I had almost forgotten this episode, when the following year, at a dinner at the Tuileries, the Queen of the French told me that Prince de Joinville had related the whole story, and she thanked me for having helped her son. The *Hercule*, I believe, broke her back upon that occasion, and they were glad to get her home.

The *Pearl* was paid off at Sheerness in 1839, under the auspices of Admiral Sir Robert Otway, whose acquaintance I then had the good fortune to make. This acquaintance had a happy and lasting influence on my life, for it led to my marriage, twelve years afterwards, with his youngest daughter.

she would soon go to pieces, and every boat we had to launch would never be enough to save the crew. . . We set hard to work to get down a big anchor on the deep-water side, etc. . . . The dawn . . . showed us, in the offing, the British corvette *Pearl*, commanded by a pleasant comrade of some days before, Lord Clarence Paget, who had sailed from Havana at the same time as we ourselves. As soon as he perceived our position he hurried to our assistance, and, steering with all the decision and sea-faring good sense of the British sailor, he got as close as possible to us, put down his two anchors at once, and came to us, saying, 'I bring you the only thing I can, a fixed point to work on.' We thanked him cordially, but just at that moment . . . the *Hercules* swayed for a few minutes on her sandy bed, and then began to float." (From the English translation by Lady M. Loyd.)

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CHAPTER II.

1839.

JOURNAL OF A TRIP TO COPENHAGEN, STOCKHOLM, ST. PETERSBURG, MOSCOW, NIJNI NOVGOROD, ETC.*

On June 19th, 1839, I left the London river in the *Pearl*, passed the Scaw light, and anchored off Elsinore on the morning of the 24th. We had intended to pass on to Copenhagen, but the beautiful castle of Cronberg tempted us to land and explore. It is built in the style of Heidelberg—that is to say, an architecture peculiar to Germany. Though far inferior in size and richness and purity of style to that building, it possesses great charms to the antiquarian, and is not uninteresting to the historian. It was partly built by Christian IV. of Denmark, and was completed by one of his successors, whose initials also are over the gateway.

The town, or more properly village, of Elsinore is paltry enough, and remarkable only for one or two large empty storehouses, which we were told were formerly cram full of goods from all parts of the world, but that in an evil moment for the Danes, their king

* This journal is inserted as written in 1839; with a few alterations only.

had closed the port some years ago, and that since that time it has been gradually decreasing in wealth.

The *Diana* Danish corvette lay here as guard-ship, so a friend invited us to go on board and see the humours of midsummer night with the crew. This anniversary is always kept in Denmark with dancing. Our day hardly repaid us, and we were therefore glad to lift the anchor and hie for Copenhagen.

Copenhagen is situated in a low and very level country, so that the approach disappoints one greatly; but on entering the town I was agreeably surprised at the width and regularity of the streets, and the respectability, if not beauty, of the houses. There are two good squares with equestrian statues in bronze of Christian IV. and V. That of which the royal residences form two sides is remarkable as being diagonal, and not unlike the Place Vendôme in Paris. The streets which lead to the port or canal are intersected with canals, and give the town much of the appearance of Rotterdam, and this likeness is enhanced by the exact resemblance of the features and gait of the Danes to that of the Lowlanders. My friend and companion, Cameron, said that there is good reason for this likeness, since the island, which contains the dockyard, was peopled by Dutchmen, and that all the streets near the port were crowded with them. But it was some time before we could remark on the inhabitants, for I believe not more than a dozen crossed our path during a half-hour's walk through the town.

One's first day at Copenhagen resembles the first

day at any other capital in the world. "Pray, sir, where is the Ambassador's, and which is the best inn?" to which question we were answered by a sulky look and a Danish stare. Had they forgiven us for Nelson's attack, and the subsequent land siege in 1805? I fear not.

The three-crowned battery had been greatly strengthened since those days, and seemed formidable enough. They had also augmented the citadel, which is on the starboard hand, going into the narrow passage at the entrance. Nevertheless, I think that steam warfare would be efficient against them, provided the boats drew very little water. The moment you got inside the battery, there was not a gun that could hurt you.

These good people have the character of great hospitality to strangers. We were here only two days, and knew not a creature, save Professor Jornson, who showed us the Scandinavian Museum. The Minister, Sir Henry W. Wynne, and his ladies, were extremely hospitable, so that I am unable to judge of inn fare at Copenhagen.

There is a fine new church called "Of the Virgin," which contains twelve statues down the aisle of the Apostles, and a colossal statue of our Saviour as an altar-piece, under which is printed in large letters, "Come unto Me, ye that are heavy-laden." I must mention the font, as my brother George fell greatly in love with the face of an angel, kneeling and holding in her hands a large cockleshell. It is beautiful, and I never admired any building more than this church.

It is of the simplest Doric architecture, of an oblong form, and the whole decoration consists of these twelve noble statues. They are the gift of the Danish Praxiteles * to his native country, and came with him from Rome in a Danish frigate. From the steeple we had a fine panoramic view of the town.

The last King chose to build a new and gigantic palace, and having finished it, he found that Denmark had not funds to keep him in it; so there it is, empty, except a few rooms which are used for an exhibition of old pictures, which must undoubtedly have been taken off the barbers' shops and inn doors of those times. I think I discovered a goodish Charles I., of course by Vandyke; there is also a fine head, probably by Correggio.

The stables are highly picturesque—would that his Majesty would fill the stalls with better horses! But perhaps the most interesting thing about Copenhagen, is the Scandinavian Museum. Here were implements of war, the chase, and for domestic uses, from the early periods of Scandinavian history, that is, about the period of our Saviour's life on earth.

We learn undoubtedly, that flint and stone were the only substitutes for metal at that period, and that brass and copper, and, finally, iron and steel, were not known till much later. How much must they have been behind the Romans; and yet we proud Englishmen own them as our forefathers, we who boast the first iron and steel factories in the world! The dockyard, which, indeed, forms also the line of

* Thorwaldsen.

protection to the city and the seaside of the great canal or port, is good, and the ships, though small, are well built—six of eighty-four, eight frigates of forty-six, and twelve small craft. But what was the use of these ships, even if they could man them, which was impossible, now that they possessed not Norway and her sailors? Could they ever hope, squeezed in as they are among so many powerful neighbours, to be allowed an advantageous neutrality? and would not these very ships which drained their treasury, make them a tempting bite to Russia or England as they were before?

Their sixty-five gun-boats were very well kept and quite ready. I had the assurance to tell the officer who showed them to us that, in their place, I would sell the men-of-war and build a hundred and fifty gun-boats and steamers, and who could venture to run the gauntlet of the Sound? He rather agreed, but said, Denmark must have men-of-war.

The best armament for Denmark is her flotilla of fifty gun-boats and steamers, the passage through the Sound and grounds being so narrow, that with management they may stop almost any force from entering or leaving the Baltic.

The entrance to the capital of Sweden by Landsoort lighthouse, and the passage thence to Dalaru, reminded me greatly of the Bermudas, and the navigation is equally intricate. This, however, did not prevent our little flyer from beating the thirty-two miles against a strong north-east wind, in six hours and a half!

But who would believe, that within twenty miles of the capital, we should have been a whole day in procuring a conveyance; nor should we have got there so soon had it not been for the attention of the consul, Sir John Ross, so well known for his Arctic voyages.

Stockholm contains a splendid palace (said to be the next in grandeur to Versailles), and many statues, but the only interesting one to me would have been that of Charles XII. He is the only one sovereign of note who has not had this honour paid him. I question, however, if his memory is much respected in Sweden, and it must be admitted that, albeit his courage is unquestionable, a little more head and prudence would have saved him and his country from great disasters. He fell by a shot in the back at the siege of Frederickshall.

Gustavus Vasa, who reigned coeval with our Elizabeth, and to whom they have erected a fine pedestrian statue in bronze in front of the palace of the knights, seems to be their greatest favourite.

I must do Stockholm the justice to say that what she loses as a city, she gains as being the most beautiful seaport I ever saw. Close underneath the palace is a magnificent quay, sufficiently capacious to admit of whole cargoes being unladen; and all along the harbour front the merchant vessels of all countries lay alongside. Towering above them stands this magnificent structure. The king (Bernadotte), now Charles John XIV., has only to get up and look out of bed, which by-the-by he never does till six in the evening, and he can readily judge of the state of

commerce in his dominions; but in spite of this, he is said to be averse from commerce, why, I could not learn, and thus has lost much of his previous popularity. The Crown Prince is said to be promising, and moreover is handsome.

Sir John Ross and Admiral Nordenskild, of the Swedish navy, accompanied us in a hired steamer, to see the castle of Gospsholm, the Windsor of Sweden. It stands on a peninsula in a lake, and is remarkably picturesque, being built of the old Roman brick, in the Teutonic style. Here is an interesting collection of the portraits of most of the sovereigns of Europe, from the sixteenth century down to our time; not from the value of the paintings, for never did I see such a collection of trash, but it was delightful to carry one's self back to remote ages, and to contemplate the portrait of Ulric XIV., who was imprisoned here in a loathsome dungeon by his brother, which dungeon, it is said, he built purposely to imprison that worthy. There they stand alongside each other, as if they never had wished to cut one another's throats. This unfortunate king was despatched by poison about eight hundred years ago. Altogether we were highly satisfied with our visit.

One is greatly reminded of the Prater of Vienna when visiting the deer park, or public promenade of Stockholm; and there is a famous porphyry vase which is worth seeing in the Royal Chateau of the park. Its dimensions are fifteen feet high, and as many in diameter.

St. Petersburg. — Except that my legs itched

famously with bug and flea-bites innumerable, in this delectable Hotel de Paris, I might have fancied myself in England.

Our arrival at Cronstadt was signalized by telegraph to the Emperor at Peterhoff, and he immediately despatched a steamer to bring us to his birthday dinner and ball. A steamer in the meantime had been hired to take us to Petersburg; so we missed our Emperor for that day, but I spent my next evening with the Empress and Emperor, Autocrat of all the Russias, *Czar* of Muscovy, and God knows what besides!

He invited us for a church parade of his children, *alias* forty-two thousand guards. No; twenty-nine thousand only were present, the rest were gone to Borodino. At half-past four in the morning, then, we were, *horrèsco referens*, lugged out and crammed into a carriage—and were told to look out on each side for beautiful villas, but the dust prevented us. Twenty miles brought us to a valley, wild and dreary but for innumerable tents, pitched with the greatest precision and arranged in three great divisions, or, more properly, towns of hemp and flax. Here, then, on a gentle slope in front of the camp of the vanguard, were we to see this wonderful man.

The infantry formed three solid masses, composed of the three divisions of guards on three sides of a square, in the centre of which, on an elevated platform, stood the priests and choristers at the altar.

Harsh sounds of "To arms!" announced Nicolas, and he came galloping through the camp, surrounded

by a brilliant *cortége* of generals. As he went to the head of each division of the hollow square, he said Russian words, meaning, "Good morning, my children!" and a loud, wild, and enthusiastic exclamation from the division conveyed, "Good morrow, Emperor!" How wild was that sound from twenty-nine thousand throats—all, I verily believe, adoring this remarkable, soldier-like, and brave man! Well may he be said to be the father of his army! He dismounted, or rather vaulted from his seat, accompanied by Alexander, his son, who is almost as handsome, and only wants the easy carriage his father has gained by long enjoyment of a sort of worship sufficient to turn the head of any but a master-spirit. They marched up to the altar, and immediately the service began, all hands crossing themselves vehemently. The effect of many voices of all *timbres* chaunting their impressive service in the open air, before about thirty thousand spectators, surpasses imagination, and will remain with me till the day of my death. The chorus is superb, unequalled; it is composed of the Emperor's twenty musicians. At a word the whole mass knelt, and blessed the anniversary of the battle of Pultawa, and the day of the Grand Duke Alexander's return from his tour in England. I remarked that at the word Pultawa all the generals (and particularly Orloff, who had joked with us during the previous part of the ceremony), were riveted in devotion! Verily Russia owes her grandeur to that day! Had that been lost, Russia would not now exist, and they felt it.

This day is sacred in the land; and here were assembled all her great men—Volkonsky, of Moscow fame; Pahlen Woronsof, our constant companion; Orloff, who saved the Emperor's crown and life at his succession, and of whom more hereafter; Tzchernicheff, Dolgorouki, Nesselrode, and a host of other well-known names, bent the knee indiscriminately with subalterns and princes.

This ceremony finished, the Emperor showed us his Circassian guard, and made them charge, uttering their war-cry and firing their long unwieldy muskets, and rushing by in the utmost apparent disorder; but at sound of trumpet they formed in an instant. Here they do indeed play at soldiers in right earnest. Sclavonian and Ukranian, Circassian and Caucasian, all yield their energy and fight beside their Father and Emperor. Their dresses were of every variety of colour and fancy, and their steeds swift beyond imagination. After guard-mounting, we were presented, and graciously favoured with a word, and thus ended the first day's campaign in Russia.

To my shame be it said that I only resumed my pen at Moscow to relate matters that took place a month before. In spite of that, however, they remained vividly impressed on my mind. Who could easily forget the beautiful and amiable imperial family of Russia? And it was with them that I had spent the whole month. From the moment of our arrival and missing the Emperor's steamer, which was sent to convey Lord Anglesey to Peterhoff, they never ceased to treat us as their own.

Just at this time was celebrated the marriage of the pretty Grand Duchess Marie to the Duke of Leuchtenberg, at the Winter Palace. The act which *nails* the pair, and which, in my country, is the putting on the ring, with these people consists in walking three several times round about the altar, so that if one of the happy ones were to sprain an ankle before the third round, they would still be free. I never heard of this happening. The Russians are immoderately superstitious, and there being by accident (*soi disant*), a pair of pigeons flying about the royal chapel, caused great glee as an omen of happiness. *Certes* this might well happen, since the streets of all Russian towns swarm with pigeons, and they are held sacred.

I must make mention of the great ball of three thousand which followed the marriage, and this was at the Winter Palace—the same that was burnt down coeval with the London Royal Exchange and the Paris Italian Opera. Well, there it is again, as immense and magnificent as ever were it not for the disfiguring lath and plaster of which this, as well as every second building, is composed. There were three thousand persons, of which one thousand were ladies, present, the men in full uniform, the women in Russian costume. The ball opened at seven by a grand *polonaise*, led by the Czar, with the Grand Duchesses Alexandrina Feodorovna Maria, Olga, and Alexandrina Nicolaevna, the Grand Dukes Michael, Alexander (heir), Constantine, and Nicholas. The room is called the *salle blanché*, and is, I should judge,

about half as large as Westminster Hall. At eleven we were marched into the grand dining-room, somewhat larger than the former, and at which the whole party found room to be seated, the centre table contained the royal family, ambassadors, etc.

After a ball at Michael's, and a country *fête aux îles* by the Prince of Oldenburg, nephew of the Czar, the imperial family repaired to Peterhoff, and we, the Anglishki general and his sons, were quartered at La Maison Gothique, between the palace and the personal residence of the Emperor, called Alexandria. The latter is a beautiful little cottage, where the imperial family reside during summer.

The *fêtes* wound up by the annual illuminations and *polonaise* of Peterhoff, the expense of the former—which is justly celebrated as the finest thing of the kind in the world, and which consists in at least three miles of road being lighted on each side with innumerable variegated lamps, representing stars, diamonds, etc.—was stated by Prince Dolgorouki (Basile) to be sixty thousand roubles; but the labour is entirely performed by the sailors and soldiers quartered at or near Peterhoff.

Lord Anglesey one day expressed a wish to see Czarskoecelo; accordingly, apartments were prepared, *aide de camp* sent, and various paraphernalia ordered. This I sacrificed, in order to accept of Prince Menchikoff's offer to go out and look at the fleet. Accordingly, I accompanied the Grand Duke Constantine, who is Grand Admiral, and spent three days on board the *Aurora*—what we should call a

forty-six gun frigate, but which was here promoted to carry fifty-six. It is hard to judge of a squadron sailing about under the lee of an island, in smooth water; but, certainly, what I did see was done creditably, if not quite so quick as might be. The principal manœuvres of the eighteen liners consisted in forming one and two lines, tacking in succession; but I saw no complicated manœuvres, such as we are accustomed to.

The ships were remarkably well found, and all that I saw, peculiarly good in gun exercise, and well prepared in case of fire. I remarked that at general quarters each topman took his hammock aloft, and therewith formed a sort of breastwork for himself in the top. Few of the liners had chain cables, owing to the expense of importing them, and there being no good ones made here.

They fed me, lodged me, and treated me second to none but his Imperial Highness, and I must always recollect the good fellows Count Heiden, governor to the Grand Duke, and Muller the captain. Nevertheless, I verily leapt for joy when we saw the dear *Pearl* make her appearance the third day, with my governor, and I was right glad to get on her neat little deck again.

After taking leave of the Grand Duke, we were two miles on our way back to Cronstadt, when the English ensign was displayed at the fore of the *Hercules*, flag steamer to Prince Menchikoff, and presently his Highness came *in person* aboard, in a great flurry, to tell us that he had forgotten the

emperor's commission to beg of Lord A. the lines of our craft.

This squadron consisted of two divisions and eighteen line of battle. The van or junior division of nine, commanded by a rear-admiral; the main fleet of nine likewise, under Menchikoff, and generally a rear division of nine, making a total of twenty-seven sail of the line, with a respectable number of frigates and small craft. This sounds formidable, and certainly might do us some mischief, but I would recommend my countrymen who are uneasy about invasion to come and spend a few days here, and the idea will vanish.

I omitted to relate a launch of great moment—the *Russia*, pierced for one hundred and thirty-six guns. This took place at the New Admiralty in the Neva. An officer related to me that she was the largest ship in the world, and after showing me her dimensions, etc., he asked me how big the *Queen* (by Symonds) is, to which I responded, "About as large as the *Russia* and a heavy frigate combined." Astonishment.

The building slips were beautiful, and all that relates to the navy was *à quatre epingles.*

There was something wonderfully fascinating in the open, manly countenance, and, above all, the brilliant eye of Nicolas; so that, when he shook me by the hand, after showing me his fleet, and said, "*J'espère que vous serons toujours amis,*" I felt a sort of indescribable attachment and respect for him. Either he was the best humbug in the world, or he really liked the English, and especially the English

navy. "Why would not your sailor King accept my proposal, and come here in his squadron and take me and mine under his command to silence the journals?" said he to me the day the Empress went with us to see the fleet. I have since heard that he actually proposed such a scheme.

"*Mais il ne faut pas être difficile,*" was a constant expression of his when showing anything naval to an English sailor.

Four thousand guns were fired, including the batteries of Cronstadt and the guns of the fleet, each one round, every ship dressed, yards manned, and all other honours were paid her Imperial Majesty on this her naval visit, and she was, moreover, greeted on her return to Peterhoff in the steamer by a heavy shower of rain, which spoilt all the ladies' clothes and our dinner, which was laid out on deck.

This is an appropriate time to name my fair companions. There were the Empress, her three daughters, and Mesdames La Princesse Bariatinski, Chernicheff, Dolgorouki, Wolkonsky, Rasoumoski, the Krüdner, Zavadowski; and all the gentlemen of the court; and how this gallant assemblage escaped sea-sickness, I don't know, for the water was not smooth.

I will describe an evening at Peterhoff, which will serve for most of them. A servant came to the Grand Marechal, where we had been dining, to announce that H.I.M. commanded our attendance at half-past seven, and that we were to assemble at the palace door. A quarter before the time up drove the

imperial guests in a large car peculiar to this country, and we were told off each to a place in one of these unwieldy vehicles, till about a dozen were crammed. At the word, off we started in a military line, along a dusty road through the parks, till we arrived at a beautiful cottage, where tea was laid out. A cup is given one by the ladies; then off we go again to some other chateau, generally Zuiminski, to dance and supper. It is on these occasions, when only the most intimate about the court are invited, that the delightful and amiable manners of the imperial family are shown. They enter into all the fun with the greatest kindliness, and give and take jokes with the humblest individuals present; and, what is more astonishing is that the public are admitted to the very backs of the chairs, almost impeding the servants in waiting. It must not, however, be supposed that this is approved of by Nicolas's ministers—far from it, and I believe they are always on the alert; and truly he must be ignorant of the word fear, who holds the destinies of so many millions in his hands, and will venture among the populace unarmed. At eleven o'clock the party disperses, and each one hies off to his own residence.

One beautiful evening we were invited to hear the *retraite* played by the whole musicians of the forty regiments of guards, consisting, including drums, of upwards of two thousand. On the arrival of the Emperor the whole struck up the National Anthem in front of his tent, and the assembled multitude took off their hats and crossed themselves. The extreme

stillness of the evening lent itself to the magical effect of the scene, and one might have fancied one's self among the legions of trumpets at the last day; but the strains seemed to produce little or no effect on the minds of our Russian companions, who were chattering the whole time. Perhaps, like other things, even music may become tiresome, although I can hardly conceive that. Imagine a Strauss waltz played in exquisite time and tune by fifteen hundred horns, and that on a lawn on a charming evening!

Many scenes such as these did we witness—all military; everything here smells of that, even to the fair sex, whose very infants wear a uniform, and in such horror is civil employment held that an ambassador is called a *malheureux diplomat*.

That same evening an accident happened that killed a horse and well-nigh his rider. Among other hobbies of the Emperor, he has a great fancy for arrangement of pontoon bridges, not in the usual way of heavy baggage, but a light horse pontoon train, from which a bridge can be formed in a surprisingly short time. Nothing would satisfy him but to show the stability of his child, or bridge, by *charging* across with infantry, light and heavy cavalry, and lastly, heavy artillery. This would be a severe trial for any wooden bridge, let alone one constructed in ten minutes! It so happened that they all got safely over till the last unhappy tumbril, whose off horse took fright, and pushed the near one and his rider clean over the left side. The Emperor stood on a hill over and above, quite cool, and *seemed* to think

that there were plenty to fill the place if the man were drowned. A man's life here was valued, as near as I can guess, to that of a chicken in my own land.

On August 6th began the manœuvres of the guard, which occupied three mornings. The first was devoted to the artillery, and we witnessed the curious sight of one hundred and twenty guns, howitzers, etc., in brigades, each having separate targets, firing balls, shells, and other missiles. The firing was medium, but their movements and material excellent. Another day was given to the cavalry, and the great combined exercise of the whole guard completed the third.

On the 8th we were assembled in front of the main camp, overlooking a ravine, which was to be the scene of attack. The Emperor was, as usual, on the ground before half of his staff had assembled, which caused an ominous frown on his imperial forehead. After expending some hundred rounds of powder, the ravine and river were carried, and the whole army crossed and formed on the opposite bank. Then came forward the cavalry on the plain beyond, charging and re-charging, the Cossacks and Circassians on the flanks shouting and the cannons roaring. Then advanced the infantry in line, and after various changes of front, the day was won, and the Emperor kissed the general-in-chief on the cheek as a sign of approval.

General Secheny took charge of me, and from him I learned that there were present on this occasion

50,650 men. I asked my cicerone with some *naïveté* how many men were killed in this attack, meaning accidents, but he did not understand the joke. There were, in fact, two.

I enjoyed this day less, as the previous evening our dear governor had departed in the *Pearl* for England, and we felt rather adrift without him; not that the good people were less civil to us, for, on the contrary, they all undertook to look more particularly after us now that we had lost our chief.

Another delightful evening or two with the Empress at Peterhoff, and our sojourn was finished—the pleasantest month I ever spent. She sent for us after one of those beautiful masses which I have already described, to Monplaisir, where she had taken her bath, and we kissed her hand in farewell. This took place in the favourite room of Peter the Great, where, near his bed, his dressing-gown and slippers were lying as if he had used them yesterday.

There are so many palaces and villas belonging to the Imperial family, that I have never mentioned this one, which is by far the most interesting, having been built by Peter after his return from Holland, and being in imitation of a Dutch chateau. It is said that he built a considerable part with his own hands. The waterworks at Peterhoff are second to none but Versailles; but in other respects it is an ordinary chateau, and has the prevailing fault of being painted bright yellow, surmounted with gilt domes.

It appears to have been the intention of the emperor to possess the whole seashore, from Oraminbacend, an

imperial villa opposite Cronstadt, to Petersburg, and he is purchasing all along, and building villas for the several members of his family. In one of these, called Micaeloffsky, lived Lord Clanricarde, and we spent a few agreeable evenings with him, and had the additional pleasure of hearing the charming voice of Madame Rossi, *ci-divant* Sontag. Never shall I forget the quartet of Puritani sung by her, Mademoiselle Bastenieff, maid-of-honour, a M. Poggie, and a young Rubini, who has, oddly enough, a very bass voice.

Just as we were leaving the Maison Gothique, where we had been lodged alongside the Archduke of Austria, this amiable Mademoiselle Bastenieff put into our hands some letters for Nijni Novgorod, to which city we were bound; and, after a sad adieu to dear Peterhoff, with its gigantic waterworks and bath and woods and green alleys, we found ourselves fairly *en route* in two imperial calèches and six, with which our friend Basile Dolgorouki had provided us. We slept a night at Petersburg, and a second time left it without having seen a single lion. Three days and nights hard going brought us to Moscow.

The route is as uninteresting a one as can well be conceived—a perfectly flat country, without a hedge or tree to enliven the prospect. Every three or four miles stands a village, every house exactly the same dimensions—pretty enough individually, for they greatly resemble Swiss cottages; but when one sees twenty or thirty, all dressed up, and only wanting muskets to make them appear like a squadron of

gigantic grenadiers, one misses the irregular-built thatched cottages of England. At the proper distance in front, to give the word of command, stands the church, with its domes and minarets, which latter, to complete the simile, I should call the pivot men. Most of these are military colonies.

Novgorod, which we passed the second day, is an interesting straggling sort of town, and figures in Russian history. We only stopped to breakfast. Here we crossed the Volga, and a noble river it is—famous for the supply of the sterlet, the turbot of Russia.

I own to great disappointment at the first view of Moscow. What had led me to imagine it I know not; but I craned out, expecting to see a Windsor Castle rising above us in the Kremlin. Not so. We were actually at the barrier before we knew that the holy city contained us, nor should we have been then aware of our good lot had not the coachman crossed himself vehemently, in common with the courier and postilion. I must admit, however, that one's taste may be a little warped on waking at sunrise, after three nights in a carriage.

Count Schouvaloff (not our friend dear Gregoire) insisted on our taking up our abode at an English boarding-house—of all things in the world the most detestable. Fortunately for us the coachman could not find it, so we landed our shattered and dirty persons at Coulon's Hotel, close to the west gate of the Kremlin. I believe Alfred, George, and myself were as unlike other English travellers as Moscow to

Windsor, for we actually did not sally out in our dirty clothes to lionize, but quietly washed, breakfasted, and took our baccy before we thought of Ivan's tower or the other sights.

My disappointment was, however, amply repaid by the pleasure I experienced in driving to the southern side of the famous Kremlin. It would require a far better pen than mine to give an adequate idea of the magnitude and effect of those tremendous towers with the innumerable golden cupolas beyond. How Napoleon could have ever found it in his heart to mutilate this picturesque mass I know not. Fortunately for posterity, the tower of Ivan Vassilikoy resisted all the efforts of his miners, as the foundation was found to extend so far underground that the mine failed. The square tower on the west, and the more prominent one to the south, were blown up, and, in 1817, were rebuilt by Alexander. I made a sketch of these from General Kobloukoff's window.

The whole of the cupolas in the Kremlin amount to above a hundred; all are gilded, and are surmounted by the Greek cross, worked in filigree, and standing on a crescent. There is a tradition that when the Mongols conquered this country, they substituted the crescent for the cross, and that consequently, on its being reconquered by Menin and Pasharski in the reign of Ivan Vasilivitch, the crescent was dishonoured in the manner above-mentioned.

Mr. Lavean has written a clever description of Moscow, and his work is the more interesting to an

Englishman as everything relating to this city is described in comparison with the same in England. Thus, in detailing the riches of the jewel office here, he remarks that the British crowns, etc., are valued at two millions, and proceeds to compare those here. I think that he is mistaken, however, in the comparative value. It is true that the collection of old plate in the Kremlin is infinitely more extensive than anything of the kind in England, and beautiful beyond imagination, since it completely fills an immense hall of the treasury; but the jewels, though far superior in number, are inferior in value to ours.

The tower of Ivan Vellikoi is an imposing structure; it stands right in the middle of the Kremlin, and, being upwards of three hundred feet high, overlooks the whole town. It, like all the other towers, has a golden cupola, with the usual Greek or double cross.

Catherine II., called the Great, imagined and had a model made of a great palace which was to cover the whole Kremlin, or a circuit of about four miles! The model is in the Armoury, and cost sixty thousand roubles! Her magnificence was almost equalled by that of the Emperor Nicolas, who, amongst other gigantic undertakings, was constructing a palace which would exceed in splendour the Winter Palace of Petersburg.

Madame Kobloukoff and her daughters, who had been our constant companions here, proposed to us to spend our Sunday morning at the monastery of Simonoff, about a league to the eastward of the town,

from whence one has a beautiful panoramic view of the Kremlin; and one, moreover, hears some monkish music, vocal, for the Orthodox Church permits of none other.

After attending mass and visiting the cells, we wandered about, and watched the erection of an enormous cross, which was about to be placed on the tower of the monastery. Capstans being ready and ropes rove, we stood hard by and saw the cross rise gently to about twenty feet, when suddenly the ropes gave way, and down came the cross. The derrick, or mast which was placed on the summit, broke also, and brought down with it the gilt ball. The crash, as it tumbled heavily through the scaffoldings, was tremendous; and, as we had foreseen the accident from the badness of the ropes, it did not surprise us. Judge, however, of our horror when, on a nearer inspection, we saw two bodies lying at the bottom, literally flattened and smashed. They had fallen from the summit, three hundred feet; and, to add to the thrilling interest, they were father and son—two notoriously brave men, who alone ventured to the summit for the undertaking. A third fell from somewhat below them, and the force of his fall absolutely buried his body in the rubbish, so that it was necessary to dig him out. In an hour the wretched wife and daughter arrived from the town, and wept over the corpses of those most dear to them. We returned to town, melancholy enough. But, as if we had not seen horrors enough for one day, a spectacle awaited us which was, if possible, more shocking.

At Moscow, as at most Russian towns, there are

public balls every Sunday; these are attended by the nobility, and even by the imperial family, if they happen to be near. To Rockshall we went with the Davidoffs. There was a delightful band in the ballroom, playing Strauss waltzes, and in another hall were singing a company of Bohemian gipsies, which attracted all the elder portion of the company. In the midst of the assembly, and during one of these beautiful wild strains, an elderly man was seized with apoplexy. His wife and son were beside him. For some time the people believed it to be a mere fainting-fit, and still the dancing went on. In spite of all efforts, however, in about half an hour he died, and at the moment—how well I remember!—they were playing the Zampa waltzes. The scene of confusion was indescribable. The poor wife was dragged out shrieking, and the son, still clinging to the body; while the whole company were standing round, gazing or fainting or crying, as their different dispositions prompted them. A lady beside me, on going up to the corpse, found it to be her cousin.

This day sickened us of Moscow, and we accordingly quitted it for Nijni Novgorod at midnight.

The only macadamized roads that exist in Russia are those from Petersburg to Moscow, thence to Nijni Novgorod, and another from Petersburg to Warsaw; the two latter are unfinished, and the consequence is that in the mean time there is no road at all, as the government has entirely neglected the old roads in order to place all their efforts on the new ones. For this purpose whole divisions of troops are employed.

We started for Nijni to see the fair. At the second station on the road we found a carriage waiting for horses, and as ours were immediately brought out, we asked the officer why he did not have his horses put to his carriage. He civilly replied, "Because you have taken my horses." Of course we were surprised, and inquired the cause of this. It appears that in Russia military rank has the preference on the road, and that a general may seize the post-horses of a colonel, the latter those of a captain, and so on. This had actually happened to our fellow-traveller, who, being only a captain, had unfortunately met a major at this station eighteen hours before. The major took the horses, and he had to wait till return ones arrived, and having at last succeeded in finding some, our arrival again disappointed him. I could not resist asking the unlucky man whether this did not ruffle his temper, as it would assuredly do to me in the like case; but he answered with submission, "You have the *Emperor's* permit." Submission is the prominent feature in the Russian character. The officer beats the servant, he again beats the *istvostchick*, who, being the lowest of the low, has only to bow and be thankful. This is what happens; but let it not be supposed that the Emperor permits this detestable system. These are the remains of barbarism in Russia, and they exist in spite of the strenuous efforts of the government to restrain them. Of course I need not say that the captain's horses were immediately restored to him.

But who shall describe a three days' and nights'

journey in Russia? Suffice it that the great danger was the chance of breaking one's head against the *roof* of the carriage, or of being thrown out. I should be better off in Portland Race on board of a cutter of thirty tons with a strong weather tide! Sleeping is out of the question, and eating likewise, as there is nothing to be got.

Strange to say, as one approaches Siberia the country becomes more cultivated, and the cattle very abundant; enormous tracts of corn land crown the horizon on every side, and the villages are neat and numerous. The peasants have picturesque costumes, and the detestable *vostchick* hat is changed for the Tyrol breeches and headdress. At intervals of a few miles are detachments of the Cossacks of the Don guarding the road, which is crowded with Tartars and people of all nations going to and coming from the fair with their goods.

At Vladimir we fell in with the Oka, which river runs from Nijni to within a few miles of St. Petersburg. From thence a canal brings all the goods to the capital. The town is picturesque, being built on a steep bank which overlooks the Oka. The lights of the second Kremlin of Russia greeted us after seventy hours of the most detestable travelling that ever I had.

The usual questions being asked, the usual call for tubs (things unknown and unheard of here) being heard, three sets of sore bones laid themselves down on hard beds, abounding with insects, and soon betook themselves to sleep.

Among other attentions of the amiable people at

Peterhoff, they had provided us with letters to General B——, governor of the province of Nijni, and brother of the man who wrote the history of the campaign of 1812. I picked up a *Gazette*, and read the following extract from a work on India by Bjornstjerna :—

"England's gain from its East India possessions amounts to no less than £6,500,000 a year—a sum which would in the end completely ruin this colony if it were remitted in the form of bullion. Such is not the case, however. It comes to England in the following manner: East India opium is sent to China, and is there exchanged for tea; this is taken to England, and covers all the exchange.

"On what does England ground her political power, if not on her colonies, which include a greater portion of the globe than Russia herself? (The English colonies take up a sixth part of the land on our globe, Russia a seventh part.)

"England has, according to the latest statistical accounts, 700,000 seamen in active service."

This was a cheering prospect, and quickly sent me to sleep, from which I was awoke in the morning by a gentleman from the governor coming to ask after our health. We begged him to look at us and see if we had the appearance of suffering. An aide-de-camp (Zapolski) was ordered to cicerone us during our stay, and a very good one he was, the more so that he supplied us with a delightful droschky and calèche and four.

He who visits the fair of Nijni Novgorod with an idea of Portsdown, or any other English fair, had better remain at home, for here, instead of throwing sticks at snuff-boxes, I find myself in the midst of merchants of all nations—Tartars, Turks, Greeks, Georgians, Circassians, buying, selling, squabbling and

fighting about boxes of tea, bales of Bokhara silks, Toula steelwork, Casan leather, and a host of other Eastern produce. Amusing and, moreover, interesting it is, however, to see masses of people as different in their costumes as language, confined in a small regular-built bazaar of a few streets, and bartering after the fashion of our ancestors.

'One curious feature of this motley assemblage is that a man's appearance is in the exact inverse ratio to his property; so you see a wretch in an old turban, and if you overhear and could understand him, you would hear him counting and calculating goods worth thousands of pounds.

The governor deserves, and indeed receives great credit from the Emperor for the order with which the fair is conducted, and it is only by fear of God and a broomstick that he manages it. Coming down the bazaar is an aide-de-camp, attended by a soldier who has just hit a respectably dressed Jew over the back for putting a bale too far into the thoroughfare.

I found the people less disposed to cheat than most Russians, and we laid out our money in furs and trifles all round; but I had remarked my friend Zapolski whispered to each shopkeeper as we entered, and he afterwards confessed that it was to inform them that the governor had ordered them to let us have our purchases at the lowest price. Our hotel was visited twice or thrice each day by the police, to ensure our not being cheated; but the best of all was the governor's cook coming to the inn to inquire of my valet what we liked for dinner at the viceregal table!

The old bearded moujik throws off his calculations, and relaxes into a merry fellow the moment the sun is down; accordingly, theatres and coffee-houses are filled in the evening. One whole quarter of the fair is devoted to gaiety, and it is not platonic diversions only that abound.

We passed three charming evenings with our Zapolski in running through the theatres, and here again we heard the delicious strains of the Bohemian singers. I have travelled a good deal, and listened to most national music, but never were my ears greeted with anything so wild and enchanting as this stirring song, accompanied as it is with guitars and tambourets. It is, however, an expensive amusement, and when the black-eyed girl came to ask us if we were pleased, we in common with the rest slipped three sovereigns into her hand.

I devoted one morning to the quarter where iron and copper are sold, and was surprised at the quantity, quality, and cheapness of the metals; and I felt interested in contemplating the work of the poor exiled Poles who are said to be employed constantly underground, and never to see daylight. Much mystery hangs over the fate of these unhappy people, and no Russian can or will give any information about them.

The name Nijni Novgorod, or Lower New Town, is as inappropriate as the term *down* to Scotland, as it happens to stand on a high cliff which overlooks the confluence of the Volga and Oka rivers. A bridge of boats across the Oka leads to the town of the fair, which is taken away the moment that is over. The

fair lasts somewhere about two months—begins in July, and is over in September.

Round the upper town runs a wall, and in the centre is the Kremlin, resembling in some respects its elder brother of Moscow, perhaps, indeed, the more ancient, as Novgorod was an independent principality long before Moscow was built. The Emperor's hand and taste may be seen here as in most of his towns, and he is laying out large sums in building a quay and—I need not add—a palace.

The last day in strolling through the horse bazaar, we saw some remarkably fine young horses, so fine as to tempt us to bargain, and nearly to buy two; but we were dissuaded by the governor, on account of the great difficulty in sending them home.

Our intention was to have examined the iron mines of Wicksha, and Zapolski was ordered to accompany us, but Alfred suddenly finding himself unwell, the visit was given up. So, after taking leave of our good friends at Nijni, we returned by the same wretched road to Moscow.

We were changing horses at a village one evening, and were struck with astonishment at seeing a large drove of cattle of every description—horses, bullocks, sheep, goats, etc., march into the village, and each one, stopping at his own door, waited till some one came to let him in. It seems that throughout Russia the villagers have a muster roll by which each in turn performs the part of shepherd to the village flock, and that on a bell ringing in the morning, all the cattle are turned out of the yards and assemble in

the fields around under his care, that in the evening they are brought in, and soon know their own abodes. This struck us as a very curious custom.

Journeying from Moscow with a letter from M. Bulgakoff, the *Maitre des Postes,* to the several postmasters, we went railroad pace to Borodino. The first appearance of the grand army was a park of artillery planted on the hill in front of Mofaisk, where the last stand was made by the Russians to save Moscow in 1812. We had still twelve versts, or nine miles to perform before us, and an idea may thus be formed of the extent of an encampment of one hundred and fifty thousand men. As we approached, various patrols, couriers, droves of military waggons, and other signs of the art of war presented themselves, till at last innumerable masses of tents crowned the horizon, and we easily distinguished the column in the distance, which is the primary cause of this vast collection of troops.

A *town* was built for the occasion, and we stopped, as had been arranged, at the cottage of Schouvaloff, in order to have our quarters allotted to us, and we were then informed that the dinner at the table of the grand marechal was at three, in full uniform, it being the anniversary of the coronation of the Emperor.

An enormous temporary building contained places for about five hundred people, and we fell into a place among the generals. The Emperor dined with us, as did his son and son-in-law, and on his left sat the Marechal Prince Paskewitch, who is recalled temporarily from Poland to command in chief

at these manœuvres. All sensible Russians, who dared to speak their sentiments, regretted the infatuation of the Emperor towards this man; poor and weak as a soldier, there were no bounds to his arrogance. It is said that on his birthday the Emperor ordered all the generals to wait on him, and that he, on their announcement, after keeping them waiting an hour, sent out his aide-de-camp to inform them that "the prince admitted them to his presence!" He was consequently highly unpopular, and as every unpopular and undeserving favourite always finds enemies enough to undermine him, I should not have been surprised at some future day to hear of the Prince of Warsharski or Warsaw being taken down a peg.

We attended an exercise of each corps, reviewed separately by the Emperor, and on the anniversary of the battle of Borodino, or La Moskowa, we were summoned at six o'clock in the morning to our horses. On taking our station at the foot of the monument, with the ambassadors and the suites of the Archduke Albert of Austria, Prince Albert of Prussia, and Alexander of Orange, we found the troops drawn up by battalions into three sides of a hollow square, and the cavalry composing the fourth side, with the monument as the centre. Having been supplied with a plan of the ceremony, I am able to state exactly the position and strength of the army.

There were three great masses of infantry, drawn up in solid squares of regiments, with small intervals between them, and their several guns in their rear. The second corps, being much the most numerous,

was in three lines of squares, or rather three deep in regiments. The sixth corps, two deep, and the cavalry likewise; the guards were one deep only. There were present:

2nd Corps, 72 Battalions of 1000	... ...	72,000
6th Corps, 48 „ „	... ...	48,000
Guards, 10 „ „	... ...	10,000
Infantry total	... ...	130,000
18 Regiments of Cavalry, 1200	... ...	21,600
Total, exclusive of Artillery	... ...	151,600 men.
10 Brigades of Artillery	... ...	148 pieces.

And a Brigade of Horse Pioneers.

The Grand Duke Michael commanded the guards in person, and the Emperor headed the procession of one hundred priests and choristers, who were about to consecrate the monument. At the iron rails which encompass the column, the Emperor and his staff dismounted, and the service began. It was impressive and very solemn. After the blessing, which was performed by the bishop marching thrice round, the artillery fired a salvo to announce the ceremony being accomplished. The Emperor then gave his commands from the summit of the mount to the whole army, and here his powerful yet pleasing voice showed its force. He manœuvred them as if he had been drilling a regiment. The day's work finished by the marching past of the whole army; when I state that the marching past, in solid masses of four thousand each, occupied between four and five hours, an idea may be gained of the spectacle. Unhappily, the dust was so

thick at times as to shut us out completely from the view. We could hear the bands, which were fronting us.

The material and equipment of this army was judged by the English military men (of whom not a few were present) to be superb; and the horses of the cavalry were especially admired, as being quite equal in every respect to those of the cavalry of the Emperor's guard.

We dined, as usual, at the table of the Grand Marechal, when André Schouvaloff presided.

The 28th of August was a holiday, in order that the troops might assemble at their bivouacs the night previous to the battle, which was to take place on the following day; and we were summoned after dinner to the column, where the whole musicians of the army were to play the retreat. There were present, including drums, six thousand three hundred musicians, and of the latter there were three thousand. I imagined that such a gigantic band should have been heard at the distance of a mile or so; on the contrary—placed beside the Emperor at thirty yards in front of the musicians, we found the music soft and melodious, and the only difference in the sounds between these and a common band consisted in the excessive fulness of the notes. It was delicious, but unlike the delightful weather at Krasnoi Selo on the same occasion, it poured the whole time; nevertheless, I would willingly incur a wet jacket to hear such music as that. They played three waltzes and the hymn, and the drums afterwards beat the retreat. This was a confused

noise, from the distance of one end of the line to the other. The sounds of the middle met our ears long before the two extremes, and thus caused a sort of unintelligible noise like discharges of musketry.

It poured the whole night. In spite of this, we got on our horses at ten p.m., and rode about two versts to where the army bivouacked. There were innumerable fires, and one heard a continual buzz of voices, stronger as it came near to us, and dying into a low murmur in the distance—one hundred and fifty thousand men, and twenty to thirty thousand horses, without a covering during this inclement night. Many must have lost their lives in consequence. Wandering about and listening to the songs of the soldiers, as they sat by their watch-fires, we stumbled upon a regiment of Lancers and Hussars, still marching at eleven o'clock. The officers told us that they had not yet arrived at their position, although they had marched ever since five o'clock—twenty-six versts—(about seventeen miles) and had, moreover, lost their baggage. This was campaigning, indeed; and, poor fellows, I will do them the justice to say that they were as merry as larks. This very regiment I fell in with in riding through the positions next day, and they then told me that neither man nor horse had had anything to eat since they left the cantonments the evening before! We got back to our quarters at one a.m., and at seven we were again on horseback, and the battle already raged. If any sham-fighting can give an idea of the real work, this day did, and

I can now easily conceive the confusion that arises in consequence of smoke, dust, etc., in a battle.

It appears that the fault of the Russians at Borodino was in not having turned the left of the French with sufficient force; the Emperor therefore proposed to follow exactly the original movements, except on this point, and he accordingly, at about one o'clock, moved two divisions of dragoons from his rear across the Coloesa, and making a long detour (so long that Sir Thomas Arbuthnot remarked to me that they would have been easily cut off), he brought them on the left flank and rear of the French, and so, with this body of ten thousand dragoons, he obliged the enemy to retire, and a general advance of the Russian line finished the day.

I will do the Russian officers the justice to say that not one of the many who were present at that bloody battle at all blink at the words *defeat of Borodino*. That it saved Russia is certain, and from that moment, Napoleon appears to have treated the enemy with great rigour when he had an opportunity—his usual method when he found he was not played with. The retreat of Koutousoff in the face of so large an army appears highly creditable, and his stratagem in turning the French right flank on their entering Moscow must have been a *chef d'œuvre* of military tactics.

Nothing could exceed the brilliancy of the weather on our battle-day, and the whole was a sight which even to me, a seaman, was magical. The troops turned out from their bivouacs as fresh as from a

barrack, although the night had been extremely cold and wet.

We took leave of the Emperor and his son in front of his tent, and were in our carriages at ten p.m.; with their usual kindness, Orloff's people (Benkendorf being laid up from a fall) supplied us with the imperial padaroshui or passport, and we continued our route for Petersburg, and landed at Mrs. Wilson's hotel, where rooms had been prepared for us by our friend M. Gevers, Dutch *chargé d'affaires.*

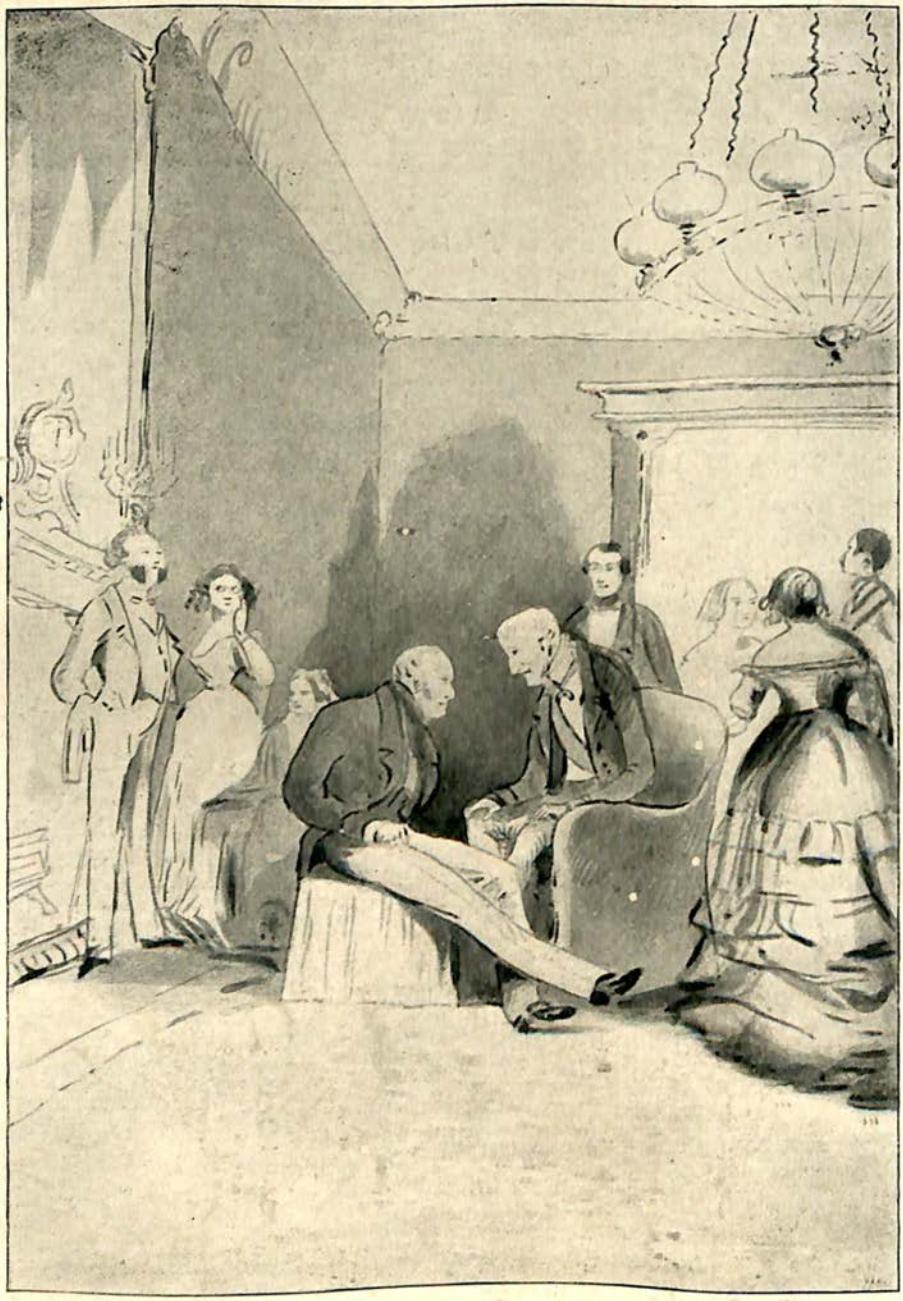
Thus have we travelled in Russia about two thousand miles.

The *Sirius* steamer was to start on Monday, and we still had sundry business to do at St. Petersburg, so, having arrived at ten and breakfasted, we got on to the railway at two for Tzarsko Saelo, in order to take final leave of the Empress. So little parade does she keep up, that we actually found ourselves at the kitchen door by mistake. By applying, however, to Dolgorouki and Woronzoff, we had an audience, and took leave of her and the Grand Duchess Alexandra —Marie and Olga being unwell. I really left the Empress with regret, not only on account of her excessive kindness to us, but also and more especially that I fear she is not long for this world; the hectic bloom of her cheek is sensibly decaying, and she is getting visibly thinner. This does not prevent her from still being the gay, light-hearted creature she is said ever to have been. All Russians fervently pray for her life.

The next important thing, after seeing the Empress,

was to buy a droschky, and we accordingly succeeded, paying about £75, including a pretty set of harness for three horses; and shipping that and our own selves, with my valet, Thorpe, and the baggage, we left the capital on Sunday evening, having been upwards of three months in Russia, and having examined some of the most important towns but seen little of St. Petersburg. I only consoled myself with a promise to come back and spend a winter.

Fortunately for us an excellent brother sailor, Lieutenant Waters, R.N., commanded the *Sirius*, and brought us home; and the seventh day, found us off Flamborough Head.



AN EVENING AT UXBRIDGE HOUSE, 1840. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY.

"Shall we have another turn at 'em?"

(*From a Sketch by Lord Clarence Paget.*)

CHAPTER III.

1840.

FLAG-CAPTAIN TO SIR ROBERT OTWAY.

In 1840 I succeeded Charles Paget as Sir Robert Otway's flag-captain in the *Howe*, and so remained till he hauled down his flag. While in this capacity I was ordered to take command of the *Firebrand* paddle-steamer, and to take under my orders two Dover steam-packets and proceed to Calais, there to embark Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, who was to be wedded to the Queen the next week. The time was short, and the season was mid-winter. We got into Calais harbour just in time to prepare to embark the Prince on the following morning. It was intended that he should be landed at Woolwich, where preparations had been made for his reception. He was due at Calais from Brussels at 4 p.m., but he was delayed *en route* by snow and by receiving addresses at the various towns. The road for miles outside Calais was lined with country people who were anxious to see him and to throw flowers into his carriage; but night came on, when they gradually dispersed, disappointed. He did not arrive at Dessein's Hotel till

8 p.m., and was so tired that he went to bed. I had therefore no opportunity of taking his orders for the morning; but his father, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, informed me that the Prince was altogether averse to the longer sea passage to the river, and begged to be landed at Dover. In vain I told his Highness that all the preparations had been made, and that royal carriages, guards, Lord Mayor, etc., were awaiting the Prince; he pleaded that he was a wretched sailor, and preferred to take his chance and land at the nearest port. The tide suited at seven, when it was quite dark; but we did not get them on board till eight, and Captain Smithett, an experienced Dover pilot, informed me that we should not have sufficient water to enter Dover Harbour. It had been blowing hard from the south-west, and there was a good deal of sea, so that our risk of bumping was increased. However, we started, and on arrival off Dover they signalled that there was barely water for us. I told the Prince that the prudent course would be to bear up and run for the Downs and Thames, but I added that the pilot was of opinion that we *could* cross the bar, but that we should probably bump. The poor Prince was so deadly sick that he preferred the risk to continuing the voyage, and we accordingly steamed in and bumped several times. The piers were, of course, crowded with people, notwithstanding the wild weather, and the place was in gala. In spite of his sufferings, the Prince pluckily remained on deck to acknowledge the enthusiastic greetings of his new countrymen. He was carried on shore to the hotel,

where I left him, as it was coming on to blow hard, and I had to look after the *Firebrand* outside. I had therefore to decline his gracious invitation to travel in the suite to London. Of course all the arrangements had to be altered. Couriers were sent off to London, to procure post-horses, etc. Lord Cardigan's regiment of light horse was stationed at Canterbury, and he furnished the guard of honour, for which he was rewarded by the regiment being changed from light dragoons to hussars, an honour difficult to understand.

The wedding, to which I was honoured with an invitation, having been duly solemnized on the 10th at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, the happy pair proceeded to Windsor, and three days afterwards I again had the privilege of being invited for two days to the Castle, and was graciously presented by her Majesty with a set of diamond studs. My sister, Lady Sandwich, was one of the ladies of the Court then in waiting. She had a lovely voice, and used to sing duets with her Majesty, which sometimes were varied by trios and quartettes, in which Lord Ossulston and I took part. After the marriage the Prince, with his great musical talents, was her Majesty's chief accompanist.

In 1841, I was nominated to the command of the *Aigle*, razeed frigate. Connected with this appointment, one of those odd arrangements of the Admiralty which occasionally produced inconvenience, took place. At that time few officers had studied the steam-engine, and I was one of the few, and having

obtained my certificate of competency from the chief engineer, I applied for the command of a steam-ship. A friend of mine who knew nothing of steam, and rather despised it, as did many officers in those days, was appointed to the very steam-ship which I had hoped to command. The Admiralty would not rescind their orders, so we were a round man in a square hole, and *vice versâ*. Again I was sent to the Mediterranean under Sir Edward Owen. Times were quiet, and our cruising was not exciting; but I may mention an incident which is an illustration of the necessity of caution in matters of international etiquette. The Admiral took his squadron to Barcelona, to pay his respects to the Spanish sovereign, who was spending the summer at that place. On arrival he saluted the Spanish flag, but the salute was not returned. Under ordinary circumstances this would be a grave matter; so, greatly offended, he left the anchorage without landing. He, however, desired me to make the proper remonstrances, and left me for this purpose. I landed, and waited on the British *chargé d'affaires*, requesting him to make proper representations to the authorities. He being something of a *fainéant*, and it being very hot, declined to trouble himself about the matter; but on my insisting that it must be rectified, he gave me a letter to the Prime Minister Narvaez, and I waited on him, and mildly informed him that he had, no doubt unintentionally, offered a grave insult to the British flag. Fortunately I was fairly acquainted with the language and with Spanish etiquette, so with a little management

the imbroglio was thus got over. The difficulty was this. In Spain, as in England, the sovereign does not return salutes, but the nation does, so we compromised the matter by my firing a royal salute to the nation, which was duly returned, and the admiral's salute of the day before was considered to be to the sovereign, and therefore not returned. I then rejoined the Admiral, who was pacified. Another odd incident relative to these salutes occurred to me. It was the custom to return all the complimentary salutes fired by foreign ships in honour of the sovereign's birthday. It so happened that I was lying at Smyrna on this day, and that there were ships of seven nations present. This involved seven return salutes, besides my own national salute. Perplexed who should be saluted first and who last, for these matters are very jealously watched, I called on the several captains the day before, and suggested that to avoid any bad feeling I should hoist all their flags together, and make one salute do for all, to which they consented; so up went a great bunch of national flags tied together, resembling a shapeless mass of bunting.

While in command of the Smyrna division, Mr. Hanson, a merchant, who had a contract with the Turkish government to recover the brass guns sunk by the Russians at the battle of Tipesme in 1770, persuaded me to go there and endeavour to raise an enormous gun which had defied their efforts. The gun lay in twenty-two fathoms water, with its breech buried in sand. I anchored over it, and the diver slung it to our cable. We then hove in, and by so

doing got the ship about two feet down by the head without starting it, when we ceased heaving, and went to dinner. I was on the point of abandoning the attempt, when the ship gave a sudden jump, and out came the gun. I could only heave it to the bows and lash it (for it turned out to weigh fifteen tons), and so carried it to Smyrna.

I was next sent on an interesting expedition to the Vladika, or Prince of Montenegro, a wild chieftain in the interior of Albania. He was in a chronic state of war with Turkey. Sir Stratford Canning had remonstrated with the Turks for atrocities to the Montenegrins, but they rejoined that the latter were a set of robbers, and always the aggressors. My mission was to endeavour to stop the butchery. I anchored in the Bocca di Cattaro, and proceeded on horseback up the precipitous path leading to the territory of Montenegro. On arrival at the frontier I was escorted by a band of the veriest cüt-throats to the capital Cettinje, a long day's ride. A short distance from the village the Vladika himself rode out, attended by his guards, to meet me. He was profuse in promises of good behaviour, and for some little time there was a truce between him and the Turks.

In the *Aigle* I served four full years, with the exception of a short return to England in 1843 to recruit my health, and I went back to the Mediterranean with my friend George Otway, who commanded the *Virago*. Lord Worcester also accompanied us. We paid off the ugly but comfortable old *Aigle* in 1845, and I quitted my companions with regret.

In 1847 the Liberal Government came into office. My father was appointed Master-General of the Ordnance, and I was named as secretary to that department, an appointment which involved me in a new career, and one I had always refused, preferring to see my younger brothers sitting for the family boroughs rather than to go into Parliament myself. When, however, an offer to stand for the independent borough of Sandwich was made me, I went to work and won the seat after a hard struggle. It was on this occasion that I made acquaintance with a remarkable man, whose kindness to me and mine ended only with his life. When I arrived at Sandwich and Deal to be introduced to the free and independent electors, I soon learnt that the biggest gun among them all was Mr. Richard Green, the great shipowner, who was, unfortunately, a staunch Conservative, and in with the Duke of Wellington and the Walmer Castle people. Nothing daunted, I called at his pretty villa at Walmer with my canvassing card. I walked in, and was soon convinced that the reports concerning him were much exaggerated. In fact, in a few days he promised me his vote, and eventually joined my committee, and we fought together five contested elections.

Meanwhile, in 1852, I was tempted by the charms of a young lady I had long known and admired to forswear my bachelor estate. Accordingly, I was married in April of that year to Martha, youngest daughter of my late dear old chief, Admiral Sir Robert Waller Otway, one of the brave band who fought under Nelson, and who was chosen to bring home the

despatches from Copenhagen. His remains I (the only one "not of his house") had reverently followed to the grave six years previously. My marriage gave great satisfaction to my father, who had always admired the gallant admiral; and my wife's singing was a source of much delight to him and my mother.

A short time at the Ordnance was sufficient to convince me that that department, though admirable in its general organization, required modification in detail, and if the views of Lord Anglesey had then been carried out, it would not have collapsed as it did in the Russian war. His idea was that the Ordnance should be a strictly civil and manufacturing department, and that the military branch, viz. the Engineers and Artillery, should be under the entire control and management of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army instead of the Master-General.

My post was one of considerable labour and responsibility, but my tenure of it was cut short in a somewhat sudden fashion.

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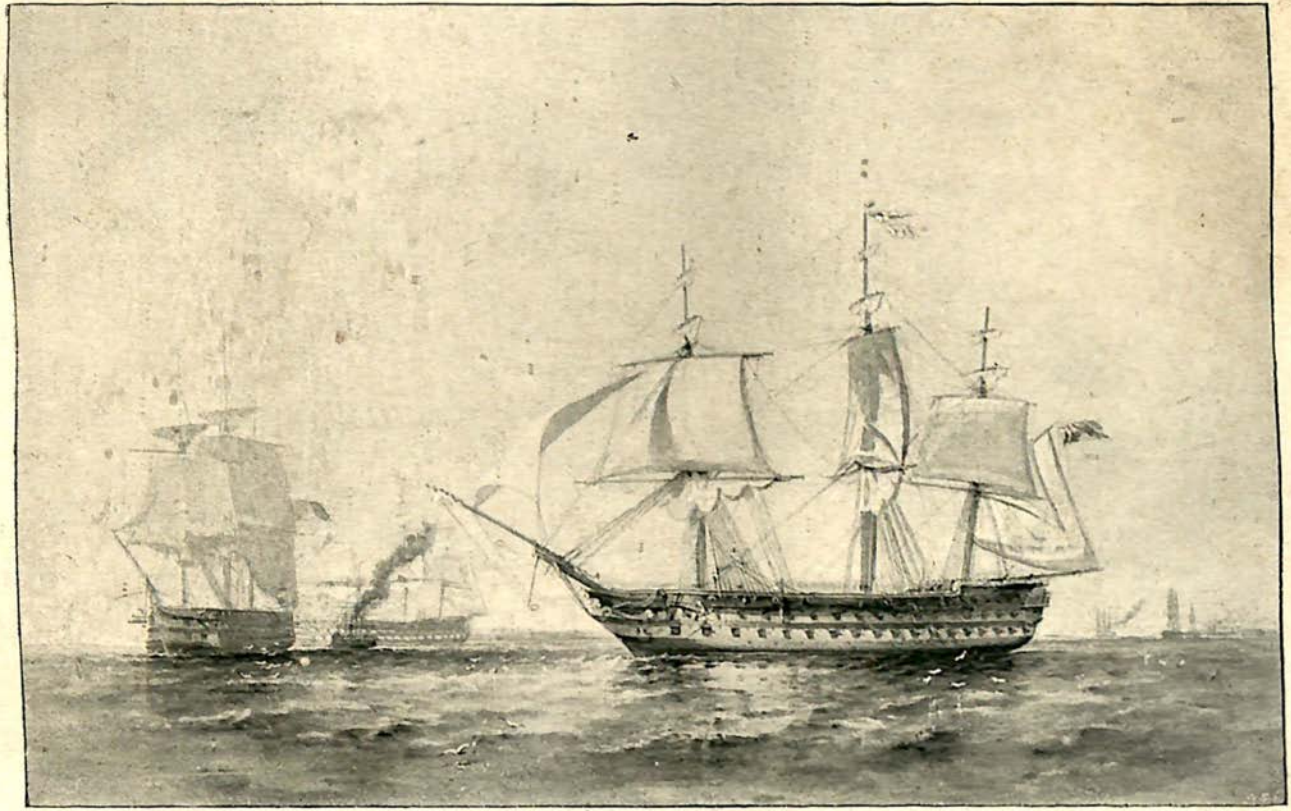

H.M.S. "PRINCESS ROYAL," 91 GUNS, WITH THE COMBINED FLEETS IN THE BALTIC.
(*From a Sketch by Oswald Brierly.*)

CHAPTER IV.

1854.

BALTIC CAMPAIGN.

So much has been said and written, so many criticisms have been enunciated, and public opinion especially has been so divided on the proceedings of the Baltic Fleet of 1854, I have resolved to commit to paper, while the circumstances in which I took part were still fresh in my memory, the account of the transactions which occurred around me.

I have endeavoured in this sketch to avoid—as far as an actor in the scenes can do so—giving any partial or unfair colouring to the acts of others, at the same time that I desire to convey to the reader the candid opinions of those who, from their experience and position in the fleet, were well qualified to judge of the merits and demerits of our proceedings. Certainly a more magnificent assemblage of ships, and, on the whole, a more worthy and gallant collection of officers and seamen, never quitted the shores of England.

During the autumn of 1853, many were the speculations on the conduct of this country, with reference to the Russian aggression in the Principalities, but

they usually ended in the conclusion that little could be done against that colossal power. At this time, in the month of October, 1853, I was transacting business with Lord Raglan—being the Master General's secretary—when a messenger from Sir James Graham brought me a note, requesting me to wait on him, at the Admiralty. I repaired thither immediately, and he opened the conversation confidentially by saying that the political affairs between Russia and this country were in so unsatisfactory a state, that Government had resolved to add materially to the naval force; "in short," said Sir James, "I should like you to be in command of a heavy line-of-battle ship, for," he was pleased to say, "there is a great scarcity of seamen, and it will be of no use commissioning ships, unless we appoint popular officers to command them."

Sir James said he hesitated a good deal at the sacrifice it would be entailing on me, having regard to the office I was holding; however, there could not be a moment's hesitation in my mind as to the proper course for me to pursue, under the circumstances, and accordingly, after consulting my kind friend and master, Lord Raglan, I at once accepted, and within seven days was appointed to command the *Princess Royal*, of ninety-one guns, and proceeded at once to Portsmouth, and, what perhaps shows more than most things the urgency of the affair is, that from that date till that of my departure I was never able to get home for a single day.

Sure enough there was a scarcity, indeed almost an absence of seamen. However, with assistance of

several valuable officers who were appointed to the ship, and by dint of handbills and touting of all sorts, we managed to enter at the average of twenty to thirty per week, such as they were. Scarcely any of them had been in a man-of-war, and consequently they were entirely ignorant of the management of great guns and muskets; and we set to work rigging, etc., in good earnest. The weather, about Christmas, became so exceptionally severe that all work was well-nigh stopped for ten days, and by this time several more ships were commissioned, which, of course, added to our difficulties.

Important as I considered the fitment of the ship, I nevertheless kept parties of thirty and forty men at gun drill all day long, with a view to being ready to make a decent defence when we got into the Channel.

I had named March the 1st as the earliest period I could get the ship to Spithead, but the Admiralty were so anxious to make a show, that we were forced out on the 15th of February; and a very pretty mess we made of it. One of the hotwells burst as we were passing between No Man's Land and the *Warner*, trying our engines, and I was obliged to anchor near the former. I had invited—or rather Lady C. had invited—a large party to see our first "appearance in public," and a sorry one it was. However, we managed to patch up and get back to Spithead, and land our party, more frightened than hurt.

Daily did we practice at the target, and what with the noise of the guns, and the hammers of the artificers, of whom there were about a hundred on board, for a

fortnight we were in the confusion of Babel; but still we could not get men, men, men! I wrote and wrote to the Admiralty, stating that if they did not assist me by placing two hundred coastguard on board, I should be taken by the first Russian frigate we fell in with. This really alarmed their Lordships, and eventually they completed me with that number, many of whom are admirable, but alas! some have since turned out to be worn out and very useless folk.

By the 27th of February we had repaired our engines and got them up to try speed at the measured mile in Stokes Bay, when lo! bump ashore we got in the middle. We had not been there half an hour before a vessel sprightly approached with an admiral's flag at the fore. It was no less a person than Sir Charles Napier, the Commander-in-chief of the Baltic Fleet, come to hoist his flag for the first time on board the *Princess Royal*. I had slightly known him for many years, and was one of those who highly disapproved of his conduct in Syria, in 1840, consequently, I did not augur well for the future; but I consoled myself with the feeling that, at all events, he was an old gamecock, and would do his country credit if he went into action. Finding the ship hard and fast, he had nothing for it but to remain quietly on board, and dine and sleep; and I shall never forget our *tête-à-tête* conversation that evening. He began by lighting his cigar, and saying that he had a deuce of a job in hand, to go into an enemy's waters and attack a force, numerically superior, and of greater efficiency than

our own—for at this time we only expected to produce twelve or thirteen screw liners, and three or four sailing ditto; in fact, as he said, with a raw squadron to attack an efficient fleet in their own waters. But he added that we must on no account turn our backs, however inferior to the Russian fleet; and by the time he had finished half a dozen cigars, he had informed me of such bloodthirsty resolves that what with them and the thick tobacco smoke, I slept little that night.

I remember well my meeting next morning with several officers, who were preparing their ships in the dockyard. Admiral Chads, Captains Robb, Pelham, and others. They inquired a good deal about the feelings of the new admiral, whom we were destined to follow in the high path of honour, and I think the description I gave of his intentions made a great impression on them, as it had on me, and we all were more and more anxious to get ready for the conflict.

Meantime, he issued an order from the *Princess Royal*, that the men were to be practised daily at the guns, and that there was to be an unlimited allowance of powder and shot.* Day after day the ships began to tumble into Spithead, and we had commenced blazing away, so that it really was with no small risk that boats communicated with the ships—in fact, there were several accidents by shot and shell. Meantime every possible exertion was used to complete the crews,

* The signal was also made for the fleet to demand a double allowance of chloroform!

so much so that by the 10th of March we had assembled at Spithead a force consisting of eleven line-of-battle ships, of which eight were screw, besides a host of frigates and small craft, some fairly and some indifferently manned.

A good deal of saluting took place, of course, when the Queen came to look at the fleet, and I had to deliver several rounds of cheers to her Majesty as she passed under our bows to look at the figure-head—a likeness of her own daughter.

On Saturday, the 11th, the signal was made for the fleet to weigh under sail alone, and we made a very respectable start under single reefs and topgallant sails, passing in succession the Queen at the trial; when we formed two columns, the weather being composed of the *Duke*, *St. Jean d'Acre*, *Princess Royal*, and *Royal George;* the lee, under Admiral Chads, of the *Edinburgh*, *Blenheim*, *Hogue*, and *Ajax;* and so we sailed to the Downs, from whence we weighed on Monday, the 13th, for the Baltic.

And now, as this "sketch" is for the information of my own friends, let me say a word as to my own feelings. I will not dwell on the inferior sacrifices I had made, they were as nothing in comparison to the agony of leaving a most delightful and agreeable companion, who had given up all for my honour, without a murmur—one who has no thought beyond my happiness and welfare. As to taking leave, I had not courage to think of it; and I was obliged on the evening of the 10th (Friday), to say that I was coming next morning on shore to see and take leave of dear

M—— and my boy. But I had an innate confidence in the mercy of my heavenly Master, that I should again be permitted to rejoin those I love?

I received many kind visits and good wishes from my old constituents at Deal, who flocked off to see the ship, and Lord Cadogan * spent an evening with me, which cheered me up.

The weather throughout our passage across the North Sea was most favourable, and enabled us to make good progress with the guns, muskets, etc., to which our whole time and attention were directed; and well it was that the weather favoured us, for if we had had a gale of wind, with our raw ships' companies, we should have been in a sad mess. But though separated in a fog on the 15th, we all made our way into Wingo Sound (a safe anchorage in the Cattegatt, on the coast of Norway), by the 19th, the *Princess Royal* having got there on the 17th.

Not even the Sabbath was omitted in the exercises of most of the ships, so anxious were all to get ready; but I must say, nevertheless, that I personally would not consent to withhold that day of rest from the crew, and I do not regret it.

While here, I addressed the crew on two most important subjects, one of which was my desire to have daily prayers with them—not by order, but that those who were so inclined should, at a quarter before nine a.m. daily, come aft, and that the chaplain should read us a few prayers and thanksgivings. I reminded them that at all times, but especially on such business

* Earl Cadogan was brother of the Marchioness of Anglesey.

as we were engaged in, it behoved us to be in daily communion with the Giver of all good. Most heartily has this been responded to; every man and boy in this ship, with the exception of those whose duty keeps them away, comes aft daily for his prayers; they do not last above six or seven minutes, and it is a most interesting innovation, and has, I am happy to say, been since adopted by several other ships.

It is a most gratifying fact, and one worthy to be recorded, that, during ten months I have commanded this ship, out of a crew of eight hundred and fifty, there has been but one case in which flogging was necessary. This is greatly due to my estimable commander, Mackenzie.

The second and only other address I have made to my people was on the subject of the war. I told them that we were approaching the enemy's country; that in all probability war would be declared in a fortnight; and that as soon after that as steam and canvas would bring us to them, we should in all likelihood begin business. That for success, we should have to depend on their exertions; that we —the officers—could teach them, but that, after all, the issue depended mainly on them under Providence. I also impressed on them the necessity of discipline and precision of fire. They answered by three as hearty cheers as I would wish to hear, and, extraordinary as it may appear, I believe that by the time this fleet got into the enemy's waters, we were one and all in *good gunnery* order, and ready to begin.

The Commander-in-chief left us for a few days to

pay a visit to the King of Denmark. He did not appear to be over-satisfied with the feelings expressed by that monarch, but as we never expected, or had a right to expect, more than bare neutrality from Denmark, it did not disturb us, the more so that by this time we had had cheery accounts of the passage through the Belts being much easier than we had anticipated, and that, although the Danes would not allow us pilots, that the charts might be depended on; and so, with light hearts, we started from Wingo on the 23rd of March, sailed with a fine northerly and fair wind, and anchored for the night under Cape Foreness, at the entrance of the Great Belt. This day Rear-Admiral Corry joined the fleet with three more line-of-battle ships.

It came on to blow very hard in the night, and a heavy sea made, so that I for one thought it would be very imprudent to run into this narrow and intricate navigation until it moderated; but the signal was made next morning, in the height of the gale, for the fleet to run into the Belts under close reefs. However, we flew through and by the dangers, and anchored midway under Reefness, where we took shelter till the gale was over, passed Nyborg, which is rather a pretty Dutch-looking town, on Sunday, the 26th, and on the next evening we anchored off Kiel, thus having overcome one of the greatest difficulties without any mishap, and in great force we were. Even home, dear home, was forgotten in the exciting fact that we were now in the Baltic—in the Emperor's lake—and that nothing was between us

and him but the formalities of a declaration of war. This was not long in appearing.

Having communicated with Kiel, we steadily moved on and anchored in the fine bay of Kioge, on Sunday, April 2nd.

Poor *Princess Royal* was made a sad April fool of the day before, having been run into by the *Cressy*, in a thick fog, who carried away our quarter-boats, and fortunate it was that nothing more serious happened, for she was under steam.

In the distance we could see the spires of Copenhagen, and we were enlivened by the visits of hosts of steamers containing the good folks of the capital, and there was a vast deal of cheering, and waving of handkerchiefs. Here, bless the day! I got my first letters from home, and was truly proud, as well as thankful, at the calm and heroic sentiments of my poor little wife. My good father wrote in ecstasies at the courage and utter absence of selfishness she displayed—indeed, all his letters have been full of praise of her. And now we were on the point of receiving the official intelligence that war had been declared with Russia.

On Tuesday, April 4th, a swift steamer approached the *Duke*, with the English flag at the main, and with the English Minister on board, and presently the flagship was completely covered with flags, signifying the following startling intelligence:—

"Lads, war is declared with a numerous and bold enemy. Should they meet us and offer battle, you know how to dispose of them. Should they remain

in port, we must try and get at them. Success depends on the quickness and precision of your firing; also, lads, sharpen your cutlasses, and the day is your own!"

It will readily be believed that this signal was much criticised in the fleet, as it has been elsewhere; however, albeit regretting that it had rather too pretentious a character, and, above all, that it lacked any appeal to Him from whom alone cometh victory, I felt that Napier would be as good as his word, from all I had heard of his antecedents.

Various were the answers to this stirring appeal. "Ready;" "Ready and willing;" "The sooner the better," etc. I confess that I merely acknowledged it, remarking to my commander that it required no answer; but we joined in the cheering.

There were now no longer any doubts as to whether we should really go to war, and we all turned to with a will to perfect our preparations, expecting to proceed to the seat of war any day.

The frigates and small vessels were immediately detached to blockade the enemy's ports of Riga, Libau, etc., as well as to form a chain of communication between Bornholm and the south shore of the Baltic, with a view of intercepting his trade. Admiral Plumridge, with a flying division of steamers, was sent to reconnoitre the entrance of the Gulf of Finland.

At this time we were in utter ignorance as to the whereabouts of the Russian fleet. Some accounts had it that they were at Revel; others, that a portion of them had succeeded in cutting through the ice, and

thus got into Helsingfors early in the winter; others, again, that the whole fleet was at Cronstadt. But there was one story which excited us not a little, which was to the effect that eight or nine sail of the line had attempted, in December last, to get into Helsingfors from Revel, but that they had failed, and were frozen up outside the former. If this were true, they were, of course, at our mercy, since it would be impossible that the whole of these ships should be enabled to get into Helsingfors before we came up to them, as the ice invariably melts gradually from seaward; and we, moreover, heard that there was clear water within a few miles of them. It may be imagined that the fleet was anxious to verify this matter, and consequently loud were the grumblings, by the younger part of the fleet, that another precious week was lost at Kioge. The old hands, however, consoled themselves in the thought that it would give us a little more time for preparations, and that the ice would not begin to melt in the gulf for another month; moreover the weather was now, and indeed had continued, during our stay at Kioge, singularly unpropitious—constant gales from the westward, and bitter cold.

On Wednesday, April the 12th, however, we weighed, and sailing in two columns, we advanced majestically, favoured by lovely weather. Leaving Bornholm on our right and Gottland on our left, we arrived on our first cruising ground off Gotska Sando on the 15th.

Already a circumstance had occurred which had

given much pain to those who sincerely desired a cordial union with France, and I may safely say that in this fleet there were very few who felt otherwise. It was well known to be the Emperor Louis Napoleon's earnest desire that nothing should be undertaken against the enemy until one or more of the French ships had arrived. While we were at Kioge we had notice of the arrival of the *Austerlitz* French line-of-battle ship at the entrance of the Belts, from the *James Watt*, who joined us at Kioge, and as the former was also a screw ship, she was to be hourly expected after the arrival of the latter; consequently, when the French Minister at Copenhagen heard of the intended departure of the fleet, he implored Sir C. Napier to wait one more day for the *Austerlitz*, and it may be imagined that he was grievously annoyed when we started without her. Moreover, by some unfortunate mistakes and a little mismanagement on both sides, she did not succeed in reaching the fleet until a month afterwards.

As soon as the fleet had fairly taken up their cruising ground off Gotska Sando, on Easter Sunday, the 16th of April, or rather at sunset the evening before—Admiral Plumridge about this time rejoined the fleet, having been sent to reconnoitre Helsingfors and Revel—the signal was made for the following ships to form in two lines, under Admirals Napier and Chads, *St. Jean d'Acre*, *Princess Royal*, *Cressy*; *Hogue*, *Royal George*, and *Cæsar*, with several frigates, etc., and for the remainder of the fleet to place themselves under the orders of Admiral Corry.

With eight line-of-battle ships, the same number as were reported to be outside of Helsingfors, we shaped our course for the gulf, leaving the rest of the fleet laying to. It may be supposed that we were envied by the poor fellows left behind.

Easter Sunday, I thought under the circumstances, should not be passed without offering up earnest prayers for our welfare and success, and we accordingly joined in taking the holy sacrament. The usual place for our church being the after part of the maindeck, the recess in which the wardroom door is placed formed a very neat and pretty communion-table, and after the usual service those who felt so disposed partook. I think there may have been something like sixty men, in addition to the officers, making perhaps seventy persons who joined. Most of the sailors were either petty officers or coastguard men.

We were not long in waiting for proof of the extreme uncertainty of life (especially a sailor's tenure), and the necessity of preparing for the "change which soon must come over us," for at one o'clock that very day Jeremiah Simmonds, coastguard man, and one of the finest of the crew, fell off the jib boom while loosing the jib, and all our efforts to save him were without avail. He had partaken of the sacrament with us an hour previously.

Poor Simmonds! he managed to get hold of the patent log which was towing astern, and it towed him under water. We could just see the form of his head, and so he held on for several minutes. If

he had let go and caught the life-buoy, he might have been saved.

A very interesting trait in reference to this man's death occurred. The marines were the first to propose, and to agree to giving up a day's pay to Simmonds's widow and children. I need not say that this noble example was followed by officers and men.

This sad event would at another moment have had for a season a depressing effect on the ship's company. But too many objects and occupations were in view to dwell long on it. We were each and all expecting to be under fire in a few hours, and were incessantly at the guns.

Next day, Monday the 17th, found us at the entrance of the Gulf of Finland. A thick fog separated us for a few hours, but with constant attention to the guns of the Admiral, we kept pretty well together, and with a nice westerly wind we calculated on being within sight of the enemy's fleet that evening, when lo! to our dismay, the course of the fleet was suddenly altered to the westward! Various, of course, were the surmises at this unaccountable proceeding. Some thought that we were merely going to haul up for the night and to resume our course in the morning, having only about eighty miles to go to arrive off Helsingfors. A few there were who doubted the old man's nerve—very few. Alas! their fears have turned out but too true, as the sequel will show—and the only redeeming point in the case is that he candidly confessed that the fog of the morning had unnerved

him. But to resume. All night did we stand away beating to the westward, and in doing so we made Dagerort, the first spot on the Russian coast we had yet seen, a lowish point, with the remains of the lighthouse, which had been destroyed in order to prevent its being of use to us. This was the first hostile action we had seen, and proved the reality of the affair. Still, on we stood to the westward, and finally rejoined our less fortunate comrades in the evening on the former cruising ground. I need hardly state that they were no less astonished than ourselves.

It has never yet been positively ascertained in the fleet whether the Russian squadron were out or inside of Helsingfors. There are differences of opinion among those who saw them. Admiral Plumridge saw their masts, etc., as low as half courses down—that is, half way down their lower masts. His distance was too great to judge whether the land was beyond or this side of them. He had been positively enjoined not to approach near enough for them to make him out. He counted distinctly seven line-of-battle ships, and another either smaller liner or a large frigate. Captain Gifford, his flag captain, was of opinion that they were outside. Again, Captain Sullivan, of the *Lightning*, reported that a native had told him they were inside; while another native is said to have stated positively that they had failed to get in, in consequence of the excessive thickness of the ice at the mouth of the harbour. It would be a very interesting thing to verify this fact, but it certainly

appeared to us that we were neglecting to take advantage of a *possible* opportunity of destroying an enemy's squadron. Doubtless the Commander-in-chief had some positive information which induced him to give up the idea of attacking the Russian squadron, bearing in mind our qualities as steamers for such work. A month previously the *Miranda* screw corvette, commanded by the intrepid Edmund Lyons, had forced a passage through the ice for many miles, and had succeeded in looking into Revel and ascertaining that the enemy's fleet were not there.

It was perhaps fortunate that the Press were not made acquainted with the details of this first and significant opening of the campaign.

On April the 21st we approached the coast of Sweden and made the lighthouse of Landsort. Right glad were we to find that it was the Admiral's intention to run in somewhere, although we had not a notion where, on this rugged and dangerous coast, shelter could be found for so large a force. Steam was got up, and the paddle division took the sailing liners in tow, and so we entered an intricate channel, which, at the end of fifteen miles, brought us to the magnificent port of Elgsnabben, with a direct communication by water to Stockholm, distant about forty miles from thence. However questionable the proceedings of the last few days, there could be no question about the hardihood of taking, and indeed leading, a fleet with such a ship as the *Duke of Wellington* into a labyrinth of rocks, where probably never before was seen a vessel of five hundred tons. Here we refreshed,

watered, and wooded the fleet, and although all communication was forbidden with Stockholm, for what reason we could never make out, we were well pleased to get out of the fogs and bad weather which prevailed at this time. The Admiral spent some days at Stockholm, and the people, as at Copenhagen, rushed in thousands to see the fleet, reminding us of our own dear cockneys on the Thames on a Sunday. If possible, too, they were more noisy, especially after they had refreshed themselves in their demonstrations of amity. I really believe these people are disposed to join in the war against Russia, for they have many old scores of treachery and bad faith on the part of that power to wipe off; but they are so mortally afraid of the Russians that, unless the Western Powers were to promise a large force during the winter months for their protection, I am persuaded they will remain neutral.

Here again we had the satisfaction of occasionally receiving and sending letters through Stockholm to our absent ones, and our amusements consisted of an occasional stroll on shore among the thickly wooded fir forests, which covered every bit of ground in the bay, with the exception of a few scattered farmhouses and their adjoining bits of cleared land. Very primitive people are these Swedish islanders. On one of the islands alone, where there are some mines being worked, is there a decent-sized village.

It must not be supposed that, however preferable the snug harbour of Elgsnabben to the fogs and disagreeable and bitterly cold weather at sea, there were

not many and loud lamentations that we were by our inactivity giving time for the frozen squadron to cut their way into a safe harbour in spite of us, and these murmurings were increased by occasional reports in the Swedish newspapers that the ice in the Gulf of Finland was beginning to break up. Still we moved not.

Meanwhile, at length the first appearance of the flag of our allies, in the shape of a noble two-deck ship of one hundred guns, *l'Austerlitz*, came steaming in, and passed close to the bows of the *Duke of Wellington*, when the two warriors (the latter and Napoleon), whose busts formed the figure-heads of the two ships, met for the first time in close alliance, and seemed astonished at the singularity of their position. This occurred on May Day, and was a pleasant inauguration of the merry month. As the *Austerlitz* happened to anchor in the neighbourhood of the *Princess Royal*, I felt called on to do the honours of Elgsnabben to the captain, who is a very gentlemanlike and agreeable person, though—as I have since learnt—from domestic bereavements and misfortunes a marked sadness and shrinking from the society of his fellow-men was observable. We, however, formed an intimate acquaintance and friendship, which, I trust, may continue with our lives.* Nor must I omit the pleasant, gay, and good-humoured second. I felt doubly anxious to be polite and useful to the *Austerlitz*, inasmuch as there certainly was little disposition, as far as we could observe, in higher quarters, to give *un bon accueil* to our allies. In this wish I was heartily seconded

* M. Laurençin was unfortunately drowned the year following.

by the officers of the ship, and constant and pleasant were our reunions with our French friends. Other ships followed our example, and I do not think my friends, MM. Laurençin and Gisolme have, on the whole, any reason to complain of their reception; indeed, I am bound to say that, with true French *politesse*, they were always apparently charmed with everybody and everything.

We lingered on at this place till the 5th of May, much to the annoyance of everybody, thus losing all chance of preventing the escape of the Russian squadron, for, by the time we quitted Elgsnabben, the Gulf of Finland was entirely free from ice.

The fleet was placed in some jeopardy in consequence of a thick fog coming on just as we were threading the intricate narrows on our way out. Several ships, in fact, put back, and the fog was succeeded during the night by a violent gale of wind from the north-east, and the following morning but seven ships were collected together out of the whole fleet. It was an anxious time, for the sea was running very high, and we knew that many of our companions must be among the rocks on a lee shore. However, providentially every ship was saved, and one by one they all appeared on the horizon. The *Duke of Wellington* was not heard of for twenty-four hours, and it appears that she missed the passage in the fog, and scrambled out of another one which was little known.

Plumridge, with the paddle division, was now sent into the Gulf of Bothnia, where they signalized

themselves by the destruction of half a million's worth of property, belonging, it is much to be feared, to inoffensive and friendly inhabitants.

I do believe that this wholesale destruction, impolitic though it undoubtedly was, was undertaken and carried out by orders from home. It was profitable to no one, for I do not believe that the squadron made a shilling of prize money, and it has engendered a hatred of us on the part of the Finlanders, which will make them fight us *con amore;* indeed, they have already manifested their revenge by the butchery of above fifty of the *Vulture's* crew, at Gamla Carleby, a small town, north of Abo, when that vessel's boats were on a burning excursion.

We now took up our old cruising ground off Gotska Sando, and no pen can describe the monotony of this *not* blockade, for at least in that service one has the excitement of seeing one's enemy. Here we were, standing off and on a barren rock, the only warfare being between the Commander-in-chief and the captains, occasioned by the signals to "keep station," etc., and various other signals of more disagreeable import. The length of the telegraphs was about the most diverting part, and I particularly remember one dispute by signals, which lasted nearly through a day, the victim being one of the best officers in the fleet, who became, henceforth, the target for Napier's bitter shafts.

One day of this cruise was indeed distinguished by a sad piece of intelligence for me! On May the 13th a provision steamer from England brought letters

announcing the death of my father. I had already been somewhat prepared for this sad event; but, separated from all one loves, the intensity of sorrow on receiving bad news is greatly increased.

All the newspapers, of whatever politics, teemed with praises of my father and with regrets at the loss of a great and good man from among us. I need scarcely say that I received from all the fleet hearty condolence.

It was a relief to me, and a pleasant change, when on May 17th, we left, under the orders of Admiral Corry, all but our select eight screw line-of-battle ships; it looked like business, although we had already had too many disappointments to be sanguine.

The rendezvous signal given to the squadron was "Hango"—"a Pigeon," at last. Only eighty miles off, we shall be there by daylight to-morrow morning. Down bulkheads and get all ready. Having disposed of all matters connected with the ship, I thought of home, and just sat me down before "turning in" to scratch a line of farewell to my good little wife, to thank her for two years of uninterrupted happiness, as well as a line to whoever should become commanding officer, in case I happened to get my quietus, with directions for the disposal of my traps and bones. This task finished, I turned in and slept as soundly and pleasantly as ever I did in my life. I was awoke at daybreak by my excellent "second," his countenance radiant with joy, to tell me that the forts were in sight, and a red flag flying.

"Odds bones!" said I, "don't they mean to give any quarter, then?"

As day dawned, we could distinctly make out the forts, that on the left or west side of the entrance, being a regular six-bastioned and two-tiered fort, with casements below and the upper tier *en barbette;* the east side defended by a smaller fort in the shape of a parallelogram, with four small bastions at the angles and casemates, both on islands. The former appeared to mount about thirty guns, the latter perhaps a dozen. Within, there seemed to be two considerable batteries facing the entrance, and dotted about at intervals within the harbour's mouth were several small two and three gun batteries on the slopes of the hills. There might be in all, some sixty or seventy guns. Little white wreaths of smoke from the different forts told us they were warming shot for us, and as we approached we could see the gunners peeping out between the sand-bags. We also observed that what we took for a bloody flag, was nothing but a semaphore at work, informing the Emperor of our morning's visit. No other flags were shown. It is remarkable that the Russians never during the war showed their national flag on any detached forts, doubtless to avoid the disgrace of a trophy of such value being captured by the enemy; but, according to the strict rules of war, they could not claim the usual consideration given to the vanquished, and ran the risk of being treated as pirates.

The fleet hove to some five miles off, and Admiral Chads, or the "Demon of War," as he was called in the

fleet, was signalled to get up steam and approach, and we expected to follow him. Very gingerly did friend Chads proceed, for the coast was comparatively unknown; still he kept creeping, and we had had mysterious hints of submarine infernal machines, blockships or junks as they are nicknamed here. We were on the tiptoe of expectation, now they appeared to be getting well within range, and we got very impatient, and some got their funnels up; but the moment one was shown, up went the signal, "Down funnel," from the flag. Not a shot was fired, but, simpletons that we were, we had cleared the ship for action, till she was like a house with an execution in it, and great was the sacrifice in crockery and such-like; the cockpit was all laid out with beds, and doctors and tourniquets were ready, and, in short, we thought that Hango would, in the course of a couple of hours, be a thing of the past.

There is an end to all things; and Chads at last got to a nice berth about two thousand five hundred yards from the forts, and invited us to follow, and we found ourselves at anchor off the enemy's batteries for the first time.

The enemy seemed to divine that we were not for business, put out his fires, and quitted his batteries; and we now, as there was no fighting, took to feeding merrily with one another, washing down our victuals with an occasional growl.

The *St. George* joined us here from England, commanded by a very good and pleasant fellow, Captain Harry Eyres.

We had not been here many hours before we heard heavy firing inland, and towards the evening, it was explained by the appearance of the *Arrogant*, Captain Yelverton, and the *Hecla*, towing a merchant vessel out from a perfect labyrinth of small islands forming the entrance to Eckness river. It appeared that they had gallantly forced a passage up that river, in spite of a formidable battery, and under a heavy fire of Minié rifles had cut out the vessel, which appeared at their tail on approaching us. The signal, "Well done!" was appropriately made, and three hearty cheers were given them by the fleet. The enemy's loss must have been considerable, though we had but two killed and several wounded. This was a pleasant little opening to the campaign, and augured well for the future, if scope were given for the enterprise of the officers of the fleet.

A strong easterly wind set in, and gave an opportunity to the Russian fleet of engaging us on very superior terms, and it has always been a marvel to me that they did not take advantage of it. We were in all nine sail of the line, of which eight were screws; but the advantage of the steam power would, in the event of attack, have been greatly neutralized by the hindrance of the sailing liner, since we should have been obliged to remain and support her in case of attack, and from the formation of the harbour, we could not possibly have got her out before they were upon us. They had a telegraph to Cronstadt and Helsingfors from the hill behind Hango, by which they no doubt communicated the fact of our being there.

26106

The Admiral, feeling this, was very glad to get rid of the *St. George* as soon as the weather permitted, by sending her to Corry's division, who were cruising off Gotska Sando.

It was seriously contemplated, I do believe, to attack this place, with a view to establishing a depôt for our colliers and provision vessels, and certainly the inner harbour is admirably adapted for the purpose; consequently, the indefatigable Captain Sullivan, assisted by the masters, was daily occupied in sounding the approaches, and they were occasionally saluted by a shot or two; and on May the 22nd, the *Dragon*, *Magicienne*, and *Hecla* were sent in to try their guns at the forts, with a view to ascertain the size, number, and range of the enemy's guns. We reported that she was within fifteen hundred yards of Gustaffs fort, and the Admiral made signal, "Try range." Her practice was very good; almost every shell burst in the fort, which returned the fire from three guns, which bore on her. They speedily got the range of her, and were evidently hitting her every time. Now was the time for the heavy ships to dash in. Something, however, seemed to deter the Admiral from giving the fleet an opportunity of showing their power; he seemed much inclined to send us all in, but after this poor vessel had been riddled during two hours, with a loss (astonishingly little under the circumstances) of one killed and two wounded, her signal was made to discontinue as well as the other paddle steamers, and so finished the "battle of Hango." My impression is that the Admiral felt it would be unwise to

risk any damage to the liners with such a superior force in our neighbourhood; but then he ought not to have molested the forts at all. But to many it appeared questionable whether, under these circumstances, it would not have been wiser to have avoided making any demonstration which could be tortured by the enemy into a victory. Of course the Russian bulletins announced to the world that the forts had beaten off the whole English fleet.

Captain Yelverton, having reported that he had found a good anchorage at Baro Sound, the division proceeded thither on June the 2nd. We found that besides having a safe anchorage, with good water, and an island to walk upon, we were enabled to cut off the coasting-trade completely, as at this point alone the mainland juts out to the gulf. On all other parts the coast is studded with small islands, inside of which the coasters trade in spite of us. We lay here until the 12th, our time being occupied in watering on Baro island, where there is a curious lagoon well stocked with pike and other fresh-water fish; occasionally we had the excitement of a chase after the country boats loaded with fish, vegetables, etc., on their way to Helsingfors, for the supply of that place; they were indeed nothing loth to be captured and eased of their burden in exchange for dollars. Later it became a sort of understood arrangement that they were to have the appearance of endeavouring to escape, for woe betide them if they were reported by the Cossack videttes on the hills to be trafficking with us.

It is astonishing how admirably the semaphore system is established throughout this country. Every little eminence has its guardhouse and semaphore post, and not a movement takes place in the fleet but it is instantaneously reported to the capital.

On the 12th the Admiral got up his pecker and steam, and we boldly proceeded off Helsingfors, where we anchored for the night at a distance of about eight miles from the entrance. We had already seen and counted the masts of the Helsingfors fleet from the lighthouse on Reuskar Island, which partly forms the anchorage of Baro Sound; but we were delighted to have a nearer view, and we earnestly demanded a small steamer from the Admiral to go in and reconnoitre. But, strange to say, this opportunity of making a reconnaissance, which might have proved invaluable in the event of our hereafter attacking the place, was denied to us, nor did the Admiral himself leave his ship.

Perhaps the most interesting sight we had witnessed, or were likely to witness, took place this day, June the 13th. At seven a.m. the signal went up from the look-out frigates that a strange fleet* was in sight to the westward. If it had been to the eastward we should have been still more excited, that being the side we should look for the Russians.

* Seven line-of-battle ships, four frigates and four steamers. Liners: *Inflexible*, Admiral Parseval Duchesnes; *Duguesdin*, Rear-Admiral Penaud; *Jemappes*, R. DuParc; *Hercule*, Larrieu; *Duperré*, Penaud (brother of the rear-admiral); *Tage*, Favre; *Breslau*, Bosse; *Trident*, De Condé (joined afterwards).

Nevertheless, it was one we had long been desiring, namely, the meeting with our allies. True to their character for *politesse*, they all appeared decked with English colours at the main, and had fired a royal salute before we seemed to have made up our minds how we would receive them; thus we had the mortification of following their motions instead of leading them. The course which seemed obvious for us three steamers to pursue was to run down under their lee, and for each of us to offer to tow a French liner into the anchorage of Baro, where the grand meeting of the allied forces was destined to take place. This had been suggested to Napier, as a graceful bit of *entente cordiale;* but those nicer sensations, which form a very important part of a good public, as well as private, character are not given to every mortal. I learnt afterwards from Admiral Parseval Duchesne, who commanded the French fleet, that they fully expected this courtesy, and were prepared to accept it, although, as he justly observed, it required a little swallowing of *amour propre.*

And now let me say a word respecting M. Parseval, who, by the way, is an old West India acquaintance of mine. Doubtless he has passed the age when men can be expected to have much dash, but I am convinced, whatever may be said to the contrary, that he was perfectly prepared for, and moreover advised, more active measures than we ever pursued in the Baltic. As a gentleman his manner gained him the esteem of the whole British fleet. He used to say to us how much he regretted that we were not under fire

together. He is a man who has seen, too, much distinguished service. Whenever, therefore, our inactivity is laid at his door, I fearlessly say the *wet blanket* must be looked for elsewhere, certainly not in him, nor Rear-Admiral Penaud, his second in command.

But to return to the day. It so fell out that we bore down in two lines towards the Frenchmen, who were lying in a single line, with their maintopsails aback, to give us the *pas*, a very neat and pretty compliment. To our dismay, the *Duke* passed close ahead of the *Inflexible*, delivering into his brother Admiral such a broadside of black smoke as must have indeed astonished him. We had nothing for it but to follow, signals having been made to us to form one line ahead. Thus ship after ship passed close to the French Admiral, leaving him black and begrimed with smoke, and nearly becalmed outside, whilst we, with our steam power, shot on majestically into the anchorage, where we arrived in the course of the afternoon, remorselessly leaving our allies to shift for themselves, and find their way into the anchorage (which was now well known to us, but strange to them) as best they could. The result was that they did not all arrive till long after dark, one of them having got aground. Our friend the *Austerlitz* had been with us ever since she joined at Elgsnabben, and formed the rear of the centre division (she *ought* to have been next the Admiral), and passed her own fleet and Admiral, keeping her station in *our* line. Parseval was too courteous to think for a moment of withdrawing her from our fleet, and so she passed her own Admiral as one of us!

These read like nothings, but they were traits which, at the time, were agreeable to contemplate.

It may be supposed that the visiting, the dining, the saluting, cheering, etc., was a heavy job to get over, and, like Holbein's inscription on his picture of the Council of Trent, "Here met together the worthies of all Christian nations and Churches; they ate and drank and did—little else."

The division of Admiral Corry had arrived the day before, so that the Baltic grand fleet was now complete in all particulars. What was to be done next? Some voted for Cronstadt, some Sweaborg, others Bomarsund, and it was finally resolved to approach the former.

A considerable time was spent in mutual feasting and visiting, and M. Surville, my French artist, was sent for by Sir Charles Napier to cook a grand dinner for the French admiral. He (Napier) insisted on my being of the party, but I excused myself on the plea that my nerves would be unequal to the shock if the cookery should not come up to expectation. Surville came up to me the next morning with tears in his eyes, stating that M. l'Amiral, half an hour before dinner, had ordered four additional *entrées*, and had not the things necessary for him to make them, and he, S., had accordingly been using my stock-in-trade on the occasion. I had agreed to provide the artist, but not the tools!

Previous to starting for Cronstadt, he had a grand parade of scaling-ladders on the Lighthouse Island. Each ship brought her proportion, with a body of

men to place them, carry them, and mount them; and so we boarded the lighthouse through the first floor windows. The French marines and blue jackets, as well as our own, were occasionally landed, with field-guns.

On June the 22nd the English screw fleet, now consisting of the *Duke of Wellington*, *Royal George*, three-deckers; *St. Jean d'Acre*, *Princess Royal*, *Nile*, *Edinburgh*, *Majestic*, *Cæsar*, *James Watt*, *Cressy*, *Blenheim*, *Hogue*, and *Ajax*, with a host of frigates and paddle steamers, and accompanied by the French fleet, quitted the anchorage of Baro on a lovely calm morning, leaving Admiral Corry with the sailing division, consisting of the *Neptune* and *St. George*, three-deckers; *Prince Regent*, *Monarch*, *Cumberland*, and some two or three steamers—a position not much to his taste, in fact it worried him so much that he applied to be superseded from his command, and shortly after quitted for England, much broken in health.

As I said, we started on the 22nd, and formed three lines, the centre, in which *Princess Royal* was, and the left, being British, the right French. The *Acre* and myself towed up two little yachts, the *Esmeralda* and *Zephyr*, who had come to see the fun. It was a cruise in the latter with Lord Lichfield to reconnoitre Cronstadt that immortalized us in the *Times* as being chased by the Emperor in person.

This enormous fleet, with its wreaths of smoke, must have looked like three black serpents wending their way through the air to encircle the devoted city, and the commotion among the small coasters was

ludicrous. At night our way was illumined by alarm fires on the coasts, to warn the people of our approach; and on Saturday, the 24th, we got sight of the golden cupola of the Isaac's cathedral, as well as the spires of Cronstadt. What must have been the feelings of the thousands of helpless beings when they saw this mass of enemies approaching! I speak only of those who were as ignorant of the real means of offence it possessed as the good people of England, who had been gulled by the Press into the belief that we had only to *walk over* Cronstadt into St. Petersburg. Of course the Emperor, and indeed all military men, must have been quite at their ease as to the possibility of our capturing Cronstadt without a large land force, but it must have been to him even a very exciting sight.

The position taken up by the combined fleets was off the low, wooded island of Sescar, and the rear of the line stretched over towards the Finland coast. I think I have described elsewhere the character of the scenery to be the same eternal lowish, undulating land covered with pine forests, and the beach fringed with sand. Occasional patches of land are cultivated, and especially as we approached the capital some few straggling villages might be seen; but it is a very poor and unproductive country on both sides of the Gulf of Finland.

We found a deserted village on the island, which bore the appearance of having been vacated at very short notice, for the priest's vestments, books, and some curious old trophies and relics of bygone days,

such as swords, and cocked hats, were hanging on the walls over the altar. These, I am glad to say, were left untouched by us all. Indeed, had the inhabitants remained at their posts, they would have found, as did those of Nargen Island later in the year, that a war with the Western Powers was anything but a losing concern for them.

We, the captains, were necessarily very desirous of reconnoitring Cronstadt, and we accordingly begged for a small steamer to approach it; but, as usual, we were refused, so we got on board Cochrane's ship, the *Driver*, who was going in with the master of the fleet to search for infernal machines, said to be "as thick as daisies" in the passage. We could see nothing of these bugbears, but we fancied we had caught a very fine specimen, which turned out to be a broken staff-post showing above water, with a chain and stone attached to it; and I, who had been here before, was enabled to enlighten the public as to its use... In these parts, instead of the usual buoy such as we have to denote shoal ground, the Russians use a pole and flag. Very gingerly did they haul it on board, I promise you.

I had also a trip with Admiral Chads to the north side of Cronstadt. We observed a line of hulks moored across inside the northern pass, and that there were many guns pointing in that direction on the island itself, and I doubt not they fear attack in this quarter, which is certainly the weakest side. Captain Robb proposed to make rafts from our own spare topmasts, etc., with timber from the island of Sescar, which abounds with fine Scotch fir-trees and larch,

and to place 10-inch guns on them, and send them in on the north side into the shoal water. We calculated that they, drawing but two or three feet, might approach within two thousand yards of the dockyard. Commander Boyd, of the *Royal George*, brought also before the Commander-in-chief a very ingenious idea of the same nature; but if Cronstadt had been his own property he could not have been more averse to damaging it, and he therefore pooh-poohed all these officers and their inventions. From henceforth I do not believe anybody troubled themselves much about attacking.

We were greatly amused the morning we arrived off Cronstadt to observe grand preparations for battle going on on board our allies, as soon as the masts of the Russian fleet became visible above the horizon. They had not as yet (as we had) realized that nothing could be imagined further from our chief's ideas than an attack on the enemy.

The little incident I have already mentioned as happening to Keppel, Elliot, and myself on board Lord Lichfield's yacht, occurred the day following our search for infernal machines. Whether the Emperor really was on board the steamer which chased us I do not know; but it was very good fun, for we were quite safe, taking good care to keep handy to our own inshore cruisers.

We might have done incalculable damage to the inhabitants of St. Petersburg by destroying the large coasting vessels which abound along these coasts for the supply of firewood, upon which they entirely

depend for their winter use. They were lying all along each shore, abandoned; but since we have left those waters it is reported that they have been in full activity, and that the inhabitants had been in terrible alarm lest we should destroy them. How far it is justifiable in warfare to inflict cruelties on unoffending people it is very hard to determine, but I do think that the Emperor has brought such misery on the whole world, that the inhabitants of his capital might well have been curtailed of their winter's fuel.

We were startled one day by the appearance of H—— in the *Hecla* with signals flying that "Bomarsund had been successfully bombarded." By whom? It appeared that he, being bound with letters, or some such thing, to Plumridge, had collected two or three paddles, and popped into Bomarsund and blazed away at the fort from a distance of above two thousand yards. They might as well have fired pea-shooters at it from that distance, as we discovered when we got there, and found that the Russians, in derision, had painted black spots on their walls, to show where the *successful* bombardment took place. This H—— is a capital fellow, and a very gallant one too; but he talks too much. However, in this world, I believe, it is the way to get on, for that most modest and meritorious Yelverton, who planned and commanded the affair of Eckness, has never had from the public the slightest acknowledgment or even encomium.

Oh, British public! you are unique in your innocence; you will laud to the skies, and hail as a hero, the first man who is clever at trumpeting forth his own

merits, or who is fortunate enough to find some friendly and influential paper to do it for him; and you will break your idol, even if worthy to be such, with as much ease the day your favourite organ launches forth a phillipic against him. Take care! This is a dangerous game in troublous times. A Whig or Tory chief may, without danger to the State, be maligned; but men who follow the profession of arms are highly sensitive, smarting under censure—eager perhaps for that praise which incites them to great deeds, and dreading public disapprobation, which destroys *self-confidence*, that most necessary of *all* qualities for important command. Who would go into battle with confidence if he had read every day for the last month that the man who was going to lead him was a nonentity?

The cholera, which had casually appeared while at Baro Sund, here assumed the character of virulence, and it was a distressing sight to count procession after procession of boats from the ships, carrying our comrades to their last home at the bottom of the Gulf of Finland; and this brings to my mind a little anecdote, which interested many in the fleet. There was a marine of the name of Dudley in this ship, a man of incorrigibly bad character. He had been brought before me many times, and I had at last resolved to flog him; but during his examination I found that he had a sort of fixed idea in his head that "every man's hand was against him," and that he was doomed to the "fore-yard." I remembered once before to have reclaimed a hardened character by

kindness, and I thought I would try this man, and, accordingly, I freely forgave him, and desired the officers and non-commissioned officers to treat him as if he had never been an offender before. I heard no more of him—for this had occurred many weeks before we were off Cronstadt—until one day the surgeon came to me and said that Dudley, during this frightful epidemic, was his right-hand man; that he attended night and day on the poor dying patients, and that he feared the man might succumb himself from over-exertion. I was so touched at this noble reform from past errors, that I resolved to have him up next day on deck, and thank him publicly. Alas, when the doctor brought me the sick-report next morning, his name figured on the list of those who had died during the night. Peace to his memory, poor fellow!

I fancy that the violence of the epidemic in the ships, and the frightful accounts we got of it amongst the Russians at Cronstadt, decided the Admirals to move the fleets from thence; and we accordingly returned in the same order to Baro Sound, on Sunday, July 2nd.

About this time the Admiralty established a weekly post to and from England *viâ* Dantzic, and great was the delight we experienced when, after months of uncertain and often long-delayed letters, we were now enabled to read news of our belongings, only seven days *en route*. I have often heard it disputed whether or no we should consider ourselves more fortunate than our brethren of the Black Sea

fleet, as to station, but my feeling is for the station where one gets one's letters quickly and regularly. Henceforth we had no reason to complain. I do believe that sailors will put up with almost any hardships providing you will give them a regular post.

At Baro we had the same monotonous daily exercises, visitings, etc.—which, though among a most agreeable circle of men friends, became tiresome from the entire absence of the gentler sex. Eight long months did we pass without ever seeing, except through a spy-glass (for the Petersburg ladies used occasionally to drive down to look at the fleets), the apparition of a pretty face, or indeed an ugly one either. But we had other things to think of, for here we heard for the first time that an expedition was preparing for the attack of Bomarsund, and that an English squadron was to bring out a French army for that purpose. Everybody now thought he would have something to do, and one could discern in the visages of all a change from apathy to excitement, hope, and gaiety.

We quitted this anchorage, after taking one last long look from the top of Reuskar lighthouse, on Tuesday, July 18th, at the Helsingfors fleet, which still remained immovable. Our fleet separated into two divisions; one, consisting of the *Nile, Royal George, Neptune, St. George, Cæsar, Monarch, Prince Regent*, and *Cressy*, proceeded off Revel, and anchored off Nargen Island, under the command of Rear-Admiral Martin, who had succeeded Corry. This

island had never till now been visited, on account of a certain star fort, which turned out to be a ruin, but which had kept us from approaching that side of the gulf at all, till some casual cruiser popped in to have a peep at it, and found only an old earthwork long since dismantled; while the rest of the ships, of which this formed one, proceeded to Ledsund, an anchorage formed by some islets at the entrance of the intricate channel leading to Bomarsund in the Aland Island.

We anchored here on the evening of Friday, July 21st, having towed the *Bellisle*, hospital ship, from Baro. Everybody was now an altered character. Fellows that had been threatening to give the whole thing up and be off, now positively denied they had ever had thoughts of quitting the delightful society of the Baltic; officers of all ranks taking the opportunity after dinner of approaching their superiors with a little word for themselves in case the boats were to come into play, or in the event of the sailors being employed in the trenches. Those who could scrape together a few words of bad French put that in as a claim, as they *might* be found useful in carrying messages. Last, not least, on the same plea, your humble servant went one morning to have a chat with Admiral Parseval, and offered himself as commissioner at the French head-quarters. To my surprise the good Admiral jumped at my proposal, and said that I could be of great use to M. Barraguay D'Hilliers, and that immediately on his arrival he would propose the matter to him. Thus I returned on board a

foot higher. In justice to my brother officers, let me say that, far from envying, they were delighted that I had a prospect of doing something, which we well knew we should have no chance of in the ships.

On the 22nd, Admiral Chads, with the junks and some paddles, went up to Bomarsund and established a close blockade, to prevent reinforcements arriving to strengthen the garrison; and, on the 26th, Keppel and I accompanied Napier in the *Driver* to have a good look at the devoted place. The intricate channel of about twelve miles took us three hours to accomplish. A sharp turn suddenly brought us into full view of the work, which lays in a corner of the Bomarsund, or Sound of Boma—a noble bay capable of holding all the navies of the world. The appearance of the fort was that of a large prison; it is semi-circular, having two tiers of guns in casements, with an iron roof; there are, besides, three towers, with two tiers of guns, and a roof, on three eminences, which command the main work. The rear of the latter was defended by a large two-tiered tower, and a curtain in which is the entrance. The tower forms the Greek church, and looked odd enough when we inspected it after the capture; for, while handsomely fitted with pictures, gold and silver candelabra and altar-pieces, and in every respect a fine church, its windows were furnished with cannon. We returned in the evening to our ships at Ledsund, and the French fleet came in next day, the 23rd.

On the 30th the *Hannibal*, *Algiers*, *St. Vincent*, and

Royal William arrived with French troops on board. I visited these ships, and was very much delighted with the cordiality and good feeling which pervaded the two nationalities jumbled up together on board ship, the very circumstance of all others where men's tempers are most tried; for there can be no doubt that troops on board men-of-war are a dreadful nuisance to all parties. But here all seemed *couleur de rose.* Daily were seen transports, vessels of war, store-ships arriving, and vociferous was the cheering as they passed one another and the fleet. Finally, *La Reine Hortense,* the Emperor's yacht, with General Barraguay d'Hilliers and the Engineer General, Niel, arrived on Saturday, August 5th, and the whole of the troops were sent up to Bomarsund, after a rehearsal of the landing on a small island.

I have already stated that, feeling there was no chance of my *Princess* being in the *melée,* I had offered my services to the French; and when, an hour or so after the arrival of the French general, I was summoned on board his yacht, I considered my appointment safe. But the sequel will show that I was mistaken. General Barraguay D'Hilliers received me very cordially, and said that he was going immediately on board the *Duke* to ask the Admiral officially for my appointment to his staff, if I were minded still to join him. I, of course, thanked him very much, and awaited his return. To my astonishment he came back in half an hour, very much put out, and said the Admiral had made some difficulties, which, however, he thought he could overcome. And so we sat

down to dinner, and in the evening the fine old gentleman took me up into the pavilion on deck—like that in the *Victoria and Albert*—and showed me his plan of disembarkation, stating where he would require assistance from the English fleet, as instructions for my guidance in communications with them.

He is the *beau ideal* of an old warrior, tall and bolt upright, with hard features and a skin like leather, and a long grey moustache, his eyes rather sunken, and very piercing. He has but one hand, the other he left at Moscow in 1812. His manner is abrupt, but in other respects he is very gentlemanlike, and takes snuff in the style of the Prince Regent. He entered into a long justification of his quarrel with Sir Stratford Canning at Constantinople, who said he was *plus fin que lui.* He said that he might have made a national quarrel of it, but his ardent desire for the close alliance of the two nations made him sacrifice his own feelings for the public good, and that his acceptance of this inferior command at his age, and with his rank, was only to show the Emperor that he was ready for anything.

General Niel appeared to me a very shrewd and well-informed person, and I have since heard from professional men that he is one of the best engineers in the French army. I should judge that he was chosen for this expedition as a sort of dry nurse to the General, who bears the character of a good *sabreur*, but a poor General. I quitted the yacht, having spent a very pleasant evening, in which the forthcoming events were freely talked over.

On Sunday, I went again, by his desire, to the General, and learnt from him, to his disgust and my own, that Napier had positively declined to sanction my appointment. He told me that he had never in his life met so disagreeable and unaccommodating a person; and in terms, which I will not repeat, ended by saying that he would have no further communication with him. Returning to my ship I found a note from Sir Charles Napier, and I went on board the *Duke* and called on him.

I said that my only object was to be useful in some way or other, and that I had no selfish motive. He then begged me to go to the General and decline myself the appointment. As I thought that anything was better than disunion among the chiefs, I again repaired to the General, and excused myself on the ground that Napier wanted me at Ledsund. Whereupon he, who already seemed to know Napier's character, said, "I see through it all; he wants to serve some friend of his own. But I will receive no one but yourself." I answered that as a mark of kindness to me, I would request him to receive Commander Cochrane, as, if he refused, I should be in hot water with the Admiral; and after much persuasion he wound up the matter by saying to me, "Go to your *vieux* —— of an Admiral, and say that provided he sends you with me for the landing and investment, I don't care who he sends afterwards," and so it was finally arranged.

On Monday, August the 7th, away we went in *La Reine Hortense* for Bomarsund! I was indeed

glad. The Generals and my friend Excelmans (who commands her) congratulated me on having joined the French army.

In the evening we had all the Generals on board, the French Admiral, and *Mrs.* Chads. It was determined to land at a point about four miles from the forts, the ships (one French and one English liner) were to proceed during the night to take up their berths to cover the landing, and at daylight the boats containing the troops were to be within five hundred yards of the shore, where the liners were to open fire and clear the thickly wooded hill and beach of the enemy. On a signal from the yacht the landing was to be effected. We were all up by three a.m. at screech of day (for by this time there was a little darkness)—all the summer we had clear daylight through the nights.

I had not taken off my clothes, nor did I sleep much on the hard deck, so I was soon ready, and we had a cup of coffee and cigar each, and jumped into the boats. But by some mistake the liners had not got into their berths by daylight, and the old General got so impatient that he ordered the boats to dash in, and away we went with them. There was a tremendous scramble to get ashore, and if the enemy had occupied the thick wood, which I marvel he did not, we should have lost many men. But no enemy appeared. The forest was so thick that it was impossible for the troops to form. There was a vague idea of a road somewhere or another, from the accounts of spies, but we could not find it, and we

scrambled over rocks and up a steep hill till we fairly lost ourselves. Our party consisted of the two Generals, three or four aide-de-camps, Excelmans, myself, and his boat's crew. We had not even a trumpeter with us. General Niel had begged the General repeatedly to keep with the troops, but the old man was so eager and impetuous that we might have been captured with ease by a Cossack vidette. It certainly was laughable, and as a matter of fact we did actually see some Cossacks and hid ourselves. After a time, however, we heard trumpets and other signs of friends, and eventually got into a road which led us to a village, where we only found one old man, whom we seized for a guide. We bivouacked for two hours here during the heat of the day, and to allow the guns and horses to come up, and I laid down with the General under a windmill, and we fell asleep from sheer exhaustion, having had nothing to eat since three a.m. We were awoke by the rumbling of the guns, the General mounted, and we all followed him on foot.

The guide told us that a redoubt had been constructed across the road, so the troops were disposed for attack; but the advance guard found it unoccupied, and it was now manifest that the enemy had retired to his forts. So we marched to a village about three thousand yards from the forts, where the General took up his head-quarters.

From this village we had a famous view of the forts, and it was immediately resolved to invest the western or Tzie Tower. We went forward with

the General to reconnoitre, but he, being on horse-back, was some yards in advance of us when a shot from the tower tore up the ground close to him, on which he took off his hat and made a bow to the Russians, and leisurely came back to us.

It was a very interesting moment when the Generals looked through their spy-glasses for the English division, which was to effect a landing to the northward of the forts, and to form a junction at this place. Sure enough one could distinguish, on the far-distant hills, little red spots here and there, and presently masses of red betokening the presence of my countrymen, and about five p.m. General Jones of the Royal Engineers, who commanded this division, consisting of the French and British marines, and sappers, rode up on a Cossack pony, which he had captured *en route*, and made his bow to the General-in-chief.

The investment was now complete, and the forces thus distributed—two thousand men under General Jones, to attack the north or Nottich Tower; eight thousand men under B. D'Hilliers, the west or Tzie Tower, and a party of French marines were to land on an island, and attack the East Tower, which was separated from the main fort by a narrow channel leading from Bomarsund northwards.

My work was now done, and Commander Cochrane was sent to the French head-quarters. However, I remained on board *La Reine Hortense* for three days, *en amateur*, spending much of the time in the batteries. On the third day, while we were blazing

away at five hundred yards from the tower, a small white pocket-handkerchief was poked out on the end of a musket from the roof, and we gave three cheers and ceased firing. General Niel happened to be with us, and, fearing some treachery, he immediately ordered up four companies of Chasseurs, and went to the tower to parley. I could not induce him to allow me to accompany him, so Lord Dufferin, who had come up in his yacht, M. de Bréze, who commanded a French steamer, and I resolved to go and reconnoitre the main fort. We had heard, in a very few minutes after the white flag had been shown, that the enemy wished for two hours' armistice, but the General had curtailed it to one. We accordingly pushed on to the other side of the tower, and had a full view of the fort beneath; from thence we turned to the left to go up to the tower, when lo, on our arrival, a Russian officer sallied out and said, "*Messieurs, retirez vous toute de suite; nous allons recommencer!*" We were obliged for our honour to thank him, and proceeded leisurely till we were hidden by a ledge of rock from the fortress, when we fairly took to our heels and got into our batteries just as the fire reopened! We should have been in an embarrassing position between the two fires, for our people did not know we were gone to the front; we were also much indebted to the Russian officer, who might have begged us to walk in to the tower as prisoners, for our only arms were spy-glasses and cigars! We endeavoured to find the officer afterwards, but fear he must have been killed, as he was not among the prisoners.

The tower surrendered next day, Tuesday, and Napier issued an order that all the captains should return to their ships, having promised me that, provided Cochrane was appointed A.D.C., I should remain as long as I pleased at the siege.

General Jones battered in his tower after eight hours' cannonade from four 32-pounders belonging to the ships, one of which was returned to the *Princess Royal*, who had lent it, with the trunnion shot away! There was a melancholy interest attached to it, as it was a shot from this gun which killed an officer of the Royal Engineers.

The guns were then moved forward, and on a few rounds being fired, the great fort surrendered. Pelham assisted with a 10-inch gun landed in a mud fort, two thousand yards distant, but the fact was that the garrison were cowed by the enormous force brought against them, and the impossibility of retreat, and only waited for a decent excuse to surrender. An extensive and valuable store of ammunition and material fell into our hands, together with about two thousand prisoners, who were conveyed, with their wives and families, by the line-of-battle ships to England and France, and the governor, Bodisco, an aged and infirm veteran, to the latter.

This capture led the British and French public into a grievous error, and it happened at an unlucky moment, namely, when an allied expedition was occupying Varna; and it was thought that if one Russian fortress could be taken with the loss of about a dozen lives, another would as easily be captured!

Fatal mistake! as is shown by the sad Sebastopol campaign, of which more anon.

The fleet returned to Ledsund. All were indignant at the way in which several lives had been sacrificed on board the *Penelope*. She had been ordered to pass within shot of the Bomarsund batteries, to ascertain how many guns were actually mounted; in doing this she struck on a rock in front of them, upon which they opened fire on her with fatal precision, in sight of the whole squadron; every man panting to go in and take the fire off this poor vessel, who was lying a helpless log, having to throw her guns overboard to lighten her. Poor fellows! never were men so uselessly lost to their country. This and many other grievances were now loudly canvassed, and I had the misfortune to express my sentiments to the French Admiral and Napier, at dinner, on the miserable figure we should all cut when we returned home, so plainly that my signal was made next morning to weigh and proceed to Nargen, and join Admiral Plumridge. Except parting with the good fellows of the screw squadron, I was anything but sorry to be off, so the 30th of August found me *en-route* for Nargen. We had heard a few days before that the forts of Hango had been blown up by the Russians themselves, a memorable proof that it was untenable if attacked, and that they were now aware that something was likely to be done; it proved also that they had no fears, as long as Napier was the chief of the allied powers. However, they might have saved their forts and powder, if, as is said, he had persuaded Barraguay

d'Hilliers and the other chiefs to sign a document, declaring that nothing further could be attempted in the Baltic, in spite of the remonstrance of Generals Niel and Jones, the engineers of the two countries. I had a great desire to look into Hango on my way, but it came on to blow heavily from the S.W., and I was glad to get into the anchorage of Nargen. *Le Tage*, a hundred guns, commanded by my friend Favre, had preceded me by a few hours; but I came up with her, and we entered together, and found our respective squadrons there.

The weather now began to break up, after three months of the most lovely West India climate, and it soon grew cold and wet. We used to amuse ourselves by landing on Nargen, and wandering through the fir forest which covers the island. There are some few villages rudely constructed of wood, and the inhabitants very primitive and honest people, who drove a good trade with us, supplying fish and fowls until we had bought every living thing they had. They were forbidden to bring anything from the mainland, so that they ended by being on short commons, with plenty of money. Here, as elsewhere in Russia, each village is provided with the Russian bath, without which they could not exist. The church and its graveyard contained many of our poor fellows who had died of cholera, and, what was exceedingly interesting, was the tombstones, or rather tombwoods, of several seamen of Admiral Reynold's fleet when he was here in 1811; among others, of several men belonging to the *St. George* and *Defence*, which ships

were totally wrecked on the coast of Jutland on their way home, when only eighteen men escaped, to tell the tale. I don't know why it is, but I have some little prejudice against being buried under the billows. I believe it is very common with seamen, and I remember a case in my own ship, the *Pearl*, in which my first lieutenant died on our passage from England to Madeira, and his dying request was that I would keep him till we arrived, although we were two hundred miles distant, and it was the height of the summer. I succeeded, but the body was in a horrid state by the time we landed it.

We had a quiet three weeks, Codrington, John Robb, Harry Eyres, Erskine (*Monarch*) and Smith of *Prince Regent*, and had many a merry evening, till, on September the 21st, the flagship and squadron appeared.

Plumridge had requested us all to go with him in our barges to make our bow to the Commander-in-chief, who was mightily astonished to see us in our cocked hats; for I will do him the justice to say that he hates ceremony, a great virtue in my mind.

I did not repeat my visit for several days, for reasons which are obvious, but that most amiable and conciliatory captain of the fleet, Seymour, begged me to go and see Napier, and, to say truth, the poor old man was getting so low from the continual reprimands he got from the Admiralty for his inactivity, so abused by the Press, and so condemned by the fleet, that I could not but feel sorry for him. He received me with great *empressement*, and began to abuse the

Admiralty, saying they were madmen! From that day till I quitted him we were on very good terms. In his misfortunes I forgot the bad turn he had done me at Bomarsund; nor do I regret it, for whatever he may be now, he certainly was at one time a brave man. There is reason for much regret that he did not take into his counsels that able and excellent man, Admiral Seymour.

Napier's only object now was to get away from the Gulf of Finland, and he was flabbergasted when despatches came informing him that the troops, generals and all, were coming back again, and that we were to attack either Revel or Helsingfors! It turned out, however, that the counter-orders did not get to them till they had arrived in France, and the idea, much to Napier's joy, was abandoned. I confess my belief was, and is, that the precious summer having been loitered away, it was now too late to begin a fresh operation. Who knows whether, if we had then sat down before one of these places, it would not have been a second Sebastopol campaign?

It used to amuse me much to get M——'s letters, praising Sir C. Napier and extolling him as the pattern of Commanders-in-chief. This time at Nargen was an anxious one for me, and I might almost say for my good kind friends, who used, immediately after the packet arrived, to send on board for news of her. It was a great trial to be away from my wife at this time of her suffering. The same packet which brought us the news of the great battle of Alma, gave me also the welcome tidings of her safe

delivery of a daughter. Joyous day! the cheering and general saluting for the victory was echoed by one supremely happy heart. Could I do otherwise than call my daughter Alma? So I wrote to Lord Raglan to congratulate him on his victory, and said that he was godfather to my son, and his magnificent achievement godmother to my daughter. It was a strange coincidence; but so it was, for he had stood sponsor to my boy.

In order, I suppose, that it might not be said in England that the Commander-in-chief had never reconnoitred Sweaborg, he got on board a paddle steamer and ran over to that fortress and did so for the first time. Rather late in the day to perform this operation, when the troops were gone home! What his opinion of it was I never learnt, but I presume it was confirmatory of his previous reports to the Admiralty, that it was unapproachable.

All our thoughts were now centred in returning home, and we were right glad on the 19th of October when the signal was made for the fleet to weigh and proceed to Kiel—the sailing division had preceded us some time before. The good folks at Revel must have welcomed our departure, for we had heard from the islanders that the women and children had been sent away on the first appearance of the fleet, expecting a bombardment.

We had adverse gales the whole way to Kiel, and separated, each making the best of his way. Several of us, the *Princess Royal* among the number, grounded, and our mishap might have been serious, for it was

on an open coast, and while aground it came to blow, and a nasty sea made; but with the help of the *Driver* we got off after four hours' bumping and the loss of part of our false keel, and got into this magnificent harbour on the 25th of October. Great was the change from rolling about in open roadsteads to a snug, quiet place and perfectly smooth water.

I had already visited Kiel some years before in my yacht, when I went to look at the Holstein campaign, and I was much interested in revisiting the ugly old palace, which formerly was the residence of the Dukes of Holstein, and at the time of my last visit was the Parliament House; and being an M.P. at that time, they insisted on my taking a seat in front of the members. Now the old place is empty, and the town, which was then full of bustle of war, is now a quiet trading port. The Danish governor and officials were very shy of us, and I take it that here Anglophobia is predominant. The officers of the fleet made tours to Hamburg, Berlin, Dresden, and even Vienna by railroad; but I never moved, being perfectly satisfied with the daily news of M——, both by post and occasionally by telegraph, and it was no great loss, as I had already visited all those capitals.

Napier spent his time at Hamburg, which seemed to revive him, and he came back quite another man.

Of all foreign countries I have visited, I should say this, both in the habits and appearance of the people, as well as the features of the country, most resembles England. The farmhouses, neat hedges, and other things are the same; nor need it be wondered

at, seeing that we English are descendants of these people, and there is a province of Holstein which is called Anglia, whence our "England." I found the natives (who hate their masters, the Danes) extremely civil. There were several pleasant houses, too, but I had no heart for visiting.

At last came the joyful day when we were to return to England. We were ordered to hoist Seymour's flag and take *St. Jean D'Acre* with us. I know not why we were always sent in couples; perhaps it may be that we are known by the authorities to be what is called "chummy ships;" but we are always in company, and very good company she is with her jolly, cheerful skipper Harry Keppel, brave as a lion, gentle as a lamb.

In spite of Napier's signal, "I disapprove of cheering," which each ship answered at the same time she sent her men aloft to man the rigging, the whole fleet as we passed down the line gave us a hearty cheer, and the 25th of November saw us well into the Belts, which we passed in twenty-four hours; but we met a strong northerly wind, and made so little progress in going through the Skaggerack, that we put into our old anchorage, Wingo Sound, for coals. A heavy gale came on which detained us there till the 30th, when we again started; but a constant succession of bad weather again drove us for shelter in Christiansand, in Norway, and we did not get inside the Plymouth breakwater till Sunday, December the 8th. These dreadful gales were severely felt in England, and caused great anxiety on our behalf.

Again we were permitted to visit our own dear land, though indeed only for a short time, but many an outpouring of thanksgiving did it cause me to have once more the inexpressible happiness of seeing my wife and children.

To sum up my opinion of the Baltic campaign will require but few words. We had never force sufficient to *capture* any of the great ports, but we might have, and ought to have done the enemy an infinity of damage.

We should have first destroyed Hango and Bomarsund; we should have shelled Cronstadt by means of rafts; we might have, I think, shelled Helsingfors town from its western side as well as Revel; we might have detached squadrons to threaten landings, and possibly even have landed at Narva and other places, and have obliged the enemy to keep an enormous force of troops on these coasts, which he, seeing we were inactive, sent off to the southward. Never was an Admiral better found in ships, in captains, and crews; never was there a finer spirit animating a fleet, and it is lamentable to reflect on what might have been done and was not done; indeed, as Codrington justly observed, it was a year to be buried in oblivion by all of us.

A testy old Commander-in-chief at Devonport kept me hanging on there for several days, although he knew I was again going on service in three weeks, and that I had grave family matters to settle, and my father's will to prove and execute. I was at last obliged to apply to the Admiralty for leave, which

they immediately granted by telegraph. Having heard that the ship was wanted immediately, on the Thursday following our arrival I got into the express train for London. Endless did the journey appear, but at last the well-known whistle announced that we were entering the terminus, when the first objects that greeted me on the platform were my dear wife's radiant eyes. How much we had to tell! And how to begin! Perhaps this was the happiest moment of my life. I have one blessed point of character vouchsafed me, and that is the power of throwing off future sorrows, and merging them into the joys of the moment. I do not think that, until a day or two before I again quitted England, I realized the idea of another separation.

Next to that moment was the one in which I saw my children, all blooming in their gentle sleep —our "Alma" I had not yet made acquaintance with; and others. I have often heard it said that it is worth while being separated from those one loves for the supreme delight of again meeting them. I can't go so far as this—but certainly it is a blessed moment.

I will not dwell on the too short and dreamy three weeks I passed at home. I was very kindly received by Sir James Graham, who pressed me very much to undertake another campaign, and he tempted me by saying that he should send the two chummy ships to break through the sunken ships at Sebastopol, that it must be all over one way or another in three months, and that if I found that I could set the

trust matters going during the three weeks leave he had granted, that he strongly advised me to keep the *Princess Royal.* As I succeeded (with some difficulty) in getting a meeting with my co-trustees, I felt that I could not resist Sir James Graham's counsel, and once again that duty called me away from my home.

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CHAPTER V.

1855.

BLACK SEA AND CRIMEA.

HERE I am at it again! The ladies of the family had decided that I was to take out my brother George and his wife, but he wisely saw that that was impossible, seeing how crowded the ship was, so he took her overland, and we started on the 10th of January (Wednesday), with a General and staff, a Lieutenant-colonel, forty-three officers, with detachments of different regiments amounting to above six hundred men; besides a lot of women who were going as nurses, and a flight of wild Irish carmen, who were to be commissariat drivers. Such a motley assemblage; then we were loaded up to the hatches with shot, stores, and ammunition for the army, and on the top of all hundreds of boxes and parcels for them. I refused nothing, too glad if I could be the means of assisting them in their frightful state. We had a capital passage to Cork of twenty-four hours, when we embarked a part of the above cargo, and in my mess I received the General (Jones of the Engineers), Lieutenant Cowell, R.E., and

Jamieson, of the 2nd Life Guards, his A.D.C.'s, and Lieutenant-Colonel Watson in command of the troops. The weather was cold, rainy, and disagreeable during our passage across the Bay, and the poor soldiers were miserably sea-sick; it was not until we neared the coast of Portugal that they began to show, one by one, and the anxiety to see the site of Trafalgar, and Barossa, finally brought them all on deck, and their appetites from that moment never failed them. Poor fellows, I used to advise them to take in a good store of food to fit them for the arduous duties they were going to do! We arrived at Gibraltar on Thursday, the 18th, took in coal, and dined with Sir Robert Gardiner, the Governor, who was full of Spanish politics, with which he dosed our unwilling ears. We, whose minds were naturally bent on far more exciting matter, must have appeared to him very absent and stupid. I drove with General Jones nearly round the rock, to look at the fortifications, which had greatly progressed since I was here in my happy yachting days in the little *Serpent*. We passed through George Grey's lovely garden—he had not (like myself) been fool enough to give up a comfortable situation to go to the war, and I told him I thought him a wise man. Next morning, at eight, we were again *en route*, with a noble breeze from the westward, which we held till off Algiers, when we were obliged to take to the steam, and so we coasted along the African shore to the southward of the horrible Cani rocks where the poor *Avenger* met her sad fate. They looked grimly at us with the

breakers round them, as if they were disappointed we did not pay them a nearer visit, and we steamed into Valetta harbour, Malta, a little after dark on Tuesday, January the 23rd, just eleven days from Cork and four from Gibraltar.

We immediately landed, and waited on the Governor, Sir Thomas Reed, the Admirals, Stewart and Stopford, to ask for coal, and while waiting for it and stores for the army, which detained us twenty-four valuable hours—double the time necessary (for here were visible the first unmistakable signs of the want of system which seemed to pursue everything relating to this unfortunate campaign), I devoted my time to visiting the haunts of my boyhood with one of my former associates, who still lives in this little rocky island, by name Saverio Gatt. In those days he was a cadet in the Royal Malta Fencibles, and he belonged to one of the most ancient families of Malta. He was an exceedingly good-looking, smart boy; he is now a jolly, fat old major. I dare say he made the same remarks as to my change of appearance, although we both swore that each looked as young as ever. Truly we felt so while wandering over every nook and corner, and at each turn relating and recalling to each other's recollection some adventure connected with the spot. There still stood the Opera House, where we both felt soft influences. We peeped in—they were playing *Norma*. On that very stage I used to act women's parts in private theatricals; on that very stage I once figured with a party of madcaps, headed by the present sober and staid

senator, Lord Robert Grosvenor,* and Hutford the misanthrope, when we heaped up all the chairs, benches, and scenery, and set fire to them, because they would not encore a *morceau* for us. Outside, and hanging across Strada Reale, was still to be seen the placard announcing the opera of the night, which I climbed up to the second storey to cut down, with Catesby Paget, who has since become a very religious man. I really shuddered when I looked at it. In fact, every door, every stone was familiar to me, and brought associations of every imaginable frolic.

We spent an agreeable hour in St. John's Church. Here one is carried back to the magnificence of the knights. I question if there be a more completely beautiful basilica in Christendom, and the splendour in which it is still kept up is most creditable to our religious tolerance. The noble altar-pieces, statues, and pictures, at least such as were spared by the French, are all perfectly preserved, and the intaglio tombs and monuments have lately undergone a thorough renovation. The floor of this cathedral is unique, being composed of marble slabs, with the arms of the knights in mosaic; the screen in front of the virgin's chapel, or rather sacristy, is of solid silver—a knowing old friar having painted it in imitation of wood, which deceived the French.

The magnificent auberges of the different orders or languages, of which England forms one, the churches, and above all, the grand master's palace, equal anything in any country. Even the private

* Afterwards Lord Ebury.

houses are mostly better, the rooms, and staircases, more lofty and capacious than most of our great London houses. There is an air of cleanliness, neatness, and prosperity about Valetta which is delightful. We walked down Nix Mangiare stairs, too, where we used to go heavily and sadly when returning on board to duty, and probably punishment, for overstaying leave. But the most interesting part of this truly interesting place are Senglea and Vittoriosa. These "burgs" lay on two horns, which project into and form the east side of Valetta harbour. The former, and then the latter, contained the convent, as the residence of the Order was termed when they first established themselves on the barren and almost uninhabited island. Here they stood the awful siege of the Turks under Suleyman the Magnificent; and, after unheard-of sufferings, at last drove their hereditary enemies from the island, Villiers de l'Isle Adam being grand master. His palace still exists at Vittoriosa, which owes its name to that siege. After that, all Christendom flocked to the standard of the knights, and the Grand Master La Valette built the town which bears his name, and the stupendous fortifications around it, and each grand master seems to have constructed some additional work to perpetuate his name, until this, like most great states, dwindled down into a nest of imbeciles, and were an easy prey to Napoleon. Probably the Maltese proper are better off now than ever they were.

We finished our ramble by going to pay a visit to Mrs. Gatt, whom I remember a lovely girl. They

have now children grown up. They live in the Grand Inquisitor's palace, and nothing would satisfy me but going to look at the dungeons, which form the basement story. He must have sipped his Malvoisy wine to the sound of the groans of his victims. Nowhere was that horrible institution in greater vigour than under the knights of Malta.

Mrs. Gatt undertook to get me a dress of the famous Maltese lace for M——, and she took leave of me saying, "*Addio. Pazzo come sempre,*" and seemed to think I was as ready for a lark as ever. Nothing would make her believe I am the steady father of a family!

By dint of hurrying and hustling, the mass of huts, stores, and entrenching tools was bundled on board, including a mule and cart for my brother George, by seven p.m.; and in spite of the very threatening appearance of the weather, with strong gusts of wind from the eastward, I managed to get out of the harbour, where we were speedily reduced to close reefs, with the gale dead in our teeth, and a heavy sea, so we had nothing for it but to lay her to.

About two in the morning the officer of the watch came to me to report that the ship had four feet of water in the hold, and that the leak was increasing! I jumped on deck, and found the ship lurching heavily, evidently "groggy." These are moments when presence of mind and coolness are indispensable. My first words to the officer were not to say a word to anybody, but quietly to order the carpenter's mate to rig the pumps, and when rigged to pipe "watch,

pump ship out." By this means scarcely anybody knew that anything was the matter, as the ship is pumped dry daily as a matter of course. Meantime I went into the commander's cabin, and whispered to him what had happened, and desired him to superintend the pumps, which, from the piles of stores and the soldiers sleeping round them, were not easily comeatable, while I went down into the engine-room to try to ascertain where the leak was. Certainly things there looked disagreeable enough. The water was above the deck of the stokehole, and as the ship lurched the water splashed up into the furnaces. A little more and the fires would have been extinguished. The engineers were examining the valves and cocks, and at last we discovered a rent in the feed pipe, which let the feed water into the bilge instead of the boilers. Still, the engine bilge pumps ought to take up this water; but on examination we found one of them choked by having sucked in a large piece of old canvas, which prevented the pump from working. Once the source of the leak discovered, I was at ease; but so serious did it appear at first that I placed a steady sentry over the spirit-room, having regard to the fatal impulse of seamen sometimes under certain conditions to visit that room.

I thought it also right to inform General Jones of our danger, and he took it like a good soldier, having perfect confidence that we should do our best under the circumstances, and merely turning round in his bed to ask me if he could be of any use, he remained quietly in his cot. Let me not omit that

both during and after this little episode I applied my prayers and thanksgivings to Almighty God for His mercies. We were all tight and dry again by 6 a.m., and I turned in.

I fancy all steamships have occasionally such tales to relate, nor is it to be wondered at, considering that they have necessarily twelve or thirteen large holes under water; but that which rendered this a more than usually serious affair was the heavy motion and crowded and heavily laden state of the ship.

Next day the weather moderated, and we just fetched where we had come from the night before, after which we got a fair wind, and bid adieu to Malta. I confess I regretted many times during this anxious night that I had not waited in the harbour for finer weather; but in truth I had two reasons for forcing the passage, and taking the chance of a slant of wind in our favour. The first was that I was racing after Keppel, who had started seven days before me from Devonport, but whom I had gradually gained upon till I was within three days of him on leaving Malta; and secondly, that I believed that any day Sebastopol might be stormed, and that I might be too late to have a finger in the pie. Had I known as much as I do now, I should have taken matters easier.

The gale was succeeded by lovely weather, and the remainder of our trip to Constantinople, with the exception of a couple of six-hour breezes, was sunshiny and pleasant. We passed within a few miles of the Temple of Minerva, on Sunium or Cape Colonna, and were rewarded with a very distant view

of the Acropolis of Athens. How all these places carried me back to bygone days! I used to cruise my little yacht *Pearlina* for weeks and weeks among these hallowed spots. Little did I then think that in after years I should be carrying troops into the Black Sea.

I for one had many doubts as to the policy of pushing this war to invasion of Russia. True it is that her encroachments on the side of Turkey had been enormous, and that her conduct toward that power had been overbearing in the extreme; but, on the other hand, she has been almost always the friend of England. That it was highly necessary to put a stop to her occupation of the province does not admit of a doubt; but, once that object accomplished, it is questionable whether it would not have been wiser to halt there. Austria, for her own sake, would never have allowed Russia to shut up the Danube, nor to cross the Pruth, and Turkey was therefore safe on that side, always provided the Austrians undertake also the care of the Dobrutcha, for, without that, although the front door is shut, the area door is open to Russia. I trust the day may not come when England will require the aid of Russia against her near and powerful neighbours. May that never be!

The Czar was misled by Brunow, his ambassador in London, who assured him that no circumstances would produce a cordial union between France and England. He lived to see his error, and to learn a severe lesson; and we need not fear a repetition in our time of Russian aggression on Turkey. Not so the French; they never can be permanently depended

on. If anything happened to the Emperor Napoleon, who could foresee the result?

At the entrance of the Dardanelles I fell in with our old Baltic friend, *Le Tage*, French two-decker, waiting for a steamer to tow him to Constantinople. He was full of troops. I took hold of him, and was just walking off with him when a steamer came, and he declined my services with grateful expressions. It would have been a novel sight—a French liner towed by an English one to the Turkish capital.

The Dardanelles are a formidable protection to Constantinople, that "matchless" capital, as Alison says. Well may the world hold a tourney for the possession of it. In every point of view—military, political, or commercial—it is unrivalled for situation. In the face of a decently conducted defence it would be impossible for even steam-ships to force these straits against the current which almost always sets with considerable velocity from the Sea of Marmora.

Here we began to perceive the immensity of the war. For miles and miles, on each side, lay lines of large merchant ships, laden with provisions, munitions of war, and horses, waiting for tugs or a fair wind; men-of-war continually coming and going with despatches; now and then a large steamer coming down, which on inspection through our spy-glasses showed evident signs of a cargo of wounded and invalided soldiers — poor emaciated beings they seemed!

Nine hours carried us through, and after passing

Gallipoli, we had a good look at the lines which were thrown up last spring by the allies across the neck of land between that town and Enos. The world then supposed that Constantinople would be besieged by the Russians: in a very few months afterwards Sebastopol was besieged by the allies.

What a magnificent sight is the approach to the great Stamboul from the Sea of Marmora on a bright sunny morning! As the day dawned there was a thick fog, above which showed in gorgeous splendour the gilded points of the minarets and domes, and, as the mist gradually sank like a drop-scene, Constantinople was before us — Seraglio Point forming the right, the Seven Towers the left, and the intermediate space filled with hundreds of graceful mosques, minarets, and every variety of fanciful buildings. In the distance lay Scutari, with its interminable and gloomy cypress forest, containing the dead of the Turkish capital, and, more interesting to us, the gigantic barracks, which, grand as they are, do not nearly contain our poor wounded soldiers. Between this and Seraglio point runs the Bosphorus, edged on each side, as far as the eye can see, with mosques, palaces, minarets, pagodas, hanging gardens, and every other object which can add lustre to this magic scene.

Whatever advantage it may be to the world in general that Stamboul shall pass—which, I suppose, is inevitable—from Turkish rule, to the artist, to the lover of Nature, the loss will be irreparable. Those very tumble-down, decayed, wooden, painted, gilded, gingerbread palaces, which rise like mushrooms, on

the hills around and down to the water's edge—abominably dirty, on close inspection—are quite beyond any other thing I ever saw—and there are really very few curious places I have not seen—for the admirers of the picturesque.

The harbour, too, well deserves its name of the "Golden Horn," and forms one of the interminable beauties of this lovely scene. At this time the place was so crowded with ships of every description, from the ponderous three-decker to the tiny caique, that I could only find a berth for the *Princess Royal* by threading the needle as only a steam-ship can do, and at last wriggled myself into a berth close off the beautiful fountain of Tophana.

I need not say that all visions of enchantment cease on landing—then squalid poverty and filth create other feelings; still there is something irresistibly delightful in a stroll through the bazaars of Stamboul proper. But I had other fish to fry, and my business was to get coal as quickly as possible, and, as all European business is conducted on the Pera side, I had no opportunity of visiting my old haunts on the purely Turkish side of the Horn. I had to deal with all sorts of bustling officials, who were full of talk, but seemed to me to do little work. There was a commodore and secretaries, and I don't know who; but still I could not get my coals, and I was the more impatient, as old Keppel, of *St. Jean d'Acre*, had regained his lost ground, and was seven days ahead of me, exactly the same as we started. I did not get away till Sunday, February the 4th, having

been since the 1st waiting for two hundred tons of coal.

I here fell in with my old friend *La Reine Hortense*, who wanted a tow to Beicos, which I was glad to offer, but the pompous commodore objected, as Excelmans had not been to him. However, I took the *Walmer Castle*, belonging to Dicky Green, in tow, and carried her in forty-eight hours off Balaclava. Never shall I forget the cold grey morning when I first espied, among the snow-covered hills as we approached the land, certain little clusters of whity-brown specks, which, on nearer inspection, proved to be the tents of our poor soldiers. It makes me freeze to think of human beings sleeping under a thin bit of canvas in such weather. How any man is alive to tell the tale passes my imagination.

The approach to the Crimea from this side is remarkably grand. On the right is seen the vast snowy range of the Tchatir Dagh or tent mountains, so called, from one remarkable tent-shaped peak. The shore is bold, precipitous, and rugged; towards the left the mountains gradually melt away till the eye rests on the extreme promontory of Chersonese, which is low and sandy. We could see the masts of the ships laying in Kasatch and Kamiesch harbours over the promontory, and outside lay the squadron of Sir Edmund Lyons, with his own flag flying on board the *Agamemnon*. His proper flagship, the *Royal Albert*, was snugly moored inside Kasatch, and the French squadron, under Bruat, were all in the safe harbour of Kamiesch, which lies contiguous to the

former. Hundreds of merchant vessels were going in and coming out, and altogether the place had the air of a busy commercial port. On rounding Chersonese the first view of the famous beleaguered fortress met our eyes; on either side we could well discern the enormous granite three-tiered batteries of Constantine, and Nicolas, and three three-deckers were moored with their broadsides facing the entrance of the port. The hills around were one vast encampment, while little balls of white smoke from time to time showed that the work of destruction was going on on a small scale.

We took up our berth near the Admiral, and had besides around us the *Hannibal*, *Algiers*, and our old friend *St. Jean d'Acre*. By this time, nine a.m., the sun had warmed the day a bit, and the busy scene and pleasant conversation of the Admiral dispelled our gloomy sensations of the morning. He received us very cordially, and my good General Jones seemed much pleased with him. I was not able to land my small army for two days, owing to the heavy sea running on this exposed coast; in fact, it was with no small difficulty we got on board the flagship, and, having stopped to dinner, we were obliged to remain all night, as it was dangerous to attempt to go back to my own ship, only three cables off. Of all the anchorages I have ever made use of, I think this is the very worst, and a few weeks after I arrived (it was on Shrove Tuesday) a heavy gale came on from N.W., with snow and sleet, and these line-of-battle ships fairly pitched their forecastles under. I would not

have believed it, had I not seen it. The commander of this ship was washed from the forecastle right aft on the quarter-deck; but after laying here three months, I have come to the conclusion that a line-of-battle ship may safely ride anywhere, provided her anchors and chains hold. The only thing that ever made me nervous was that if anything happened to the tackle we should probably have been driven on shore on the enemy's coast; for we were in forty fathoms of water, and a second anchor would have made us ride very heavily, consequently we held on with one, keeping the steam up during the gales. But no steam power would have carried the ship off the shore against such a tremendous sea. So we hung on through the gales, and some of the ships had laid there the whole winter; nay, the *Agamemnon* held on through the hurricane of the 15th of November, but the wind was then rather from the land, or she must have broke adrift.

I was rejoiced a few days after arrival with the sight of M——'s handwriting; and it is but fair to say that no post has miscarried, and I have had my letters regularly twice a week—generally about fourteen days old.

We were bothered with many courts-martial, among which I regret to say two were on officers of my own ship. I have now passed many years in command, and have never before had to go to such extremes. Consequently, these caused me much misery, but they were unavoidable; and perhaps the most painful part has been the imploring letters from

the afflicted parents of one of the youths, begging me to procure his reinstatement in the service. Oh, if young men would but remember the torture they cause their parents by reckless conduct! I have the consolation of feeling that I had advised them both over and over again to reform, and to cease from drink, which proved their ruin.

I was extremely anxious, for many reasons, to pay a visit to my kind friend, Lord Raglan; but the exposed and dangerous position of the ship made me hesitate, until the depth of winter was past, to quit her, so it was not till February the 19th that I had that pleasure. Sir Edmund Lyons and Admiral Stewart—who had lately joined as second in command, and had his flag in the *Hannibal*—and myself landed at Kasatch. Horses had been sent for us from head-quarters. The whole beach of the harbour was a vast magazine of every description of munition of war, mixed up with provisions and stores. Thousands of people of every country were at work, shouting and screaming; baggage-waggons loading, horses and troops disembarking. In short, you must imagine an army of a hundred thousand men being daily supplied with every necessary of life and war from ships. Admiral Bruat told me that eight hundred tons of food alone was daily consumed, besides fodder for some thirty thousand horses.

At this time great preparations were making to reopen the siege, and the place was alive with shot, powder and shell, and the marvel is that we were not all blown up. The roads, I need not say,

were detestable; indeed, however good, they could never have stood the constant traffic between this, the base of operations, and the camp. Still, great pains were taken to make and keep them in repair, and I should suppose several thousand men must have been at work at them. It is a libel to say that the French were one bit more foresighted than ourselves — in fact, it is well known now that the French began their roads long after the English; but, having so many more troops, they were enabled to make them more quickly than we could.

The country, which contains a hundred and fifty thousand troops, rises very gradually from the beach to a magnificent plateau, which almost surrounds Sebastopol, and from the encampment you seem to look right down into the town. There are no trees, and little cultivation beyond a few vineyards here and there in the valleys, which have of course been grubbed up for fuel for the poor troops, who during the depth of the winter had none but what they gathered in this way.

Our road was positively lined with dead horses and mules; and as we approached the French head-quarters, which lie in a direct line from the English, separated only by a little valley, in which are the latter, we got up to our horses' knees in the stiff mud. Nevertheless, after an hour and a half—about six miles—we espied Lord Raglan's house, which is a low one-storied farmhouse, surrounded with vineyards, and on one side there is an orchard, or rather the remains of one. At the back are two ranges of out-

houses, in which reside his staff, and which contain also the several offices of the quartermaster and the adjutant-general, and their horses; besides these, there are huts, tents., etc., containing the thousand hangers-on to the head-quarters of a large army.

Having waded through mud knee-deep most part of the way, we dismounted at the front door, and, ascending a flight of steps, we passed through a passage—lined with boxes, trunks, and stores, piled up—and into a large room, furnished with some camp-stools and a long table, which, by the holes at intervals, betokened it as belonging to a marquee or large tent. At the end of the room a door was opened by the aide-de-camp in waiting—no less a person than my old ordnance friend, Burghersh—and we were shown into the great man's apartment. He received me most cordially, and inquired tenderly about M—— and his godchildren. I thought him looking pale and careworn, in other respects he seemed well. It consoled him much to hear from me that Lady Raglan and his daughters, whom I had seen just before leaving, were in good spirits, and minded not the horrible and iniquitous attacks which some of the newspapers were about this time beginning to make on him. I was rejoiced to hear from him that they gave him no uneasiness except on that account. Since then the scurrilous and unfounded charges have been incessant, and have, I fear, destroyed this fine old soldier's peace of mind. After lunching with him and his staff, which in all amount to fourteen or fifteen persons, we rode to Inkerman,

passing through the camp. I was surprised to find, after all I had heard, that the men had a cheerful and contented look, and were evidently well clothed; though undoubtedly they have suffered extreme hardship owing to various causes, which I will sketch out as the result of my inquiries from many sources on the spot. Doubtless there were regiments which were at one time in a dreadful state of destitution; but happily not all.

The disasters of this campaign may be traced to many sources, much mismanagement, and much *ill-luck*. Beginning from the disembarkation at the old fort, the landing the men without their kits, was a great mistake, and I have heard that Sir G. Brown was the great advocate for this; they at once became careless of themselves and their persons—officers and men were even infested with vermin; and it was long before the knapsacks were restored to them.

The post of honour is the right of an army. Lord Raglan properly conceded this to the French; consequently, when the famous flank-march to the *left* took place, the left of the army necessarily became the front, and so it was that the British first arrived at the goal, namely, Balaclava. Strange to say, although vessels had been cruising months before Sebastopol, and had, with the engineer officers, reconnoitred along the coast, nobody seems to have been aware of two magnificent harbours which lay more *à portée* to Sebastopol than Balaclava, that is to say, Kamiesch and Kasatch. Consequently, when the British occupied Balaclava, the French, who were behind, insisted,

and reasonably so, that the British should undertake that portion of the siege which lay nearest to Balaclava; this at once obliged them to occupy the right (looking towards Sebastopol) or exposed flank. At this time, Lord Raglan had in numerical force rather more than the French, particularly in cavalry; therefore he could not but accede to General Canrobert's proposal. But in a very few days reinforcements poured into the French camp, and it soon became apparent that the British were in an anomalous position, the weaker party occupying the most exposed and most extensive flank. Here was the moment perhaps, for Lord Raglan to have proposed to change places, if I may say so, with General Canrobert; but there were various reasons against it.

At this juncture, and by accident, a French vessel went into Kamiesch, and at once discovered the treasure; so our neighbours were reluctant to give it up. Nor can one be surprised, for it is perfect as a base of operations for the left flank of an army before Sebastopol. Moreover, Balaclava was already filled with vessels containing the provisions and material for the British army.

The enemy were not long in perceiving the totally unprotected state of the British right. Hence the battle of Inkerman. On going over it, I was astounded at the result of that battle. Imagine a plateau bounded by some ravines, covered with brushwood, but perfectly passable for infantry and artillery, with a fine valley below and beyond the ravines. A small body of troops encamped on this plateau, with a

few sentries to watch the ravines, in which any force of troops may form and advance, unseen from above! Imagine during the night some thirty or forty thousand men forming silently in the valley below, and creeping up with their guns (32-pounders) to the plateau, and falling on the camp of perhaps eight thousand men; and actually getting among the tents before they were discovered! There was a ruse by which they succeeded thus far, which is very interesting. The advanced guard came up to our sentries without their muskets, as deserters. Our poor fellows were speedily despatched by their bayonets, believing them to be friends. The sentries scarcely had time to give the alarm before the whole army were upon them. History will tell the rest: how knots of our men kept thousands at bay, and how the gallant Cathcart, thinking to outflank them, led his division down one of the ravines, and was surrounded and butchered. There is the place: I stood and contemplated the dismal scene; many bodies, all blackened and dried, still lay unburied, and, what was worse, skulls, toes, hands, feet, etc., were peeping out of the ground in all directions.

From hence we turned to the left, and dismounted at the entrance of the batteries which form the extreme right of the attack, now, be it remarked, in possession of the French, who in the course of the winter gradually occupied our too exposed flank, as our fellows died off from over fatigue and disease. And now the army may be said to be in three grand divisions, besides that which defends Balaclava;

namely, the right, occupied by some thirty thousand French about Inkerman, attacking the Malakoff tower; the centre, facing the Redan, entirely British; and the left, consisting of the main body of the French army attacking the other bastions and the quarantine; their camp extends right down to the sea, and they have another excellent harbour, though rather exposed to the shells of the town, which supplies their extreme left,—it is called Streletska.

Since then I have made various visits to head-quarters, as well as the allied camps, and particularly to Balaclava, where George Paget is quartered. I rode with him over as much of the battle-field of Balaclava as is still in our possession, and I picked up a Russian horse-shoe where the heavy cavalry charge took place; may it bring luck! The scene of that was the plain bounded on the east by Balaclava, south and west by the great plateau on which is the allied camp; from thence one has a perfect panoramic view, so that Lord Raglan must have seen every movement. In front of this plain and to the eastward lays a range of easy hills, on which the famous redoubts were placed from which the Turks were driven on the 25th of October, and which was followed by the disastrous light cavalry charge for the recovery of those guns. Beyond these hills lies the valley of the Chernaya, with abrupt and rocky eminences beyond, bordering the river. These were strongly occupied by cavalry, infantry, and artillery, so that in charging along the valley of the Chernaya, the light cavalry were met by a heavy cross-fire from these guns, as

well as those which were in the Turkish redoubts, and which were turned round upon them. How they escaped to tell the tale is a wonder!

Having advanced till they came upon the enemy's guns and overthrown them at the head of the valley, they returned and were met by a lancer regiment formed on their right flank; they wheeled up and charged them, but so exhausted were their horses that they could not get them out of a trot; however, they overthrew them, and so worked their way home with scarce one-half of their men. It was exceedingly interesting to hear from George's lips, on the spot, the details of the action; but I refrain from strictures, as military opinions differ widely on several points.

I was agreeably surprised to find Balaclava a well-regulated and very busy port. Of course there were multiplicities of articles of every denomination strewed on the beach; but how could it be otherwise, in such a confined space for so large an operation? This was on February the 28th; the railroad was then just begun. When I returned at the end of March, it had nearly reached head-quarters.

On March the 7th, five days after the event, we heard of the Czar's death, which made a profound impression on us all; and not many days after, of Menchikoff's death, from a wound lately received here, so that the principal authors of this calamitous war are now called to their long account. I have heard Napoleon compared to Nicolas in respect to ambition, but in my mind there is no comparison as to the much graver culpability of the latter, who

found the world in profound peace, and has left it amid the horrors of an European war.

Drummond and I landed on March 10th, at Streletska, to pay a visit to a young cousin of mine, Le Comte de Fontanelle, son of one of Lord Essex's sisters. He is lieutenant in the Foreign Legion. His tent was the picture of misery—two deal boards laid on some stones formed his bed, the only mattress being a layer of straw, a small portmanteau with the lock broken formed his wardrobe, and two or three tin pots and plates his service of plate. He had managed, however, to make a sort of fireplace, the chimney of which went up through a hole in the canvas. In this abode he had spent this dreadful winter, varied only by nights in the trenches, knee deep in mud and snow. Yet he seemed cheerful, poor fellow! I gave him some small mattress-bedding and other things, to mend his establishment, for which he was extremely grateful. I have since endeavoured to get General Canrobert to put him on his Staff, hitherto, however, without success. Carrying him with us, we went to the hut of Le Baron de Malet, who is lieutenant-colonel of the 42nd. He lives *underground!*—the earth scooped out and a range of boards overhead forms his *salon.* He is a very amusing and rather mad specimen of the Anglo-Frenchman, his mother and his wife being English. We breakfasted with him and the chef du bataillon and chirurgien-majeur of the regiment, who mess together.

There is an air of *coquetterie* and care growing up in the French camp, which shows that the fine

weather is giving them life. Little gardens round their tents, with various ornaments, chiefly composed of trophies taken from the Russians, decorate them, and nearly all have one or more gigantic bomb-shells at the door; indeed, these abound everywhere. I am not exaggerating, when I state that the ground in the rear and about the trenches is covered with shot, shell, and fragments of those which have burst, to such a degree, that it is difficult to walk without treading on them. I have heard it calculated, that the Russians have fired at least three millions of cannon balls!

On March the 22nd I lunched with Lord Raglan, and went with him to see the new 13-inch mortars open fire from the "picket-house." It is so funny to hear a name given to every hill and every remarkable spot. Thus there is Canrobert's Hill, because he stood there when the armies first invested the place; Cathcart's Hill, where he lies buried, with many other brave fellows. So the French "Le Clocheton," a celebrated spot in their left attack where all wounded and dead men are brought in, as well as prisoners, deserters, etc.; but surpassing all in interest is "Le Mamelon," a green hill rising in front of Malakoff Tower. On the possession of this the whole operations hinge. For months it was a sort of neutral ground between the hostile forces. Our people were working zigzags towards it, with a view of ultimately occupying it, when, lo! one morning it was found to be fully occupied and armed by the Russians, who had silently and in the most unaccountably short space of time between

nightfall and daylight made it into a complete and very strong work. Almost every night attack since then has been mainly directed against this hill, which the Russians hold with the greatest pertinacity. And they have thrown out parties, who dig pits capable of holding twenty to thirty men, from which they pour a murderous fire from their rifles on our advanced trenches, till we work up to them and drive them out; but certain it is that the next day finds them in fresh pits dug in the night. When we get too near they sally out and attack our working parties; but still we go on approaching, and are at this moment (May 6th) within two hundred yards of the Mamelon, and the French are within fifty of the Bastion du Mat.

Two days since they came out in broad daylight to attack the French in front of the Bastion du Midi, but they were driven back with great slaughter. The whole thing was distinctly visible from the ships. But to return. Every exertion was made to commence the great attack, and after many delays it was opened on Monday, April the 9th. It was a grand sight indeed, and awful. The whole circuit of the town and the lines soon became a dense mass of smoke. Here again the weather was unpropitious, and has for the third time since I have been here either marred altogether or quite neutralized our operations. It rained incessantly the whole day and the following night, and the artillerymen were fairly exhausted. Nevertheless the fire was admirably kept up in one continued roar, causing a loss in the first day to the Russians of eight hundred and thirty-three men.

I must now relate an affair in which, as I happened to be a principal actor, it behoves me to be modest.

We of the fleet were, of course, very much distressed at our continued inactivity. There is something intensely humiliating in being a spectator of the suffering, privation, and danger of one's countrymen, living one's self in comparative ease and enjoyment. Such was our case. The winter was now over, our anchorage safe, our larders well supplied, and our daily conversation and reading were chiefly composed of accounts of night attacks, bayoneting and butchering all around us, friends of yesterday in their graves. Under these circumstances, one evening, after a good dinner with our excellent Commander-in-chief, I suggested that we might take part in the siege and open our broadsides on the town along with the rest of them. My plan was this, that two lights should be placed in such a position on the shore that, by bringing them "in one," as sailors say, we might, on a given line on the darkest night, approach the batteries and deliver our fire in succession, with the hope that they, not being able to see the ships, would fire at random, and probably miss us, whereas we, knowing exactly their distance and direction, could point our guns with unerring aim. In addition to the damage we might do them, I urged the importance of keeping their gunners at their sea-batteries, and so harassing them during the night that they would be unable to fight their land batteries during the day—at least, such of their land batteries as are manned by their seamen, of which there are many.

Our chief brightened up at the proposal, and desired me to prepare the lights forthwith. This was on the Saturday evening. On the Sunday, after church, I went ashore with the master, and placed my lights temporarily in about the position I thought would suit. It rained incessantly, and I, of course, got very wet; but still I succeeded—in spite of an occasional shell coming whizzing and bursting near us, for from this spot we were within two thousand yards of the quarantine batteries, who could see we were up to something—in digging holes and planting two large posts, and I went to Sir E. Lyons to report that the lights were placed, but that, to make all sure, I proposed going in my boat and sounding during the night with the lights in one, to ascertain that the ships might safely go in. He made me promise that unless the weather mended I would not attempt to sound that night; but I could see he was most anxious that we should take our part in the approaching combat, which was to take place on the following day. So, after putting on warm and dry clothing and eating a hearty dinner, I set out from the ship in my boat, with muffled oars, and with two armed boats to attend me, under the command of Lieutenant Murray.

It was dark as pitch, and we had some difficulty in finding our way to that part of the beach where our lighthouses were waiting to be lit; but at last we found ourselves under a little shelving headland, where I had placed a guard of marines. We hardly dared to holloa, as we were not quite certain that we were not beyond our mark, and consequently under the Russian

batteries; but, "Who goes there?" soon reassured us. Ordering them to light the lamps, and directing them to be very careful to shade them from the batteries, for fear of being fired at, we started, and keeping them in one, we sounded across the entrance of the harbour towards Fort Constantine, and found, to my great delight, that the soundings corresponded with what I expected, and that we might safely come in with the heavy ships and pour our fire into Quarantine Battery at fourteen hundred yards, and Constantine within twelve hundred yards. It was, however, so thick that we lost our lights when off Constantine. Moreover, there was so much sea that we could not depend implicitly on the soundings. Still, so far, all was most favourable, and I thought it prudent to go on board before the men were quite knocked up. It was a disagreeable and anxious business. The ships were three miles off, the weather very threatening, and we were on an open coast with the wind and sea setting us into the harbour, from which we were only distant twelve hundred yards. But we returned on board safely at three a.m., having been since nine p.m. in the boats under continued heavy rain. My coxswain was the only one who suffered severely. I got off, with many others, with a bad cold; but our work was done, and I went next morning to the Admiral with the result of our night's job. Most pleasantly did he receive me. What a contrast to Sir Charles Napier, who, when many zealous and clever officers of his fleet proposed various ingenious devices to annoy the enemy, was certain to meet them with a rebuff! Sir

Edmund, on the contrary, encourages every officer in the fleet to aid him, consults them, converses with them, and, whether he accepts their proposals or no, is sure to appreciate their methods.

I accompanied him to Admiral Bruat, a man of much the same kidney. We had a grand consultation, in which various modifications of my plan were discussed; but after the two Commanders-in-chief had been in together at night to inspect for themselves the proposed line, the plan was finally adopted, and I had the high honour of piloting the first ship that was sent in, and I was much pleased that the *Valorous*, frigate, commanded by a cool and intelligent officer, Captain Buckle, was chosen. (I will not say that I was not a little disappointed that the *Princess Royal* was not the fortunate craft.) At eleven p.m. we started. It was a dark, yet starlight night, quite calm. You could hear the least splash, and our paddle-wheels seemed to make a desperate noise. No movement, however, appeared to us to take place denoting that the forts were aware of our proximity. The lights were now in one. "Shall we open?" said Buckle. One moment more, to be quite certain of not firing into the French left attack. The guns were laid right abeam, the lights in one north-east quarter by north; consequently they pointed right into the town, and we let drive. The sight was beautiful. Every gun was loaded with shell, and we could see their flight by the burning fuzes. Presently, bang, bang, bang! as they burst. The men loaded again with the quickness of lightning;

but before we could get our second broadside off they opened on us merrily from the forts, and we returned it with a will. Of course their shell came over and around us, and made an infernal noise. Only one hit us; but that was an awkward one, and in the only vulnerable spot, namely, our paddle-box, and we were standing on the top of it. It knocked away some of the spokes, and the engine seemed to turn with difficulty, as if it had the asthma!

The old quarter-master, who attended the lead, thought it was high time to be off; so he cried, "Half five!" This was too close to the shoal of Constantine to be pleasant; so we put our helm a-starboard and came out, wheezing and coughing all the way. They kept letting fly shell and shot after us; but we were soon out of gun-shot, and among our own ships. I had *almost* a certainty, from my soundings, that the leadsman must have been mistaken, and it proved so. When Captain Spratt (the surveyor) sounded a few nights afterwards, his soundings agreed with mine; but still, as the weather had been so unfavourable for my work, the leadman's cry was far from agreeable.

We went on board (Buckle and I) to report ourselves to Sir Edmund, who had been watching us from his stern gallery, and he declared it was one of the prettiest sights he had ever seen, and he thanked both captain and pilot heartily.

I got to bed at two a.m., having remained up to see the *Gladiator* (Sir G. Broke), a good fellow and old friend, who went in under charge of my master (Hall), who had assisted in sounding; but I could not sleep.

I was a good deal excited—very thankful that we had succeeded so well and had had no loss. This skirmish has been followed up each night by the frigates of both navies, until, as a climax, the two Admirals decided on going in with their respective three-deckers, on Friday, the 20th. This was a grand Vauxhall, as we used to call it; but it was marred by the *Montebello's* engine breaking down just before she got within range, and by the time she got out again in tow of a small steamer it was daylight, so the magnificent *Royal Albert* also lost her chance. The two Admirals drew lots for first go in, and the Frenchman won it.

I regret to say that several men were killed and wounded in these night attacks, and the *Dauntless* burst a gun, which necessitated her going to Malta to repair damage caused by the pieces of metal flying about. Several of her crew were seriously hurt, but fortunately no one killed. The *Mogador* had no less than three shells burst on the 6th. In spite of these mishaps, I believe we have done good service, which was well worth our slight loss—*on ne fait pas d'omelette sans casser des œufs.*

On Saturday, April 22nd, the bombardment almost ceased; so that fact, and that the moon was now too near full to venture in with the ships, reduced us again to inactivity and consequent grumbling.

Often had Lyons talked to me of the propriety of attacking Kertch and liberating the Sea of Azof to the small vessels. He had used every argument to Canrobert in vain; he was, in short, as he said,

"*flabbergasted.*" I suggested that I should go and fire a shot at Canrobert, to which he gladly acceded, and he gave me *carte blanche* to say or do anything.

I had never yet been presented to Canrobert, and General Rose,* who is the English commissioner at his head-quarters, proposed to me one evening, when he and Sir Edmund were dining with me, to go and have it out with him. Rose also said that Canrobert wished to see me to have explained to him how we could get in close to the batteries on dark nights! So Jem Drummond and I landed at Streletska on the 19th. Rose had promised us horses, but none were forthcoming; so we trudged up, called on Fontanelle, borrowed his *mulet du compagnie* for me, as I was far from well. We stopped and breakfasted with Le Baron de Malet, in his sumptuous underground abode, and so to French head-quarters. We smoked a pipe with Rose, who excused himself about the horses, because they had all been out to a reconnaissance with twenty thousand men towards Zchorgoun the day before, and were ushered into General Canrobert's tent, which is an ordinary officer's marquee, with the lower part, which forms, as it were, the walls, boarded up; a stove and deal table, with two stools its furniture, himself and my old Bomarsund friend, General Niel, its occupants. A minute tracing of the French and Russian lines lay on the table, and apparently was the object under discussion.

What an "exterior" for the command of a French

* Afterwards Lord Strathnairn.

army!, A Dutch burgomaster the most favourable likeness. Yet there is kindliness and good nature in his face. He reached me a cigar-box from a shelf. Perhaps that softened me.

We soon got to the object of our visit. He quite concurred about the propriety of attacking Kertch, but positively and distinctly declined giving troops, and carefully pointed out the extensive lines he has to provide for. "Only for a fortnight, mon Général; five thousand men, and we shall be masters of the Sea of Azof! No more guns or ammunition can then come here to disturb your attack. Europe will resound with our exploit." "Agreed; but I can't give you a man *now*." "Will you, mon Général, send an Engineers' officer to look at Kertch, and give you his report?" "That I shall gladly do, if Lord Raglan will also send one."

Such was about the purport of our interview, and with this offer we posted off to Lord Raglan. I need not say he jumped at the idea; so Lieut.-Colonel Gordon, R.E., and a French colonel of Engineers, were sent in the *Highflyer* to Kertch forthwith, and the way they managed to reconnoitre the place without exciting suspicion is interesting. They captured a small vessel *en route*, with a gentleman's carriage on board, with which they went in with a flag of truce, and sent a pompous epistle, stating that we were not making war on individuals, and offered to send in the carriage, which was gladly accepted by the Russian General; so he allowed them to come in with it, during which time their eyes were not idle.

Moreover, after landing it, they watched and knew by its movements the nature of the ground, the rise, direction of road, etc., and came back with a favourable report, stating that ten or twelve thousand men might capture the whole of the works.

Canrobert had now no excuse, after his own Engineer's most clear and favourable report; so he reluctantly consented to give us ten thousand men, to which Lord Raglan added two thousand, besides three French and one English field-battery. At the last moment, however, Canrobert withdrew two thousand men; but Lord Raglan added another thousand, and we started on Thursday, May 3rd, at 6.40 p.m., each of us liners having a French battalion on board—altogether a fleet of fifty-six sail.

I saw George Paget the day before at the monastery of St. George, with Lady Stratford and her daughters, and his own wife, who had all come a few days before in the *Caradoc* from Constantinople, with Lord Stratford. I met the latter on several occasions, and remarked that he seems to feel acutely—and goodness knows he ought to do so!—the serious nature of this war, for which he is principally answerable. I hinted that he, of all men, should be invited to spend a night in the trenches. How little do all those heroes who sit by their firesides and talk about what we ought to do, and cry for war to the knife, know what goes on here—what slow but certain death to those poor fellows!

Our orders were to show all lights, and steer to the northward till nine p.m., then to put out lights and shape our course for Kertch. All went most

prosperously: weather sublime, with the exception of an occasional fog. The *Princess Royal* came into collision with a merchant steamer, which did the latter some damage. Having no lights, she thought us at anchor, and so backed into us. We, having the *Curlew* corvette in tow, did not answer our helm quick enough to avoid her. A Mrs. Ives was on board her, come to see her son in the Guards. Poor soul! she was much frightened. She said the master and crew were all tipsy. Such are the men who are sometimes placed in charge of large merchant steamers!

Daylight on the second morning (Saturday, 5th) found us off Kertch. We were busy preparing for the landing, in which we were going to act a principal part, when the signal was made for all captains to repair on board the flagship. This was of course, we thought, to give us our final orders.

Very different, however, was the news which awaited us. If Sir Edmund Lyons had heard of the death of all near and dear to him, he could hardly have been in a more disturbed and unhappy state than we found him; so was Sir George Brown, who commanded the land forces; Burghersh was ranting and denouncing Canrobert and every Frenchman that ever breathed—in short, we thought them all gone mad. It turned out that Canrobert had despatched a steamer after the expedition sailed, with positive orders to Bruat to return immediately, in consequence of a telegraph message he had received from the Emperor. Bruat being, as all French Admirals unfortunately are, under the generals and ambassadors, had no alternative but to obey;

indeed he and his squadron were already far away on their return, a movement on their part which we had interpreted into a diversion on Kaffa to conceal the main attack. Thus failed the attack on Kertch, and thus will fail most combined operations, unless one sole head is responsible. This is why I, for one, am anxious that the Emperor should come here himself. I see no other way out of our dilemma.

Sadly and slowly we retraced our steps, and got back to Sebastopol on Sunday morning, May 6th, and landed our troops the following morning.

Another period of inactivity, varied by visits occasionally to head-quarters, the trenches, Balaclava, and a day's sail outside to exercise my ship's company. The Admiral sent us "telegraph" to go along the coast on Sunday, May 13th. I did not much like choosing the Sabbath for an excursion; but for fear of offending Sir E. Lyons we accepted it.

Our party consisted of Mrs. Grey, General, Mrs., and Miss Estcourt, my brother George and his wife, a host of military men, and the captains and several officers of the squadron.

The first object of note is Cape Aia, a stupendous perpendicular cliff. Passing that, we observed the famous Woronzoff road, which, just to the eastward, shoots through a gorge, ornamented with a handsome Doric gateway; it then descends by zigzag, and follows the line of coast, now several hundred feet above the sea, anon sloping to near the level, till it reaches Yalta, when it again goes along the coast to Aloupka. It is a stupendous piece of engineering,

and worthy of its author. We passed Demidovia, the palace of Prince Demidoff—a huge, unsightly quadrangular building, with four high towers; then Galitzin (belonging to the prince of that name), which resembles a large Turkish kiosk and various other chateaux; but the most remarkable for the amazing extent, and bizarrerie of the pile, is Aloupka, the residence of Prince Woronzoff. It partakes of every species of architecture, from the stately Doric to the delicate Mauresque. The situation is superb—a noble wooded slope, descending to the sea, crowned by stupendous cliffs. It has extensive grounds, gardens, and vineyards, and is furnished with all sorts of pagodas, kiosks, and temples. This is the principal and favourite abode of that remarkable man, who has done wonders for the Crimea, and is looked on with little short of idolatry by the inhabitants.

Of course these places are now uninhabited; but we were received at Aloupka by a few musket shots from some soldiers who guard it, which amused us, more especially as the soldiers all ran away. The ladies were a little frightened; but we anchored close and went to lunch, which put all to rights.

From thence we followed the singularly bold and beautiful coast to Yalta, which is a lovely village on the beach, and so returned, looking close into Orianda, the Empress of Russia's palace and park. We saw some very fine deer grazing at the water's edge, and were much tempted to take a shot and bag one, but our orders were positive not to land. Orianda is also magnificently situated on a plateau,

but it is not near so imposing an edifice as Aloupka. I do not remember anything grander than this coast. We returned late in the evening.

On Tuesday, the 22nd, we were again ordered to embark a battalion each. This time it was Turks. So now I have carried soldiers of each of the allied armies; and, on the whole, I prefer the Turks, as giving less trouble. They squat down where they are placed, smoke their pipe, pull out a coarse brown biscuit and a pan of oil at meal times, and, having soaked and eat it, resume their pipes; whereas the former, especially the English, are eternally cooking and making messes. We took the *Brenda* (the *Princess Royal's* steam tender) in tow, and again started for Kertch with the fleet, on Wednesday, the 23rd. This time we had fifteen thousand men, seven thousand Turks, five thousand French, and two thousand English, five batteries, and a few cavalry; the voyage most calm and delightful.

Daylight on Thursday, the 24th (Queen's birthday), found us at the rendezvous. At eleven, after sending for us to give final orders, we proceeded to the anchorage, transports and small vessels leading. The Cossacks galloped about the hills, and the natives of the villages stared at this mighty visit, but no regular troops appeared.

The landing took place on an excellent bit of beach, fringing a fertile plain, where the troops formed as they landed, and where, alas, very soon, smoking and blazing farmhouses told that unerring tale of an invading army. Why should soldiers and sailors not

be satisfied with pillage, but *must* destroy everything they can't carry off?

Drummond and I landed, and accompanied a battalion of Chasseurs to an advanced position on a cliff overlooking the landing-place, where we soon discovered through our spy-glasses the glittering of bayonets some two miles in front, debouching from some large tumuli, with which this country abounds. They were the Russian troops silently and sadly retreating. Soon afterwards there were heavy explosions in the direction of Kertch and Yenikali, denoting that they were destroying their works. We might, I believe, have caught up their rear-guard, had our General been on the spot; but he was gone aboard to lunch, and there was no one to move the troops. These explosions are for all the world like a gigantic cauliflower.

The small steamers, seeing the batteries thus destroyed, moved on, and passed the passage of Kertch, and chased three Russian steamers nearly to the second pass of Yenikali, where there were also forts; but later in the day, they, too, were blown up and abandoned. And so, without the loss of a man, we suddenly found ourselves masters of this passage, which had been a perfect bugbear to the authorities. It is inconceivable that they should not have had better intelligence as to its real strength, or they would have been long ago in possession of it, and we should have stopped the supplies which have gone to Sebastopol, and upon which I believe it mainly depends.

Next morning, Friday, we accompanied Sir Edmund Lyons, in the *Banshee*, to date our letters from the Sea of Azof. We landed at Yenikali and Kertch. In the dockyard at Kertch we found about a dozen submarine infernal machines—a nun buoy containing a smaller buoy of the same form, and filled with about five hundred pounds of gunpowder. On the top was a small circular table, through which passed a galvanic wire enclosed in gutta-percha. The inhabitants informed us that about sixty of them are sunk in the passage. Fortunately none of our numerous vessels hit on them nor on the sunken ships, with one exception. The people at the latter place implored the Admiral to guard them from Tartars; but he recommended them to form a police from their own body. But they unfortunately took fright, and nearly all quitted the place. The consequence was that it was soon the scene of indiscriminate plunder, both by the allies and the Tartars. It is a very neat and pretty town—St. Petersburg in miniature, with much better scenery than that flat, swampy place. It has evidently had the hand of Woronzoff on it; indeed, the principal street, and a magnificent flight of steps leading to a handsome Doric temple on the hill, which is a museum, are all built by him and bear his name. Yenikali is a poor village, surmounted by an old Genoese castle.

The allies took up their position in front of this place, and speedily threw up formidable intrenchments on the land side, which, being completed, the care of them was left to the Turks, and the troops embarked a fortnight afterwards.

Meanwhile, the light ships were pushed on into the Sea of Azof, under the command of Captain Edmund Lyons, of the *Miranda*, where they, with the assistance of the launches of the line-of-battle ships, destroyed entirely the immense stores of grain concentrated at Arabat, Guietchi, Berdiansk, and Taganrog, for the garrison of Sebastopol, and burnt upwards of four hundred vessels, including five war steamers, in the short space of one week.

This expedition, long advocated by us all, exceeded even our most sanguine expectations. Not only has it greatly compromised the garrison of Sebastopol, but it has also cut off the communication between the Russian colonies on the Circassian coast and the Crimea, and was necessarily followed by the immediate abandonment of Anapa and Soujàk Kalè, the last military posts remaining to the Russians on that coast. Doubtless, if the commanders had followed the advice of several of us, we should have pushed on the large ships to Anapa and Soujak immediately we had taken Kertch; but although we might have captured their supposed garrisons of about six thousand men, it would have been with some loss, as we found afterwards that the works of the former were strong, and mounted about eighty heavy guns, and perhaps, therefore, it was as well that we waited a few days till the news got to them and decided them to evacuate these places. It was a considerable disappointment to the fleet, that this, the only chance of a brush for the big ships, was denied us.

Thus ended the expedition to Kertch. I do not

believe so much was ever gained without the loss of a man. I have not enumerated the guns and warlike stores of every description which fell into our hands, but it is calculated that the loss to the Russians is between two and three millions sterling, and the moral effect of this blow must be telling and lasting, the more so that the government had led the people to believe that we were a demoralized and starving remnant of what was once a fleet and army, and that they would soon hear of our being driven out of the Black Sea altogether.

We started on our return on June the 14th, and anchored for an hour off Anapa, on our way. The wretched place was already occupied by hordes of Circassians, the wildest-looking fellows I ever beheld; fine specimens, however, of the *genus homo.* I was much tempted to carry off one of the famous Russian bells from the plundered church, but perhaps its weight as much as any scruples hindered me; but I salved my conscience by paying a trifle for some curious old relics and pictures from the church at Kertch, and, moreover, I am provided with two milch cows and two ponies, which did not cost *much—such is war!*

Things were much changed for the better on our arrival at the siege., A new French General, Pelissier, had taken the command from my gallant friend, Canrobert. The Mamelon had been captured, and the assault was imminent. The Sardinians and Turks had advanced and taken up a position on the Chernaya. Such was the state of affairs, when on Sunday, June the 17th, my birthday, I rode up with Sir Edmund

Lyons to head-quarters. All was bustle and preparation for the morrow.

I should mention that immediately on our arrival from Kertch, Lord Raglan had had a conference with the Admirals, when he informed them that the prisoners and deserters had concurred in stating that the night attacks by the ships, which I have already described, had done a great deal of damage to the town, and he requested them to renew them. He consequently ordered me to organize them as before, and the frigates were accordingly sent in each night, after assembling the captains on board the *Princess Royal* for orders.

Lord Raglan took occasion to pay me a high compliment on the "Paget attack," as he called it, and I thought this was the moment to claim some recompense for the lucky hit; so I, after thanking Lord Raglan, asked a favour, and that was that he would induce the Admiral to let the *Princess Royal* herself lead the liners under the batteries that night, as a little introduction to the grand drama to be performed next morning.

At first I did not meet with much encouragement. He said that the place was too confined for large ships, that if we touched the ground we should be lost, and that it would be almost a counterpoise to the Russians for the loss of Sebastopol, if they destroyed an English line-of-battle ship. I answered that I had no intention of losing the ship; in short, I ended by receiving permission from Sir Edmund Lyons, provided I could induce Admiral Bruat to send in a French liner after me, as we could not do anything

without their sharing it. Before they had time to change their minds, I jumped on my horse, and rattled back to Kamiesch, and aboard the *Montebello*. After a little manœuvring, I got M. Bruat to enter into the scheme, and the *Jean Bart*, of one hundred guns, was ordered to follow me in at midnight.

Several frigates were sent in during the first watch, and at midnight I weighed. An officer from the *Jean Bart* came on board to say that the captain thought the night unfavourable, as being too thick. In this I disagreed, and proceeded without my consort.

The French rocket-boats and batteries on each side of us discovered us to the enemy, and exposed us to a heavy fire of shot and shell, which struck us in several places, and killed a seaman and wounded another on the quarter-deck, and two marines; but our broadside was beautiful—forty-seven shells in the air at once—such a bouquet; and they all appeared to burst in the middle of the devoted town. It is amazing that we got off as easily as we did, for it rained shot and shell the quarter of an hour or twenty minutes we were under the batteries; but the prettiest part was the flight of shells which kept following us out, and all bursting under our stern.

The other ships suffered in like manner. The *Sidon* had two killed and eleven wounded; the *Miranda*, her captain wounded in the leg, since dead, poor fellow. And thus we have lost one of the most promising officers in the service; but of him more anon.

Day broke on the 18th, Waterloo day. The fleet were all under way, and waiting to take advantage of

any opportunity to support the attack of the allied armies. We were pretty close, and could see the whole as a panorama, until the smoke intercepted our view. I hardly can bring myself to record this disastrous and terrible battle; neither, indeed, can I give more than a very general idea, for the combatants were soon enveloped in smoke.

At first the rattle of musketry was incessant, mingled with heavy guns; then there was an awful pause. Anon it recommenced, and continued in terrific succession till, about seven, it gradually died away, and was succeeded by a perfect calm. For the rest of the day not a shot was fired. Who were victors, who vanquished?—we all asked one another. Some said we were in the town; others, less sanguine, that if we were there, the flags would be shown on the Malakoff Tower—the scene of slaughter. In short, it was a day of dreadful suspense, nor was it till four p.m. that we knew the truth.

I had had a note from Sir Edmund in the morning, informing me that his son was wounded; so, in the afternoon, I went aboard the *Miranda* to see poor Jack, and met the Admiral there, who had just received a despatch from head-quarters, stating that the allies had been driven back with great slaughter. So ended the henceforth mournful 18th of June. Why did they choose that day of all others for a combined attack with the French? It appears that General Pelissier proposed that day to Lord Raglan, and that he was delicate about reminding the Frenchman of the day. So the story runs.

Of course the disposition of the assault has been and is destined to be much criticised. I will therefore enter no farther into the painful matter than to state that eye-witnesses informed me that it was physically impossible for men to advance four or five hundred yards up a hill exposed to the murderous fire of grape and canister our poor fellows experienced in their attempts to storm the Redan; and even if they had—which some few did—got to the ditch, there was an *abatis*, five or six feet high, which prevented their progress. Nevertheless, one or two scaling-ladders were actually thrown over it by the sailors who were charged with them. They suffered cruelly, and lost about seventy out of a hundred and twenty *hors de combat*.

Monday, June 25th.—A letter from Constantinople, stating that Lyons' wound has gangrened and that his life is despaired of, as mortification has begun. His death took place on the 23rd—perfectly calm and heroic to the last. Poor dear Sir Edmund is disconsolate. Jack was the idol of his heart, and he was worthy of it. This, on the top of the other misfortunes, has unhinged us all. All have lost a favourite in poor dear Jack.

Thursday, 28th.—No communication, scarcely, in the fleet. We are all so sad. It has been blowing strong since Monday. The poor Admiral is wandering about outside, but in sight of us, like a giant spectre. I greatly fear this blow may affect his health, which would be fatal to the cause. General Estcourt died of cholera a day or two since, at head-

quarters; his wife being with him must have cheered his last moments. A flag of truce came out with my old friend Colonel Yeo's sword yesterday. He led the assault, and was killed by a grape-shot in the head; so was Sir John Campbell, who was also a friend of mine. What a week this has been! I pray God we may not have such another.

What will they think of it all in England? I wrote a day or two since to Lord Raglan, suggesting that every officer in this army should have a number attached to his name, whereby, if anything happened to him, his name could be easily telegraphed home. It would be such a comfort to people in England to be relieved of the horrible suspense between the telegraphic message announcing a battle and the arrival of the post—fourteen days! Now, every officer's name must be spelt, which is a very long operation, when some eighty or ninety names have to be given. Nevertheless, I understand that every killed and wounded officer's name has been telegraphed since this battle, which is very considerate of Lord Raglan.

The firing is getting hotter daily, and there is a duel going on which, if lives were not concerned, would be highly amusing. The French have put a very large mortar on their extreme left, close to the beach, and within reach of the enemy's line-of-battle ships, who are now moved nearer the entrance of the harbour, and since the French took the Mamelon, the shells fall among them; but I have not yet observed one hit. This is responded to by a heavy mortar from Constantine; and so these two go on under our eyes

every quarter of an hour. From our deck we can also observe that the enemy are arming two fresh batteries in front of Malakoff. What energetic fellows they are!

I have little of interest to record of this last sad fortnight, beyond the climax of misfortune in the death of the beloved chief of our army. Lord Raglan had been suffering ever since the 18th, from an attack of diarrhœa, augmented no doubt by excessive anguish of mind; he was, however, so patient and cheerful to all around him, that none believed how deep was the poison—how soon that noble spirit was to depart. On the afternoon of the 28th he felt much better, and called his A.D.C., Lord Burghersh, to lift him up in his bed; the doctors, however, about six p.m. observed a gradual change for the worse, and he sunk rapidly and so gently, that the actual moment of his death was not apparent to those around him; but it was about nine p.m.

The news caused intense consternation, more particularly as it followed on the sudden death of General Estcourt, and made up the casualties among the generals to five within one week!

The Admiral, who had given way to his intense grief, was aroused by this unexpected blow, and immediately repaired to head-quarters to consult with our allies as to the gloomy-looking future.

On July the 3rd the whole army were under arms, and a pageant such as I never witnessed, not even at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, took place. The *cortége* started from head-quarters in the following order—a regiment of Lancers, English; a

regiment of Chasseurs d'Afrique, French; a regiment of Cuirassiers, French; a regiment of Lancers, Sardinian; another regiment of Lancers, Sardinian; a troop of horse artillery, drawing a gun-carriage with the body, on each side of which were two generals, La Marmora and Pelissier on the right, General Simpson and Omar Pasha on the left, on horseback; then an immense concourse of generals and other officers, the rear of the procession being closed by a regiment of cavalry.

The road from our head-quarters to the French head-quarters was lined on each side with British Infantry, and from thence to Kasatch with French Infantry—a distance of five miles—when the coffin was embarked with all the honours of war, by the fleets, with procession of boats, etc., to be put on board the *Caradoc* for transmission to England. All the heights *en route* were crowned with field-guns, which sent forth their mournful, slow salute. The fleet, with their colours half-mast, and in the distance the guns of the Russians and allies, who never ceased battering one another, all combined to render this one of the most remarkable and sublime sights I ever witnessed.

The narrative unfortunately ends here abruptly, as Lord Clarence Paget was invalided in July, in consequence of a report by the Medical Director-General, that "Lord Clarence Paget was suffering from severe chronic inflammation of the eyes and impaired health under the constant and anxious occupation day and night that the command of a ship off Sebastopol involved."—ED.

CHAPTER VI.

1857–1866.

A GENERAL election took place in 1857, and I was again invited to stand by my old constituents, and had a hard fight. We were in opposition, and I had for the first time the delightful sensation of being a really independent member of Parliament, and able therefore to air my crochets; but how to begin? It is no joke to rise for the first time and make a speech, and to hear one's own voice in that august and critical assembly. The difficulty is a good deal increased if a neophyte has to take his chance of catching the Speaker's eye in a debate; and many have risen once, twice, or three times in vain, have lost heart, and have never again attempted it. True it is that the House is very indulgent, for it often happens that there is a cry, "New member;" but still it is a serious ordeal. My first attempt was in the debate on the employment of our ships on the coast of Africa. It was kindly received, and I went home with my wife, who had listened to it in the ladies' gallery, with a great load off my mind. The next legitimate stage in the career of an M.P. is to originate a motion himself. It

must be done with considerable care, and must be on a subject on which the House considers him to be an expert, and not have the remotest appearance of being brought on except from a profound conviction of its necessity. It should be the subject of much thought and study, and must be backed by members of weight and position in the House. It is not surprising that I gave much time to preparing my motion.

I went to Paris, to study the French system of lighting their coasts, with M. Fresnel, the inventor of the dioptric light, and I travelled along our coasts with the same view. I sketched my programme during many a delightful Sunday afternoon with W. S. Lindsay at his pretty villa at Shepperton, where I met John Bright, Cobden, Ayrton, and many other Liberals; and finally the eventful and anxious moment arrived. Again I must refer to Hansard, and only here add that my original motion was to take the business of the Trinity House away from that ancient corporation, and vest it in a minister of state. This extreme course was, I am bound to say, suggested and pressed by Mr. Cobden, whose theory was that in order to force anything in the way of reform from government, it was requisite to open your mouth very wide. In the end I was quite satisfied, as were we all, with the inquiry by a royal commission into the system of lighting our coasts; and from henceforth I became as one with whom the government of the day would count, either as friend or foe. I was honoured in this debate with a few approving sentences from Lord Palmerston.

I must here mention an incident, as showing how sure an M.P. is to tread on some friends' toes when addressing the House. The principal object of my motion was to make the approaches to our coasts so simple that strangers could enter our harbours without requiring pilots; but a considerable number of my constituents belonged to that body, so they called a meeting and resolved to oppose me at any future election as an enemy to pilots. With the exception of a few observations during the debates connected with the navy estimates, which, as a naval officer, I was more or less bound to make, I was carefully silent during the remainder of the session of 1858, on the principle, well understood in the House, that a member should hit out seldom but hit hard, and I only hinted that next session I should feel it my duty to go carefully into naval expenditure with a view to some retrenchment in shipbuilding. All that winter I devoted to this interesting subject. I got returns of various matters preparatory to a vigorous onslaught during the following session, and the result opened a new and very unexpected career to me, and created some hubbub.

Sir John Pakington, First Lord of the Admiralty, made his annual statement in introducing the navy estimates in February, 1859, and I boldly met it with a direct motion to reduce them by two millions. I will not go minutely into this matter, as the debate is to be found in Hansard; but I cannot resist adverting to a single sentence, as it illustrates the importance of raising a good laugh. I was reading over a list

of ships which had been lengthened, widened, and otherwise altered during construction, thus considerably adding to their cost, when I happened to name a certain ship, the *San Fiorenzo.* Sir John suddenly jumped up, interrupting me with the remark, "I cannot find this ship in my list." I rejoined, "No, sir; she is no longer in existence. After being subject to lengthening and various forms of amputation, the saint was destroyed altogether, and is gone to another and I hope a better world!" The joke, though perhaps feeble, produced an impression, and sent the House into roars of laughter, causing poor Sir John to be very angry.

The debate was taken up in earnest by several Liberal members, and Sir John Pakington, in reply, stated that I had deliberately accused the Admiralty of malversation to the amount of seven millions, and that a judicial inquiry must take place, at which I must make good my statements. It is needless to say that I made no such accusation; but it served a party purpose. The government of Lord Derby were already weak and tottering, and this debate did not strengthen them. They were soon after beaten on a question of confidence, and Lord Palmerston was called on to form a ministry. I was never more surprised than on receiving a note from him requesting me to call at his house a few days after he had accepted office. He offered me the secretaryship of the Admiralty. I replied that I was greatly flattered, but that as I had been very busy raking out abuses, I should be expected to verify my statements, and that

as a subordinate official my mouth would be shut. He, however, informed me that he had considered that matter, and that by making me the representative of the Admiralty in the House of Commons, the Duke of Somerset (First Lord) being a peer, I should have the opportunity of fully stating my case. "In short," said he, "I think you are a fit person for the post, notwithstanding your objections."

Here I was, then, installed, and in a somewhat difficult position, as, of course, all the permanent officials were aghast, particularly the shipbuilding department, and, above all, the Controller of the Navy, an old friend and brother officer. He, like most naval men, had a high and perhaps overstrained sense of honour, and a very susceptible disposition. He had a distinct feeling that I had in my statement accused him and his department of malversation; and the newspapers of the party, not to mention Sir John Pakington himself, clamoured for a judicial inquiry. Lord Palmerston came to the rescue, and defied them to show that any word of mine had implied such an accusation; and the matter was at last settled by a royal commission, of which Ricardo was made chairman, to inquire into the shipbuilding department of the navy. I, of course, had to give evidence. This commission sat for a considerable time, and made several valuable suggestions.

A curious parliamentary episode occurred in connection with this matter. Sir Baldwin Walker, the controller, had given his evidence, and then carried out his long-expressed wish of resigning his office and

accepting a command. He was accordingly appointed Commander-in-chief at the Cape of Good Hope. Nothing would convince Sir J. Pakington but that the government had ousted him, and intended to send him there in order to get rid of his damaging evidence. In vain Lord Palmerston declared that he was going by his own wish; and, moreover, that he had already given his evidence. Sir John persisted that he would be wanted again, and that he had further evidence to give. Finally, after much pressing, Lord Palmerston agreed that Sir B. Walker's departure should be postponed. Sir Baldwin, however, was in no mind to be bothered any more by the commission, and he accordingly got on board his flagship and sailed for his destination. On hearing this, Pakington rose and insisted that vessels should be sent to intercept the Admiral; but Sir Baldwin, having a suspicion of what would happen, had shaped his course for the coast of France, and thus avoided being caught.

It is with reference to this that I am going to relate the incredible story which even Hansard does not fully describe, although it all took place in the House of Commons.

Sir John Pakington told Palmerston that, although he had promised to defer the Admiral's departure, he, Sir John, had heard that the Admiral had started. Lord Palmerston said, "Then we will endeavour to intercept him." It was then eleven p.m., and he turned to me and said, "Send steamers as soon as possible." As I could not leave my place in the middle of a debate, I sent Whitbread post-

haste to the Admiralty, to get the First Lord's orders to send steamers from Portsmouth and Plymouth. Whitbread arrived at the Admiralty, sent up a servant to the First Lord's room—he being in bed—to request to speak to him immediately. He was, however, asleep, and the duchess declined to wake him, even after a second request on the part of Whitbread. Neither Whitbread nor I had the power to order steamers, and so the night passed. But the first thing next morning I informed the First Lord, and the orders were given. There was no fast steamer available at Devonport, and a tug was therefore despatched. But if she had been a clipper, she could not have caught the Admiral, for the reason I have stated. The pages of Hansard will give report of the frequent questions put by Pakington, with insinuations that the plot had been contrived by the government. These went on until the Easter recess, which led a very humorous member, Bernel Osborne, to say—"The right honourable gentleman has been treating the House to a Christmas pantomime, which has been on the boards for a month, and he now wishes to give us an Easter piece, which is rather too much!" Then Lord Elcho rose and said that, in justice to the Secretary of the Admiralty, who had, from motives of delicacy to a fair lady, refrained from giving to the House the true causes of the delay in sending steamers, he must relate the whole story as it occurred. Thus I was at last relieved from the suspicions of Sir J. Pakington. I have related this incident, as it created no little sensation at the time.

I had, after ten days in office, to present afresh the navy estimates, which had already been introduced by Sir John Pakington. Those estimates were somewhat modified by the Duke of Somerset's Board. By what followed, I was placed in so awkward a position that I felt under the necessity of resigning my post. The board resolved to lay down five new battle-ships. I protested that the day of line-of-battle ships was past. Already the French had launched *La Gloire* ironclad, and were building others. Pakington had commenced the *Warrior* on our part, and had announced his intention of building other ironclads. But what forced me to decline being a party to this retrograde policy was, that I had given my evidence before the royal commission strongly urging the construction of ironclads. I had nothing for it, therefore, but to call on Lord Palmerston, and express my great regret that I could not with decency advocate in the House the construction of line-of-battle ships in the face of my evidence. Lord Palmerston felt the force of my argument, but declined to accept my *démission*, and I had to blunder through as best I could. Fortunately, of the five ships, only two were actually laid down, and they were converted into ironclads. One of them, the *Caledonia*, eventually became my flagship in the Mediterranean.

I had also to meet, during my first year of office, much obloquy and constant attacks from the Opposition; but the feeling gradually died out, and I experienced, during the seven years I held the post of

Secretary of the Admiralty, much consideration and even friendship from Pakington and his party. Many outside that chamber, and some inside it, fail to comprehend the possibility of being on friendly terms with one's opponents. I remember the astonishment expressed by a constituent of mine, who had attended a debate in which Pakington had attacked me vehemently, and to which I had replied as vehemently, on seeing us walking home arm-in-arm.

Lord Charles Russell, who occupied the post of serjeant-at-arms, used to give charming parties to members and their families. During long, tedious debates, it was pleasant to walk along the corridor to his apartments; and on one occasion I took part in a quartette with Gladstone, Pakington, and my wife, to the amusement of honourable members.

My first session as an official being over, the Board, who were anxious to get some information concerning the new and dark horse, *La Gloire*, about whom the French government were very reticent, and which they declined to allow any one to see, requested me to take the opportunity of an intended tour in Italy, to look in at Toulon, and, if possible, to see this wonderful craft. It was a delicate operation. I asked Lord Cowley, our Ambassador in Paris, to get permission for me to visit her, but he entirely failed. Nothing daunted, Lady Clarence and I set out without man or maid. At Marseilles I called on the consul, who, so far from helping me, said that the French officers themselves were not allowed on board, except those belonging to the ship, and

they were ordered not to give any information concerning her.

We arrived at Toulon, and I hired a shore boat at 8 a.m., choosing this hour as it is the time of the men's breakfasts, when shore boats come alongside with clothes, food, etc. I told the boatman to row me to *La Gloire.* "*Mais, monsieur, personne n'est admis abord,*" said he. I put a five-franc piece into his hand, saying, "I am, like all English, very curious and inquisitive." "But," said he, "you will be put in prison." "*Allez toujours!* if they hang any one it will be me, not you," I returned.

I should here state that there were certain points to which my attention was to be particularly directed. First, as to the height of her main-deck battery above the water; and second, as to a supposed citadel or tower upon her deck. It was on these two points especially that our constructors objected to the iron-clads, unless built on a much larger scale than line-of-battle ships; for they argued that if a line-of-battle ship could only carry her guns at a proper height without armour, it was certain that the addition of armour-plates of four and a half inches in thickness would immerse the ship so as to make her—even after taking away a deck and tier of guns—unseaworthy; and that the addition of an armour-clad tower would still further overweight her. Hence, when called on to furnish designs, they proposed the *Warrior*, a vessel of much larger tonnage than a line-of-battle ship.

I had carefully measured my umbrella, and having succeeded in getting alongside among a crowd of

bumboats, I climbed the side steps, avoiding the accommodation ladder, and so got a careful measurement of the height of her ports. Arrived on deck, the officer of the watch accosted me civilly but firmly, requesting me to turn round and go back to my boat, which I did, after apologizing and taking careful note of the turret which stared me in the face.

Returned on shore, I resolved to endeavour to see a sister ship to *La Gloire*, on the stocks at Mousillon, the building-yard. Here, again, I succeeded in getting on board, but was nearly in trouble from an over-zealous official, who was taking me to the Corps de Garde. However, I got clear away, and sent off my report to my Lords. It proved that our constructors were right; the *Gloire* class were a great failure, and our armour-clads were on the scantling of line-of-battle ships, but with the addition of considerable beam or width.

It would be tedious to relate the everlasting naval discussions during the seven years in which I held the post of Secretary of the Admiralty. It was a period of great advance in the science, not only of naval construction, but likewise of naval armaments; hence the perpetual questionings and debates. I shall, therefore, only allude to occasional incidents, one being a question put to me by Sir John Pakington at the time of the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty. England felt strongly for the Danes, and Palmerston ordered the Channel fleet to the Downs. Various reports had cast doubts on the efficiency of the ships and ships' companies. This led Pakington to ask the simple question, "Are

all the ships perfectly ready and fully manned?" To which I replied, "Every ship is fully efficient for any service that may be required of her."

The great debate on the policy of the government commenced next night. Disraeli made his famous attack. In the course of his speech he said, "The government have alarmed all Europe with their threatenings; only yesterday they put up the Secretary of the Admiralty with a statement which has caused a fall of two per cent. in the funds; to-day the noble lord, the secretary, came down here, hitched up his trousers 'sailor fashion,' and told us the fleet are ready for immediate service!" Of course this raised a laugh. I once, and only once, lost my temper, and was called to order. A Mr. F——, M.P. for one of the naval ports, accused Sir Baldwin Walker of having, while Controller of the Navy, used his influence to prevent him from obtaining his seat. After remonstrating with the honourable gentleman for accusing falsely an absent and distinguished officer, I said that Sir Baldwin Walker had often told me how he had at times been pressed to give dockyard appointments on the recommendation of members, which he had invariably resisted; and, I added, "I would rather believe that officer's word than the honourable gentleman's oath."

The most beneficial measure I ever had to pass through the House was the Contagious Diseases Act. When I brought it to the notice of the Speaker (Denison), he said it was unfit to be brought before the House. Sir George Grey, the Home Secretary,

was of the same opinion. Sir R. Bethel, the Attorney-General, when I applied to him to assist me in the debate, said no one but a sailor could pass such a measure, and though he heartily approved of it, declined to take part, as he thought he would do more harm than good. It was bitterly opposed by Ayrton and others; but with the valuable help of my political opponent, Sir John Pakington, we carried it. Romaine, Second Secretary of the Admiralty, helped me much in drawing it up.

Palmerston always sat next to the government official who had charge of a debate, and much I owed to him in the way of hints, advice, and jokes. It was a privilege to hear his *sotto voce* comments on our opponents' speeches, and suggestions for humorous replies, of which I often took advantage. And what a practical man he was! Once, after I had described the care which the Admiralty took to teach swimming in the training-ships, he suggested that we should not be satisfied with teaching boys to swim without their clothes, for if they fell overboard they would be encumbered with their clothes. The Admiralty from that day have followed his advice.

It is singular that in my seven years as Secretary of the Admiralty I should have been instrumental in introducing to official life no less than four men who have since attained eminence—Whitbread, Stansfeld, Hartington, and Childers—as Civil or Junior Lords of the Admiralty. It is the custom when the Secretary is in the House of Commons that he should be

responsible for his department. He passes the naval estimates and bills and answers questions. The Civil Lord, although ranking above the Secretary at the Board, is his adjutant only in the House of Commons. Departing, however, from a custom of rather jealously excluding the Civil Lord from taking part in naval debates, I made it a rule to entrust him with many civil matters such as bills relating to Greenwich Hospital, victualling, police, and other matters not purely naval.

I am sure each of these gentlemen were grateful for this departure from precedent, for which I take small credit, owning that in many cases they were more capable of doing justice to the subject than myself. Childers, especially, amazed me by his extraordinary power over figures, and he has since found his proper sphere as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Stansfeld was very promising, but got into trouble about "Mazzini and the dagger," notwithstanding my defence of him. Hartington was but a short time with me, and Whitbread broke down in health. What a promising young statesman he was, with his magnificent presence and sonorous voice!

After five years' service in the Admiralty, in 1864 I approached Lord Palmerston, and with heartfelt thanks for his protection, I asked to be relieved, in order to pursue my naval career. But in his jaunty way he told me that I was under his flag, and had better remain so rather than hoist my own.

At the death of this great and good man, who was suddenly snatched away in the autumn of 1865,

I again claimed my discharge from his successor, Lord Russell, who acceded to my request; not, I am bound to say, without many kind expressions of regret. I then made my formal request to the Duke of Somerset to exchange the secretaryship of the Admiralty for the Mediterranean command, then about to become vacant. My chief, the Duke of Somerset, and Mr. Brand, our whipper-in and Secretary to the Treasury, only made this bargain, that I was to remain in the government until the navy estimates and other important naval matters were passed through the House of Commons. What with the anxiety of the House to get through the usual routine business in order to enter on the Reform Bill, and also, it is just to state, from the amiable desire of those who took part in naval discussions on both sides of the House to do me a friendly turn, we had less delays than usual; and by April 20th I had carried the last vote of the navy estimates, my work was done, and I took leave for aye of the House of Commons.

I started immediately, and went down with my son, his tutor, my secretary, Mr. Shanks, and my flag-lieutenant, Victor Montagu, and hoisted my flag at the fore of the *Fisguard*, at Woolwich. It was a lovely day, and the anniversary of my marriage, and the beginning of a new, or rather the resumption of an old career, caused me much pleasurable emotion.

I should have started then and there for my destination, but I was delayed by my wife's indisposition, and I had further to go to Windsor in order to have the high honour destined to me at the request of

Mr. Gladstone of being made a Privy Councillor. I left London by special train, in company with Lord Russell, the Duke of Somerset, Sir George Grey, Lord Granville, and Mr. Gladstone. After the formalities were concluded, I was, to my surprise, again summoned to an audience at which only the Queen and Prince Alfred were present. She asked me how I liked the command and my flagship, when I started, and how soon I should get to Malta; and then entered into the probabilities of war, which seemed to weigh very heavily on her mind, and concluded with expressing her hopes that I should return home safe and sound. I was much struck with the air of sadness she betrayed throughout. At the council she held her head down the whole time, and only raised it to me when asking questions. After retiring, I joined Lord Russell and the ministers at luncheon, and we returned to London as we came.

I took an early dinner at the Reform Club. Mr. Bright was going to dine at another table, but seeing me, he joined his dinner to mine. I related my interview with her Majesty, and he was much moved. Talking of the probabilities of war, he said, that the only thing that will and ought to move England will be the attempt on the part of France to absorb Belgium; but the Saar-Louis province he thinks was unjustly filched from the French by the treaties of 1815, and it is no business of ours to prevent their re-possessing themselves of it. He, however, inveighed strongly against the French Emperor for his speech at Auxerre, and believes that Italy would not have dared, or rather

will not dare, to move without his connivance if not concurrence. Bright was very friendly in his remarks, and regrets at my departure from the scene of so many exciting discussions in which we have often had sparring matches on naval subjects; but he ended by saying, "Farewell, I always like you Pagets, father and sons, as you advocated from the first the repeal of the taxes on corn."

I ought not to omit that during the last few days in England I met with most unexpectedly warm greetings from members on both sides of the House; indeed, there is a sort of freemasonry in that assembly of which little is known out of doors. But it is after all natural that men who sit night after night, and year after year, for hours each day, opposite, and looking and talking at one another, must conceive either a mortal hatred or else a kind of sympathy, I had almost said affection for one another.

The night mail carried me to Dover and across to Calais, where I slept at the buffet of the railway. I joined my dear belongings next evening at the Hotel Meurice, in Paris, and found my wife looking more like herself, though still with a tinge of sadness. Our project up to this time was as follows: to go together to Marseilles, and get aboard H.M.S. *Psyche*, which had been sent there to meet me; if the weather was very charming to go right on to Malta, see the place, and come back with the squadron to Naples, and take a house at Castellamare for the summer, or, if she got bored on the voyage, I was to land her on my way at Naples or Genoa. I had, however, ere

leaving England, my doubts whether, in view of the excitement and preparations for war in Italy, I could safely land her anywhere in Italy. A long conversation with Lord Cowley next day only served to confirm my alarms. However, he advised that I should defer decision until he had seen the Emperor, with whom he was to have a conference that very day. Later, I went back to him, and his remarks were to the following effect: "The Emperor is at the bottom of the whole thing. His speech at Auxerre was made without the smallest understanding with his ministers, or communication with one of the Corps Diplomatique. He told me that come what may the Venetian question must be settled at once, as he would not leave to his son a barrel of gunpowder under his feet as a legacy; that he was getting old, and insisted on these grave difficulties being got over while he had yet power and energy. In short, he announced that, *coute que coute*, Italy must be in Venice this year."

Now, as both Cowley and myself were aware that Austria was quite of another opinion, and had at her back the Quadrilateral and a large army, it may be easily believed that henceforth all my arrangements were to tally with the contingency of a bloody continental war. Italy, therefore, was out of the question with me, as Commander-in-chief, bound to carry out strict neutrality; and so, with a heavy heart, I carried back to my wife and children the announcement that they could not accompany me, and that we are again to be separated till the autumn.

CHAPTER VII.

MEDITERRANEAN, 1866.

I LEFT my family, as already described, on Saturday, and travelled all night, arriving at Marseilles at noon on Sunday. The consul met me, and drove us (myself, my secretary, and flag-lieutenant) to the jetty, where we embarked with servants and luggage, and I gave the order to weigh for Malta.

After looking at the new harbour works, which consist of three large basins with extensive rows of warehouses, built by the municipality with loans, the interest of which is burdensome to the inhabitants, whose taxes the consul imformed me are very high, we found that eternal mistral blowing, which caused a nasty sea, and set our little vessel to a dance which was anything but agreeable while facing it; but after rounding the outer cape we bore away, and she cleverly cleared the heavy seas which followed us, as if each was determined to break on board. We reached Bonifacio Straits on the 14th, and passed inside Caprera. Much would I have desired to pay my respects to Garibaldi, with whom my wife and I had a delightful acquaintance of a few days; but at

this juncture my stopping would have led to all sorts of surmises as to England having some understanding with him. The flag was still flying over his tower, and there he was, notwithstanding the assertions of the Italian papers that he was already at Florence. From this calm little nook among rugged rocks emanated the pithy, soul-stirring epistles we often read. Passing as it were by stealth the hearth of my friend, without even showing my flag, I bounded along, arriving at Valetta at 4.30 on Tuesday, just 50 hours from Marseilles.

I found a considerable bustle. The arrival of a new Commander-in-chief is a godsend to this little official community; doubtless every detail concerning him is especially scanned and criticised. We were soon surrounded with boats containing every rank of official—naval, military, and civil. I landed with the usual ceremonies, guard of honour, and salutes, in that most uncomfortable of coiffures called a cocked hat, with my staff, whom I will now introduce. My flag captain, Captain Alan Gardner, an old friend and follower in happy times of Mediterranean cruizing in *Aigle*, where he was the third lieutenant, Mr. Shanks, secretary, Victor Montagu, flag-lieutenant, all in equally unaccustomed and magnificent array.

We had no sooner entered the town, than the springs of the carriage gave way, and we were forced to submit to a sudden fall in our grandeur, and to walk through the streets on a very hot day in full uniform, until we reached the *ci-devant*

Commander-in-chief's residence in Strada Mezzodi, the "Belgravia" of Valetta. I fear that my inordinate appreciation of the comical somewhat detracted from my gravity, for I was in involuntary fits of laughter at the ludicrous finale of our triumphal entry. Not so poor Sir Robert Smart. If it had been his own instead of his carriage's bones which had been broken, he could not have shown more signs of pain. Passing from him (and what a grand old sailor of 70 summers he was!), I repaired in another rickety vehicle to the acting governor, General Ridley, brother of my House of Commons friend, Sir Matthew. He was all t'other way. Instead of the prim stern admiral, I bowed to an easy-going, and good-looking elderly man, in what appeared to be a dressing-gown, lolling in an armchair, and with whom I soon became on terms of intimacy, for I liked his straightforward and *laisser aller* manner. Next I drove to the Roman Catholic primate and archbishop. He struck me as being a very humble, gentle old man, and all I learnt of him increased my regard for him. He was attended by all sorts of ecclesiastics, and the visit was one of much state, for the palace and all the *entourage* were imposing. In the audience-chamber stood an altar and crucifix, the walls were hung with sacred pictures, the corridor gloomy and spacious, and his astute secretary was the very impersonification of a Jesuit. Our conversation turned chiefly on the eternal war question, which agitated everybody, and the priests were eager to know if England would allow this *spogliamento del Papa* to go on. This closed my programme of official visits.

It appeared that I was now to await those of the minor stars, and accordingly the next few days found me sweltering under the united salaams, compliments, and felicitations of the entire fleet, garrison, and civil government of this funny little island. So again with regard to feeding. What passed through my stomach within that fortnight can never be known to any but one mortal man, and on Sunday, June 3rd, I was on board the *Victoria* cruising off Malta, *Resistance* and *Royal Oak* in company. Do not let me be ungrateful: barring some drawbacks, I had spent a happy and interesting fortnight, and made acquaintance with many estimable men of all the services. I liked much what I saw of them. I went to many Maltese houses, saw many pretty women, and, had I been twenty years younger, I should probably not have been so glad to get out of the harbour with my squadron as I own I was. I found the old prejudice existing between the English and Maltese. The former never will, I suppose, treat other people as equals; so the Maltese, who really are an interesting people with a history, resent this. My arrival, therefore, as an old friend who had always liked them, obviously gave them pleasure. I found much change in details, though generally the *cachet* of Malta is unchangeable. There were fewer beggars than there used to be, and the people were better off. The vast sums spent here during the Russian war—for Malta was the great base of the Crimean operations—have told in all directions; and I must say that the late governor, Sir Gaspard le Marchant, deserved great credit for the many useful

public works and ornaments with which he adorned Valetta. There is not a fine modern building, garden, fountain, statue, or other embellishment which was not the work of "Sir Gaspard."

I must not omit an episode which occurred to me the very day I took the command. I repaired on that occasion on board the *Victoria*. The officers were severally presented to me, and after this ceremony, it being Friday, our routine business was "general quarters." Just as I was giving the necessary orders, a telegram was placed in my hands announcing, "Bank has failed, and your balance is lost." I thus suddenly found myself without funds for six months, away from home, and with the feeling that my poor wife, whom I had left in Paris, might be in straits. It might be supposed that the telegram would have done for me somewhat as a shot from one of my heavy guns, which were clearing for action; yet such is the habit of self-command engendered by naval discipline, that I continued to give my orders, and deferred reflection until I could get quietly into my cabin. Happily, however, my losses were in income, not capital, and I was thankful; but the anxiety I endured was indescribable. There are, however, on such occasions bright sunny spots in the dark clouds. My officers, my relations, especially Arthur Otway, all wanted to lend me money, and I had much ado to make them abstain from forcing it on me.

The squadron was in superb order. I had them manœuvring in every conceivable evolution, both under sail and steam, and under my own eye. How

changed the tone, the style of working, the language and bearing of both officers and men since I was last at sea! Oaths are unheard, the orders are given, and not a word is spoken—no noise, no confusion. I think, too, the fleet liked my coming and living on board, and taking an interest in everybody and everything; in truth, I was in my glory. I could not read nor write much. Every moment I could spare from official correspondence was spent upon, or about the decks of my flagship and the others. The captains and officers were perpetually with me, either on or off duty. We sat down ten or a dozen to dinner daily, and I loved to hear their stories; in short, I had got my peg into a hole which it seemed exactly to fit. Strange it seemed, and somewhat like a dream, that I should have given up an important post in the government and my seat in the House of Commons, and broken up my establishment, all voluntarily, and that I should not as yet have felt one moment's regret. The life, too, was so different. There I was up night after night, often conducting stirring debates; at the office all day, weary, anxious, and fatigued. Here I was like a boy. Up at seven; breakfast with my staff and a couple of mids[hipmen] of the morning watch at eight; public prayers at nine; evolutions either at anchor or under weigh the forenoon; dinner at four. If at sea, we adjourned to the stern gallery with cigars, and heard the music of a very pretty band; or, if we chanced to be at anchor, I had a horse on shore ready saddled to go out with my staff, and this leads me to my plans of campaign.

I proposed to the Admiralty that I should take the squadron to Greece, visiting Zante, Athens, etc., thence to Turkey and Asia Minor, Syria and Egypt, and so return to Malta to winter, to take advantage of weather for various exercises, notably those of steam tactics, not only the ordinary operations of manœuvring in squadron, to which all the Commanders-in-chief have paid great attention, but likewise to a hobby of my own, which I will describe and account for. It appeared to me that in any future war more dependence would have to be placed on individual exertion and skill than in a combined action of squadrons. When combined action is carried on, the smoke from the funnels, and from the fire of these enormous guns, would prevent the necessary signals from being seen. Hence, once a fleet in action, the result will mainly depend on the individual conduct of the several captains, who will have to move about and alter their stations on their own judgment and responsibility, without waiting for signals. In order to do this they should be perfectly acquainted with the qualities and capabilities of their ships, more particularly as to their powers of turning and twisting about in a crowded and close action. Strange to say, however much and admirably the officers had been taught to form lines, columns, etc., there was not one of them who could tell you exactly what his own ship could do in a given and contracted space. The following order was the first offspring of my desire to teach this matter to my fleet, and it is impossible to describe the interest its promulgation excited. Firstly, the novelty

(anything new always tickles sailors); secondly, they probably thought that the new Commander-in-chief was going to do all sorts of odd things. Be that as it may, in one week they all said they had learnt more of managing their ships in this way than all the fleet manœuvres had hitherto taught them. They declared that they could now wind or turn their ships in their own length. Something, no doubt, must be put to the desire to carry out a hobby of their commander; yet I am satisfied that we all learnt much by this simple manœuvre, which can be done without risk, and brought out the individual skill of the captains and engineers astonishingly. I will not say who was best and who worst, but the skilful ones performed the feat in about thirty minutes, the unskilful took an hour, and some did not succeed in performing the figure of eight. When they had all well performed this antic, I had plenty of new diagrams in store for them. The captains begged hard for another week, especially those who had failed; but I told them they must wait a bit, or they would get bored if I gave them too much of my new games at once.

"*Victoria* at Malta, 29 May, 1866.

"MEMORANDUM.

"The Captains and Officers commanding her Majesty's ships, under my orders, are informed that it is my intention to practise the squadron, as opportunities offer, in the following manœuvre. A reference to the diagram will explain precisely what each ship has to perform.

"A, B, C, D are four buoys, placed in the form of a parallelogram, of which the long side will be approximately *four and a half times*, and the short side *three times* the length of the ship. E, F are

two buoys, placed *one length and a half* (*of the ship*) apart, and at even distances from the centre of the parallelogram. The ship is to enter the parallelogram, either between B or D, or between A and C; the exact time of her stern passing the dotted line between the two buoys is to be noted, and she is then to perform a figure of eight, within the parallelogram, by crossing each time between the points E and F, as shown in the diagram, and she will then come out at the opposite side of the parallelogram from that at which she entered—the precise moment of her stern passing between the buoys on leaving the parallelogram being also noted. No ship is to use more than half-boiler power, but she may aid herself in any manner, by the use of sail or otherwise, as may be deemed expedient. When once the ship is within the parallelogram, if any part of her should touch the dotted straight line between the buoys, she will be supposed to have grounded, or should she touch either of the buoys E and F, she will be supposed to have fouled the ships they are intended to represent. In either of these cases the manœuvre must be presumed to have failed. The direction and force of the wind, the state of the sea, and the direction and strength of the current (if any), are to be noted during the experiment.

"(Signed) "C. PAGET,
"Vice-Admiral and Commander-in-Chief.

"To the Rear-Admiral and
respective Captains, etc., etc."

We did some pretty evolutions, ending by dropping our targets in a line by signal, and then approaching them in close column, and having a general action. The firing, however, was not very good. At two o'clock in the morning I gave an "Alerte," after ringing my bell for the sentry to call the flag-lieutenant, and, ordering a cup of coffee for the exhausted staff after the evolutions, I made him hoist the night-signal to man and arm boats of the fleet. Their slumbers were rudely interrupted, and a fleet of gun-boats were formed in line, with every possible thing

in readiness for action, in three-quarters of an hour, when they were sent back to their ships. Each ship had to hoist out all launches, pinnaces, etc., for we were at sea. I had the pleasure next morning to make my first complimentary signal, "Admiral highly satisfied with evolution last night." Such was my first week's fun in command of a squadron. I wonder if they liked it! I think they did, for I excused them much of the monotonous daily drills they had been accustomed to in harbour, and gave them in exchange heaving up and letting go anchors, making and shortening sail, etc.

Meantime the Admiralty did not much like my going away in the then uncertain state of political matters, so our trip to Greece was suspended.

We returned into Malta (Valetta) harbour on Friday, the 15th, having spent just a fortnight outside. This cruise made me acquainted with Gozo, which, during the many years I had been on this station, had never been visited by me. A large party of us left the ships one day at anchor between Malta and Comino, off Marfa, and rowed in the barges to the landing-place of Gozo, lying in a small cove, surmounted by a strong castle, built during the reign of the knights. We found several go-carts, in which we duly ensconced ourselves according to the directions of the driver, which were, first, to hold on tight to the iron rails on either side, and to lie flat on our backs, with our heads on a pillow behind him. In such guise did our party, consisting of Captains Hillyar and Keane, and others, visit the capital Rabato. Strange

as is the form of these vehicles, they are not so very uncomfortable, and when covered with an awning, I should not object to travelling in them. Unfortunately, ours lacked that luxury, and a broiling sun beat on our devoted heads.

Although Gozo is generally very similar to Malta, there are many minor points of difference which are in favour of the former. The hills are more abrupt and picturesque; indeed, there are some which are remarkable for their peculiar conical forms, and there are, too, some ravines, in which there is rich vegetation; but still the absence generally of trees in these islands gives them an air of desolation, although they are richly cultivated and produce abundance of corn, fruit, and vegetables. Our drive was pleasant, and not without excitement, for the pace was terrific, and it required no small amount of holding on to prevent ourselves from being shot out behind like rubbish as we galloped up the hills. We returned to our boats, and after an agreeable row with oars, and the sails to help us, we got on board at 8.30 p.m.

While the officers and ships' companies were amusing themselves in Valetta in a tropical temperature, I thought I would take the opportunity of inspecting the *Hydra*, surveying vessel, then employed in correcting Smyth's chart of Sicily, and at the same time of getting a little fresh sea air. I weighed on Wednesday evening, June 20th, in the *Psyche*. We were off Cape Passaro at daylight, and steamed close along the beautiful shores of Sicily.

We entered Syracuse, but not finding the *Hydra* there, we proceeded for Catania. Signs there were of her. At various points we could see the tents of her surveying parties on the projecting points, and it turned out that she had shifted her berth to Girgenti, whither I should have fetched a compass and followed her, but that the consul of Catania informed my secretary, who had landed, that war was declared by Italy against Austria. Lest he should have any doubts as to the authenticity of the reports, the consul led him out into the streets and showed him the royal proclamation, headed, "Victor Emanuel," and breathing fire and sword, and appealing to the Supreme Ruler for justice, a style exactly followed by the Austrian declaration, which came out a few days later, and which also invoked justice from the Almighty.

My party returned on board, and found me quietly sketching the town and Mount Etna behind. And what a scene it is! Hardly could I quit my sketch to listen to this miserable news. I, however, at once decided to give up my search for the *Hydra*, and to retrace my steps to Malta, where we arrived by 4 a.m. on the 22nd, and went straight to Rear-admiral Kellet's quarter, supposing he might have received some directions from the Admiralty for me. At that hour it is not surprising that he was still in bed; but, true to the naval instinct of seeing what is the matter for one's self, he speedily appeared in nocturnal garb and much "astonied," but with his usual pleasant humour and face. He soon reassured me as to any

orders; in fact, nobody in England, or even in Malta, seemed to be aware that hostilities were to commence on the following day. I, however, without waiting for instructions, wrote an official letter to the Italian Commander-in-chief, Count Persano, requesting him, on the strength of the cordiality and friendship happily existing between our respective nations, to use his utmost endeavours to respect and protect the lives and property of British subjects in any necessary operations. I added that I would send a vessel of war, the *Enterprise*, to aid in this work of humanity. I likewise proposed that some night signal should be established, in order to prevent the possibility of an encounter at night, and I forwarded my despatch by the *Psyche*, desiring her to call at Corfu to send on the *Enterprise*, whose captain received strict injunctions for his guidance in the delicate duty imposed on him.

Being uncertain as to the whereabouts of the Italian fleet, which I had learnt was to proceed from Taranto, to commence operations in the Adriatic, being aware also that the Austrians had three or four ironclads, I was apprehensive lest either of my two little ships might get into trouble between the antagonists at night; and I was very thankful when, on my approaching Patras on the 28th, the *Psyche* made her number. She had in a surprisingly short time done her business. She ran over to Brindisi, learnt from the consul that the Italian fleet, consisting of eleven ironclads and several frigates and small vessels, had passed a few hours before, and she flew after them, coming up with

them off Ancona. They sent a vessel to reconnoitre, and she was told to bring her despatches on board the *Re d'Italia.* After Admiral Persano, the Commander-in-chief, had anchored off Ancona, his Excellency received Lieutenant-commanding Blane very cordially, and charged him with a despatch, assuring me that British life and property should receive the greatest deference and respect.

The fleet were all ready for action, and completely unrigged. They looked, according to Lieutenant Blane's observation, very dirty and slovenly, but business-like. It will be observed that Admiral Persano omitted all allusion to my proposed night signal, which I attribute to the hurry and confusion they appeared to be in. Lieutenant Blane heard from the consul at Ancona, that they intended in a day or two to attack Pola, the head-quarters and arsenal of the Austrian fleet, which lay some forty miles south of Trieste, on the Dalmatian coast; and, as it was reported to be very formidably protected, we expected to hear in a few days of a great naval action. Meantime, it was reported to me that four Austrian ironclads gallantly sallied out, and gave the Italian fleet a broadside off Ancona, on which the latter formed line abreast, and made after the Austrians, who thereupon retired. When one reflects that this naval war was confined to that millpond, one imagines how constant would be the "alertes," for the contending fleets must be always pretty close, their head-quarters—Ancona on the one side, and Pola on the other—being only eighty miles apart. This made me anxious about the

Enterprise, whose main duty was to attend to British interests at Trieste; but, to get there, she would have to run the gauntlet between these two furious adversaries.

I return to my own movements. After despatching the *Psyche*, I resolved to proceed with the squadron to Patras, with the view of being nearer the scene of operations, and yet sufficiently far not to incur the risk of being supposed to be "demonstrative." The wind absolutely declined to help me, and, *contre gré*, I lit the fires, after waiting two days for a breeze, within fifty miles of Malta, leaving the *Resistance* and *Royal Oak* immovable logs.

I found Patras considerably improved since my last visit, in 1843—not in scenery, for Nature could not improve on this bay and approaches, with the entrance to the historic gulf of Lepanto beyond; but *for* a Greek town it has now some pretensions, and, thanks to its only customer, England, whose burly sons consume annually near one million pounds worth of currants in plum-puddings and buns, it is prosperous. There is a little society, composed of currant merchants, who are very agreeable and well informed. They have their villas and currant gardens (by the way, the currants are diminutive grapes), but one detects in conversing with them that it must be a sorry country to live in, owing to the want of personal security. They ever and anon, in riding or driving, point to such and such a spot where a man was stabbed or shot; and the account they gave of the small value set upon life here was very sad. In

spite of this they live and thrive, and bring up stalwart sons and pretty daughters.

We enjoyed a few days' sojourn at Patras much. Our rides in the cool of the evenings were exceedingly agreeable, led by a nice little English girl in perfect park costume, and we sailed in our boats to the Venetian-built castles on either side of the entrance to the Gulf of Lepanto, curious old dilapidated relics of other days, with nothing inside but a few rusty old iron guns without carriages, and lying about are some of the enormous marble shot which the Turks (who possessed this country for two centuries) used to fire from bronze guns of a calibre which enabled two or three boys to crawl into them. I asked one old Greek, who dwelt in the vicinity, what had become of those great brass guns, and he told me that Otho very speedily, after his being elected king, sent them to Trieste, "to be converted into sequins."

It is curious that we should now be running a race among the scientific nations as to who can build the biggest gun, and that as yet none of us (except, perhaps, the Americans) have surpassed in size the Turkish guns of the last century. We received all sorts of telegrams at Patras. The defeat and dissolution of Lord Russell's ministry; the opening of hostilities by a considerable battle in front of the walls of Verona, where the Italian army, under the immediate command of King Victor Emmanuel, received a severe check, and was forced to re-cross the Mincio. The news from Germany was very conflicting, but all reports were to the effect that a million of men were in deadly

conflict. The British minister at Athens, Mr. Erskine, requested me to pay him a visit, rather, I fancy, on an expressed wish of the young King.* And I accordingly proceeded in the *Victoria* to Corinth, crossed the Isthmus in carriages, and embarked in the *Gibraltar* line-of-battle ship for the Piræus of Athens.

I have often visited and have often described in my journals this marvellous and precious relic. Each time I visit Athens my youth seems to reappear and rejoice over its beauties. The sharp and graceful outline of the Acropolis, with its magnificent temples, the rich tints of the vast marble columns, the glorious colours of Mounts Hymettus and Pentelicus, and the deep purple of the Attic sea beyond, impressed me as vividly as when I first visited it as a boy. And what a change in the faces of its occupants! Then the Greek fustanella was the badge of hopeless servitude. The proud Turk lay basking in the porticoes of Minerva. This was during the heat of the War of Independence, when Byron's Maid of Athens was alive and deigned to smile on me. About half way from the Piræus, I asked my host to alight for a moment under a large plane-tree, and to his astonishment I took him a few yards off the road to look at a bit of wall in ruins. Here, when aged thirteen, I was passing on horseback with some companions; outside a small house, or rather hut, were grouped some seventy or eighty Greeks in a circle. In the centre were about a dozen Turkish Spahis, one of whom had a

* Prince George of Denmark had accepted the offer of the Crown of Greece in succession to King Otho.

bloody scimitar in his one hand, while the other held the gory head of a Greek just decapitated, the trunk still shivering. That was the first deed of death I had ever seen, and although I was a witness to scores of such-like horrors during the four years that I served in her Majesty's ship *Naiad* in the Archipelago, none remained so vividly impressed on my mind as this.

On the present occasion there was a party to meet me at the embassy, and I recognized several old acquaintances, General Church, a nonagenarian but most gallant Philhellene who bore many a scar; Mr. Hill—O'Hill, as the Greeks call him—still conducting the education of the Athenian youth. Many more noted persons came, but alas! few of them were the heroes of the war. Nature had long since called away Canaris, Miaulis, the Islanders, Colocotroni, Mavrocordato, etc. We were presented to King George on the following day (July 6th), and dined with him in his marble palace, which, though sadly wanting in exterior decoration, is nobly laid out within. I think the state apartments are as fine as any I have seen—three rooms of colossal dimensions, communicating with one another, not by doors but by colonnades. The dinner was undeniably good, and the rich costume of the waiters rendered it unique. The King, however, did not (as did his predecessor Otho, on a similar occasion) wear the fustanella.

He was a slight, graceful, and elegant boy, very like his sister, the Princess of Wales. He conversed in English pretty correctly, and appeared cheerful—I

might say gay. The party separated after dinner, and he requested me to retire and smoke with him. He showed me his private apartments, and I was pleased to see how much he must be attached to his home and relations from the score of photographs of every person connected with him. With a mournful air he explained all about his household gods, and, despite his evident desire to put a good face on things, I could see he was far from happy, poor boy; and, as our conversation waxed warm, and he unfolded his difficulties and griefs, I felt a sincere sympathy for him.

Mr. Erskine, who was the only other person present besides his Maréchal de Palais, gave him some sincere and sensible advice. I was greatly pleased with him. He asked me to take a drive *tête-à-tête* in a little pony carriage round his garden, and told me that Mr. Erskine was almost the only foreign minister whose advice he sincerely valued. I, too, endeavoured to impress on him many matters which occurred to me. He expressed gratitude to me for coming and bringing the squadron to the coast of Greece, and related the extraordinary influence it had all over the country. This pleased me, as I had really come rather against the wish of Lord Clarendon, because I thought the presence of the squadron might help that unhappy country. I summed up my advice by telling him to get rid of a large amount of useless expenditure, to organize a strong police force, and pursue the brigands into the mountains, take possession of the few watering-places,

without which they cannot exist, and make some roads through the country, to develop its vast resources, and to induce foreign capitalists to bring their funds. "But," said he, "I have no money, and the chamber of deputies of my ministers are changed almost monthly." I hinted that he should show himself an example of economy, and he replied that the gigantic palace was not constructed by him, and that he had barely enough servants to keep it clean. In short, I laboured long and diligently to tell him the truth, and it was dark before we parted, most cordially, and with a promise, on his part, to pay me a visit on board the *Victoria*.

The heat of Athens was fearful; nevertheless, I went in the evening to the house of the secretary of legation, Mr. Phipps, the son of my old and beautiful friend, Mrs. E. Phipps. He had married a charming girl, who was adored by everybody, and who did the honours of her house to us perfectly.

I returned as I came, and was glad to find myself, Sunday, July 8th, aboard my flagship, off Corinth. The occasion was largely taken by the officers to visit Athens, and they appeared delighted with their trip. Nor let me fail to admit, in spite of my criticisms, that Athens and the Piræus had been vastly enlarged and improved since my last visit to Sir Edmund Lyons in 1844. Gas had been introduced. Shades of Aristides!

The bell called me to evening service as at mine own home. Nothing could be prettier than these ship services. We had a good, rather High

Church chaplain, an excellent choir, and a harmonium played by an assistant-paymaster; and there was an earnestness in the congregation rarely met with on shore. Strange to say, as yet I could not induce the sailors to come to the sacrament table *on board.* They often communicated on shore, but they had a sort of shyness which I endeavoured by example to break through.

The Gulf of Lepanto is as beautiful as anything I have ever seen. On either side it is bordered by ranges of mountains, the names of which are familiar to all. Parnassus consists of a range of sharp irregular zigzag and frowning heights, with the grotto of Delphi, which I had sketched in former years. The opposite heights above Corinth, and along both sides of the gulf, are of the same character; the shores of the greenest and freshest verdure, and dotted here and there are villages at various elevations, with their little spots of cultivated land.

A traveller visiting these regions for the first time would have a difficulty in believing that a country so favoured by Nature, and apparently so smiling, is infested with brigands so completely that no one dares to travel without a considerable guard, and there are constant tales of horror committed by these mountaineers. Towards the entrance, which is guarded by the two famous but ruined castles already described, the gulf narrows, and the scenery becomes sublime.

At four, the *Victoria* returned to her anchorage at Patras—the first (and I may safely say the last) three-decker which has navigated these waters. The

place was in a great bustle, for the King telegraphed to me his intention of paying me a visit. I replied by inviting him to a dinner and dance. Nothing amused the people more than the anticipation of a ship's ball, and accordingly everybody in and out of the squadron were as busy as bees. Patras then produced about forty dancing *young* ladies, and twenty dancing old ones. Now, in this ship alone, I have more than a hundred dancing young men, and I have besides invited the officers of *Resistance*, *Assurance*, and *Racer*, comprising as many more, to whom must be added the males from the king's yacht and from the town, and I wondered how they were each to have even one turn with the dark-eyed ones. But there was one coming who was a host in herself, the same pretty Mrs. Phipps whom I met at Athens, and telegraphed for to do the honours, and who was strictly enjoined to satisfy the disappointed ones with a smile from her very classic lips.

The *fête* came off on Monday, July 16th, and was very successful, notwithstanding the unpunctuality of his Majesty, who instead of arriving at six to dinner did not appear till later.

Mr. Erskine arrived at four from Corinth, where I had sent the *Assurance* to meet him, and informed me that the day before the King had decided to come round by sea in his corvette *Hellas*, and had started at nine. Now the distance by sea from Athens to Patras is near three hundred miles, and it was evident, as the *Hellas* does not accomplish above seven to eight knots, he could not arrive before ten. So we had our

dinner, and the folks came off to the dance. There were many really pretty people, and all were very well dressed. The quarter-deck was converted into a vast bell-tent, draped with many-coloured flags, and the dancing proceeded vigorously in spite of our disappointment.

The King at length, however, at eleven, made his appearance, amid the thunder of guns and the brilliancy of whole bunches of blue lights from all sides. The effect of his arrival in the ball-room was heightened by a guard of honour across the deck giving a singularly *bizarre* effect to the scene by the addition of the military ceremonial, added to which I had caused seats to be provided in the hammock nettings for the sailors, who thus formed, with their straw hats, bronzed faces, and milk-white frocks, a very characteristic fringe or border to the picture. Then followed the presentation of the officers, and afterwards the general company wound up by a quadrille of ceremony, in which I was obliged to take a part. The affair then assumed the ordinary features, and went on till four a.m., when the King returned under the same salutes, lights, and ceremonies as he came, and steamed away to Corfu. Mr. Erskine followed at a much later hour in the *Racer*.

The daily exciting telegrams as to the war, often quite contradictory, according to the source they came from, continued; but it was evident that the Prussians were all victorious in the north, while the Austrians, by sea and land, were too many for the Italians. Here in Greece, as everywhere else, there was much

excitement and uneasiness, and I had to send ships in all directions to calm the British residents. Truly, there had arisen a storm in Europe which was likely to place us all under low sails. The heat, too, was very oppressive, and the combatants must have in every sense had a hot time of it. By dint, however, of various precautions, we managed to keep the thermometer in and about my cabin below 88°. When the wind blew from the westward, that is, the sea breeze, the air was refreshing; but at other times the heated blasts were very oppressive.

I spent a couple of days with the ships on the opposite side of the bay near Cape Papa. We had our practice at the target, and although nearly thirteen miles distant, the reports of our guns shook the houses of Patras. Indeed, during our quarters at midnight, the people rose from their beds, supposing an earthquake, to which they are very liable, had occurred.

The new ministry was formed at last, and *Punch* was inimitable, exhibiting Lord Derby as a doughty old knight, with his page, Dizzy, buckling on his old armour, which he had outgrown since he was last called on to fight.

I was not altogether pleased with one of the first acts of the new Admiralty, which was headed by my old House of Commons antagonist, Sir John Pakington.* I proposed to them that I should run up to Constantinople, and consult Lord Lyons as to the state of the Turkish ports, and the probable demands on me for ships. My Lords, however, declined to let

* See "Remarks on Board of Admiralty" in Appendix II.

me move. I suppose, in truth, that at this crisis they were afraid of letting me go out of the reach of the telegraph; and so I was fixed, nor had I any reason to complain of the place, though it was always advisable to keep the ships moving about.

We had an exciting report of a naval action between the Italians and Austrians off Lissa, in which, as far as we could make out, the former got a licking, although superior in numbers—the most unaccountable fact being that an Austrian line-of-battle ship beat off four ironclads. I had amused myself in painting a *punka*, a gigantic fan, which was suspended over the dining-table on hinges above. By a string it was moved backwards and forwards over our head, then producing a delightful current of air. It admitted of lively art, so on one side I painted children swinging, and on the reverse some devils performing capers. In the arts, I may say, generally, I was not idle, for the scenery of this country would inspire any one. I sent the *Royal Oak* to Zante for a few days, and the *Resistance* I was obliged to send to Naples, so we were literally alone; but I was expecting Inglefield and Coote with the *Prince Consort*, and *Gibraltar*, when I hoped we should have had some cruises. I, however, got intelligence that an armistice between the belligerents had been agreed to, and that there was every prospect of peace.

This war will have been one of the most remarkable in history. Two months since Europe was in profound peace; in that interval more than a million of men have been marshalled, some half a dozen

pitched and bloody battles have been fought. Prussia, believed by every one to have been inferior to Austria, has made a triumphant march to the gates of Vienna, has overrun the southern states of Germany, overthrowing every army, without exception, that has been opposed to her. To what is this unprecedentedly successful campaign to be attributed? They say the needle-gun; but I cannot but think public opinion in Germany must have had its share, and much as I condemn the tortuous and bullying career of Count Bismarck, I cannot but admit that he must possess wonderful sagacity in addition to the unscrupulous audacity for which he is celebrated. He must have had good reason to know that the perilous crusade he was undertaking, of carrying his troops some eight hundred miles from their resources, leaving behind him in his march many strong fortresses and whole corps of the enemy, would have been madness if the populations were really opposed to Prussia. The fact is that Germany, particularly the north, has long sighed to be under one single efficient government. Bismarck seized the opportunity, and has triumphed. Success covers a multitude of sins, and, so far as England is concerned, we have no reason to regret the advent of a vast, powerful, and Protestant rival to France.

But the news brought was important to me personally. I got a telegram from the Admiralty giving me full liberty to visit Constantinople; so I telegraphed to Lord Lyons that I accepted his invitation, and started on Monday evening, August 6th, in the *Psyche* with my staff, and arrived at the

Dardanelles on the 8th, and at Constantinople at 9 a.m. on the 9th.

Having taken *pratique*, I ran up to the ambassador's residence at Therapia, on the Bosphorus, and disembarked. Lord Lyons gave us a hearty welcome, and his hospitality, as is well known, is princely. There is a drawback attending the pleasure of high functionaries to which I had largely to submit, viz. the endless visits of ceremony. First, the Corps Diplomatique, who congregate at Therapia and Buyukdere, two villages charmingly placed at the upper end of the Bosphorus, where, especially at the former, you are constantly regaled with the delicious breeze of the Black Sea.

The mode of visiting and the locomotion are so curious, that I must give some description of the conveyance in which I may say I passed the principal part of three days. The magnificent state caique we had was about fifty feet long, pulled by ten oars. The patron sits up on the stern to steer, next to him were the ambassadors' cavasses, and, on low seats, the company. The effect of these boats darting along the smooth waters of the Bosphorus is charming, and the feel of travelling in them still more charming. The whole thing, the gorgeous attire of the patron and cavasses, etc., is singular and Oriental.

I will not describe the shores of the Bosphorus, as everybody has either seen them or photographs or pictures of them, and I will only add that nothing can surpass them in beauty. But I want to advert to a characteristic of this place which I do not think appears

to have struck other travellers equally with myself. You observe an odd, dismal-looking building, and you are told that is the "aali," or villa of a Pacha. They literally line the shores; all built of wood and nearly alike, some with more, some with less of the pavilions. Some of the rich Pachas have as many as a dozen—the oddest, endless-looking things you can imagine. Behind and beyond are gardens, each Pacha's garden being itself divided into two parts by a very high wall. Some of the windows are closed by diamond-fashioned shades, somewhat like the trellis-work of a garden, only so close are the bars that it is impossible to see within, although the inmates can see perfectly what goes on without. Here are immured the fair ones, and, to do them justice, what I saw through their very transparent "yashmaks," or veils, while they were squatting on the ground or driving about in lumbering carriages at the Sweet Waters of Asia, leads me to think they are above par in respect of beauty.

But within these walls what a dreadful life must be passed! I never passed these silent abodes without a kind of oppressive feeling of curiosity, and I think that this peculiar feature of the Bosphorus is as striking as any amongst its unique characteristics. M. Pisani, the second dragoman of the embassy (his brother, Count Pisani, is the first), accompanied us on all occasions, and from him I learnt a good deal concerning these remarkable people.

It does seem marvellous to me, not that the financial, moral, and social status of the Turks should

be so low, but that—with such utter ignorance of the means by which Christian nations govern themselves, and the ludicrously childish habits of the principal people—there should be any government at all. The Sultan himself was hourly occupied in the most frivolous pursuits. He never read a book; his greatest pleasure consisted in building "kiosks" and palaces. The Bosphorus was studded with them. He would commence a noble palace, only to pull it down when half finished, and recommence it, and repeat this more than once. Any sinister omen—a crow passing over it, for instance—would prevent his ever putting foot in it again. So, with any matters on which he had to decide, he sought for omens. In fact, his superstition seemed to be beyond belief.

The Pachas who rule this vast empire rise from some menial office by the favour of some previous Pacha, generally wholly uneducated. A few, indeed, had visited Christian countries and studied; but, for instance, the Capudan Pacha, the third man in the empire (Mahomet Ali), and who had the charge of the navy, was unable to read. Yet, with all this, the Turks are intelligent, and, I must say, honourable men. A Turk's word may generally be depended on, and, if he fails to keep it, the cause is indolence rather than wilful falsehood. It fell to my lot to visit the whole of the authorities, from the Sultan downwards, with the exception of the Grand Vizier, who was ill, and I assert that their manners, voices, and movements were superior to those of any Christian court I visited.

The Koran is of course the foundation of their system; most of their customs are enjoined by it. Thus it is observed in every Turkish town, that they are almost surrounded with forests of cypress trees, among which lay their dead. The Koran enjoins that at every funeral a tree shall be planted. You see pretty marble fountains everywhere. Mahomet told them that on every occasion in which some happiness befel a man, or that he wanted something, he was to build a public fountain.

The treatment of their women is equally based on religious grounds. The women enjoy much more liberty than is generally supposed. They put on their veil and go out, attended by their eunuch. No one asks where they go; indeed, their husbands cannot well recognize them, for, except variety in colour of dress, there is not the smallest difference amongst them. A long loose cloak of blue and pink, yellow, green, or other simple colour; a pair of clumsy yellow boots or slippers—making their feet appear as large as a man's—with the eternal "yashmak," or veil, completes their costume and hides their features. True, the very pretty ones wear the most transparent of "yashmaks" when walking in public; but if they are out on a *partie fine*, they may wear a thicker one. What a pretty sight it is to see hundreds of them squatting—they never sit—cross-legged, on Persian mats, around the fountains! Their children are lovely, and are dressed in the most gorgeous style.

A Turk never deserts a woman. If he has reason to believe her to be unfaithful, or if they cannot agree,

he carries his case before the court of Ulema, where, with the consent of both parties, he easily obtains a divorce; but a certain sum is annually assured to her. The children are invariably under the charge of the father. It used to be the custom to get rid of scolding or unfaithful spouses by consigning them to a bag and the Bosphorus, but all accounts agree that that summary process has ceased. The only really old-fashioned Turkish custom which is still said to be retained, is the destruction of male children of Pachas who have married any of the sultan's daughters; but the heir-apparent, who by the laws of Turkey is the eldest relative of the Sultan, instead of, as was invariably the custom, being bow-strung, is now suffered to live in seclusion near the person of the Sultan. This, *cæteris paribus*, is somewhat like our own habit of excluding the heir-apparent from any political occupation. The result is that the Sultans are usually profoundly ignorant of the ways of the world.

A remarkable proof of the natural mildness of the government and of the rectitude of the people is to be found in the fact that nowadays executions are almost unknown, and that a population of about a million inhabitants are governed by a few police, and grave crimes are rare; while the Rayah population of Pera, who are under the protection and jurisdiction of their several consuls, are very troublesome.

Such is an imperfect sketch of a people and their rulers, who had, at the time of which I write, little or no literature, no press, no public opinion, no parliament—in fact, pure despotism.

Our audience of the Sultan took place at the palace of Begler Beg, on the Asiatic shore, a building constructed by the reigning Sultan, somewhat in the richly decorated Renaissance style. It was surrounded with gardens—those in the rear being on terraces, and very prettily laid out. There were several marble kiosks or summer-houses, containing gorgeously furnished apartments. Attached to the garden, and approached by an avenue with statues of horses, dogs, stags, etc. (the human form is forbidden by Mahomet), were the stables, which contained eighteen barbs for the Sultan's own riding; very beautiful creatures they were, all natives of Bagdad. The Sultan took much delight in riding. At a remote corner of the garden, and overlooked by one of the kiosks, was a rather mean-looking building, surrounded by a high wall, in which dwelt the sultanas. We peeped out of the window of the kiosk on them without avail.

The palace itself was very handsomely furnished in the European style, with sofas, chairs, clocks, carpets, etc. It is a pity that the old Turkish divan is out of date. This was but a spurious copy of the Tuileries.

We were ushered into a large apartment, accompanied by a train of attendants, who brought pipes and coffee, the mouthpieces and *sous tasses* superbly set in diamonds. This was the only remnant of the "*vieille cour.*" The attendants and the Sultan himself were dressed in the horrible modern surtout coat, without ornament, white trousers and boots, and the

hideous skull-cap or fez, which had assumed a more than ordinarily ugly form to fit the head and allow air to percolate underneath.

The Sultan stood to receive us, and, after the usual civilities, asked me how I liked his ironclads, thanking me very much for the assistance I gave him in constructing them. It so happened that while I was Secretary to the Admiralty they were built in England by contract, but under the direction of the Admiralty, and I had had a good deal of bother about them. His face was certainly handsome, his eyes betokening his descent from the Circassian slave, with the gazelle-like orbs. His features were regular; a calm and somewhat sad expression of voice was noticeable; his beard and moustache, of jet black, covered the lower part of his face; his figure inclined to *embonpoint*, and was rather above the middle height—such was Abdul Assiz, whom the ambassador addressed, while delivering a letter from the Queen announcing the marriage of her daughter, "High and mighty Sultan, Lord of the Eastern Empire." The interview lasted about twenty minutes, when he graciously invited us to see his gardens and horses.

My visits to the high officials were much of the same character, except that the Capudan Pacha received me on board the old Mahmoudic three-decker, with yards manned and a salute, and I had to receive similar visits from them, giving them a glass of wine and a cigar, instead of pipes and coffee, by their own particular desire.

The last rays of the sun were gilding the Seraglio

Point and Golden Horn, the former of which has lost, alas! much of its beauty since the destruction by fire of the famous "seraglio," when we steamed off on our return. Nothing could equal the enchanting panorama behind us. We spent the night crossing the Sea of Marmora, and daylight found us back at the Dardanelles.

Among the many polite attentions of the officials "the seraskier" invited me to fire one of the monster guns at those forts, and I landed for this purpose, under a salute from the Pacha who accompanied me. There were, I think, eight or nine of them on the Asian side, and some more on the European shore. The largest I measured had a diameter of bore of twenty-five inches, about three times that of our large guns. It was of bronze, and showed numerous dents from the effects of shot, as they informed us, fired by Duckworth. This, the only gun which was fit to fire—the carriages of the others being decayed—was prepared. Unfortunately, there were numerous merchant ships anchored, for shelter from a gale which was blowing, in the line of fire. The Pacha sent a boat to order them off, but I begged him not to enforce it, as they would probably have got foul of one another. So I reluctantly gave up the thing, which was, perhaps, the most interesting object of my visit to Constantinople, and it was the more to be regretted as they had on only one previous occasion granted this privilege, and that was for Prince Alfred. The Sultan occasionally indulged himself with a shot.

It is remarkable that we should now be returning

to a style of armament similar in principle to that adopted by Sultan Murad (I think), three hundred years ago. The only defect in these guns seemed to be their want of mechanism for training; in other respects, I believe, they would be very troublesome to armoured ships even.

I bid adieu to these famous shores, having decided for the hundredth time that the Turks are on the whole fine fellows, with good horses, pretty wives, and a delightful country. If they would only be satisfied with one wife *at a time*, it would be better; but still, with all their faults, I like them.

We almost lived on the delicious fruits supplied us by the Capudan Pacha as a present on parting, and the taste with which the dishes of peaches, grapes, apples, pears, figs, etc., were grouped and ornamented could only have been due to the fair hands of the royal sultana, to whom the Sultan had married him, and who, it was said, kept him in very good order.

I passed a few hours at Smyrna and Candia, on my return to the glorious old three-decker, arriving at Patras on the morning of the 17th inst—just ten days away. There I heard that the new ministry were installed.

After collecting the squadron at Patras, I resolved to put to sea for evolutions and gradually work my way round the coast of Sicily. We found ourselves in due time off Syracuse, after a fortnight's cruise of lovely weather and interesting manœuvres. I had requested Mr. Elliot, our minister at Florence, to beg the Italian government to forego in our favour an

absurd and inhospitable regulation of Bourbon days, forbidding the entry of more than three vessels of war into their harbours. I set forth the inconvenience and discomfort of having to separate the squadron whenever we required to enter an Italian port for refreshments, and I contrasted the system with ours at Malta, where large foreign, and especially Italian, squadrons not only were allowed to enter but were constantly docked and repaired at our yard. Mr. Elliot failed in his negotiation, but I afterwards found other means to approach the Italian government. The result, however, at the time, was that we distributed ourselves between Syracuse and the neighbouring port of Augusta, at which latter place I spent a fortnight making excursions to Catania and Syracuse, visiting among other antiquities the famous ear of Dionysius. The legend is to the effect that that worthy, like all tyrants (of which he was the chief), wished unseen to hear all that was said by state prisoners and political delinquents; and certainly this vast chamber, said to have been built for such a purpose, is of so curious a construction, that almost any conjecture is warrantable as to its uses. The echo within is something unique; a small pistol fired will continue to reverberate for five or six minutes. Some suppose that it was connected with the theatre adjacent, and served to convey the thunder which we moderns imitate with plates of iron. Whatever were its uses, it is a stupendous cavern cut in the side of a perpendicular cliff. The excavation of it produced material for building, and it might only have been excavated

for that purpose. Its entrance follows a wavy direction like the coils of a shell, to a distance of many hundred feet, and has been likened to the drum of the ear; hence its appellation. The only foundation, if it can be called so, of the legend is, that near the entrance and close underneath the roof is a small chamber, excavated in the side, in which Dionysius is said to have pursued his eavesdropping, and which he could do with ease. The height of the cavern is something like one hundred feet. There are other somewhat similar excavations in the neighbourhood, and there are extensive catacombs which are worth visiting.

Many officers of the squadron "did" Mount Etna, and I "did" Catania. We were pursued with revolutions. I left Patras partly to prevent any assumptions and surmises that I was there to encourage the Greeks in their designs on Candia, which was in a state of rebellion. I no sooner arrived at Augusta than I learnt that a rebellion had broken out at Palermo, and some of the French papers asserted that it was the English squadron which was fomenting it! We were then one hundred miles distant. It hastened my departure, however, and prevented my visiting the north coast of Sicily, as I had intended; so I collected the squadron, and sailed leisurely along the coast of Sicily, thus getting a distant view of Girgenti, Marsala, etc. Beautiful as is this favoured island, its southern coasts are not inviting from seaward. A fine easterly wind sprang up, and tempted me westward; so I passed Nelson's Anchorage, Favignano, and close by Maritimo, and

looked in at Cagliari in Sardinia. Here again I was met by this insensate Italian regulation as to ships, and so, instead of anchoring in the harbour, to the disgust of the inhabitants I brought up in Quarto bay, some seven miles off, expressing my regret to the prefect that I could neither give the hospitalities of the fleet nor accept those of the inhabitants. It so happened that just at this moment the Italian government had imposed a heavy forced loan on their subjects to defray the expenses of the late war, and the good people of Cagliari went in a body to their governor and complained that, while on one hand they were drawing the utmost soldo from their pockets, they were depriving them of the advantage of selling their wares in a good market—the rich English fleet. The clamour became so hot that the prefect telegraphed to Florence, and an answer came next morning to invite the squadron into the harbour; but I had already made arrangements to depart, so expressing my regret and promising to pay them another visit, I departed on the following morning, the 30th of September, for Portmahon. I felt certain the Spaniards would receive us with cordiality. Our usual luck, a fine fair wind, accompanied us, and a couple of days, during which we performed all kinds of evolutions, brought us to that beautiful harbour. I sent the *Enterprise* ahead to announce our arrival to the authorities. What was my dismay to see the little vessel coming out to meet us with the quarantine flag flying! Spain had, without giving any notice, imposed ten days' quarantine on all comers whatever. Having got so far, I was not

disposed to return without communicating, the more so that I had concocted a scheme for bringing my wife and children once more to my side after six months' separation. Italy and France were both infected with cholera, and under a quarantine of twenty-one days with Malta; consequently, I could not get at my family from either of those countries. But it occurred to me to write to them from Augusta, advising them to come to Avignon, which is a railway station with lines to Marseilles, Nice, and Perpignan. I told them of my intention to go to Sardinia and possibly to Portmahon, and at Avignon they were to await further intelligence and directions. Punctually to orders they were at Avignon.

Unfortunately, on my arrival at Portmahon, I found the submarine telegraph with Barcelona broken; but I despatched a letter to the consul at that place, desiring him to telegraph to our minister at Madrid, to request that Lady Clarence might pass the Spanish frontier without passports or examination of luggage. He was also to telegraph to her at Avignon that I had arrived, and that I would go in the *Psyche* to Rosas to meet her. My only alarm now was lest there should be a *cordon sanitaire* along the frontier, which would upset all my plans. We enjoyed ourselves as best we could in quarantine, and I awaited with anxiety the working of my plot.

One evening Captain Inglefield gave us a lecture on board the *Victoria*, in the middle of which a letter was put into my hands—just arrived by packet from Barcelona—containing the joyful intelligence that

Lady Clarence would be at Perpignan on the 15th; that orders had gone to the frontier to pass her and her family; that there was no *cordon sanitaire*, and, although France was in quarantine with Spain by sea, there was no prohibition to free communication by land. This was all most promising, and I decided to start the moment we were in *pratique* in the *Psyche*, and take Inglefield with me to meet our party; and most joyful was our reunion with them at Perpignan, and our return with the whole party over the Pyrenees to Rosas.

This involved sleeping a night at a wretched Spanish town Figueras; but although the cooking was bad, and the sleeping accommodation worse, we were merry as larks, and arrived next morning at Portmahon at eight, after a pleasant passage of twenty hours. The squadron received us with the bands playing, and the effect was pretty in passing down the line.

Portmahon was as dull a place as can well be imagined; but it offered this pleasing contrast to other Spanish towns, that it was scrupulously clean—a virtue which it owes to a hundred years of British rule, the remembrance of which is cherished to this day. The only hill in this island is dignified with the name of mountain—Monte Tors, and its summit is crowned with a convent. We made a large party among the squadron, and picnicked within its old walls. This was accomplished in the native carriages or busses, which have a convenient arrangement of a landau or rather cabriolet hood for the sitters on the box, which might well be copied.

The principal folks came off to pay their visits to my Lady, who gave them a luxury unknown there—ices made from our excellent ice-machine on board. I take this opportunity of singing its praises, for, in addition to daily blocks—one pound weight for breakfast, lunch, and dinner—it was eminently useful in the sick bay, and I really believe contributed greatly towards saving the life of a middy who fell from the foretop of the *Gibraltar* a few days afterwards.

On our return to Malta, the squadron put into Favignano. It is strange that this anchorage should not have been used by squadrons; no one, indeed, had ever heard of it. Here we spent several days, which we devoted to shot and shell practice; and, finally, we completed our summer's cruise by entering Malta on November 1st, after performing some interesting evolutions under steam, with a view of ascertaining what would be the common speed of several ships of different horse-power, towing one another at full speed. Thus *Victoria* towed *Gibraltar* and *Cruiser*, *Prince Consort* towed *Royal Oak* and *Enterprise*. On comparison with the same ships acting separately, I found the following result:—

Victoria	}	together.
Gibraltar		
Cruiser		
Prince Consort	}	together.
Royal Oak		
Enterprise		

The united consumption of coals about the same, whether together or separate. I then tried towing

with only the towing ship under steam, the rest quiescent, with the following results:—

Victoria towing *Gibraltar* and *Cruiser*	*Prince Consort* towing *Royal Oak* and *Enterprise*

The general effect of this short trial led me to think that the risk is greater than the gain of speed given to the slower ships in the first trial, and that the second may be, on many occasions, most usefully and economically done, and that the ships should be practised at it again.

The Admiralty House, under my Lady's auspices, was the scene of much gaiety, and she agreed with me that the Maltese should be treated like our own countrymen—a sentiment, alas! not shared generally by the British residents. The consequence was that they were very grateful, and I had the satisfaction of seeing her beloved here as everywhere else. It matters not what duty she is set to perform, it is done with indescribable ease and grace. I remember the gratitude expressed by the Duke of Somerset for the way she did the honours of the Admiralty at Cherbourg and Brest. I never saw that impassable character so impassioned as when he described her reception of the French admirals and generals.

Having received a letter from Mr. Gladstone, telling me that he and some other of my old House of Commons colleagues would be at Naples, I resolved to run over and meet them in the *Caradoc*.

Unluckily my answer had miscarried, and they had left for England the day before. This was a great disappointment. I should much have liked to talk over our old campaigns, and to hear what the prospects of our now-dislocated party were.

I spent my one day between the museum and Pompeii. The excavations had been enormously extended since my last visit, twenty years before. About one-half of the city was now laid bare, including all the public buildings and fashionable quarters. The whole circuit had been ascertained beyond a doubt, for it was a walled town, with towers and gates at intervals. It is apparent that at the moment of the catastrophe the public buildings were generally undergoing renovation and embellishment, and the substitution of marble columns, friezes, etc., for the plain stone ones, in the forum and temples, shows that it was prosperous and, under a vigorous "Prefet," was being metamorphosed, like Paris of our own day. But what is so curious, and brings home to one the suddenness of its destruction, is the fact that many of these friezes, etc., are only partly finished, others wholly so, and lying on the ground ready for lifting, and so much impeding the thoroughfare that undoubtedly they would have been in their places in a few days. The details of the state of the private houses and shops are still more striking. In several bakers' shops were found loaves of bread in the ovens, half baked, and perfectly preserved, the form of the loaves ranging in the several shops exactly as we see in the present day, stamped with the baker's name.

This daily increase of knowledge of the *vie intime* of a highly civilized though very debauched people of 1800 years since is of absorbing interest. One thing is clear, that they were, like ourselves, the slaves of fashion in building. Each house has the same character. You enter a plain doorway, leading to a marble court, with a fountain in the centre, surrounded by a covered arcade, under which are doors at intervals, opening into the sleeping chambers, or rather closets of the males. Beyond is a second somewhat similar court, separated from the first by a passage (which is the audience chamber, or guest-receiving room) with doors, and around it are the sleeping apartments of the ladies. In all, the walls are adorned by the pretty, but monotonous frescoes called "Pompeian." There is a staircase and a second floor in some houses, leading to the flat roof, on which the inhabitants, like those of the Eastern countries at the present day, spent most of their evenings. What is most revolting to our ideas is that even in the ladies' and children's apartments the frescoes are usually of an indelicate description. The public baths are numerous, and much resemble those of Eastern towns of the present day, with all the apparatus for shampooing; but I could not ascertain that the Pompeians had any luxury answering to the delicious nargilleh, so indispensable after a Turkish bath. The shameless exhibition of public brothels by signs, both painted and sculptured, is common, even in the principal streets. Judging from their dwellings, I should pronounce the inhabitants of Pompeii to have been a prim

and neat people, of small incomes, with much taste, but wholly devoid of our notions of chastity and delicacy. They must have been principally merchants and shopkeepers, as almost every house has a shop on one or both sides of its doorway, with an entrance to the body of the house from behind, and, with one or two exceptions, they are small, low, and inconvenient. Evidently the people lived much out of doors, on their roofs, or in the arcades of the forum and temples and theatres.

I do not think the superintendent of the excavations (who is also curator of the museum, and who was particularly civil to me, and showed me much that is not usually allowed to be seen) expects that more of novelty will be discovered as to buildings; but of course each day brings forth treasures of art.

I brought back with me to Malta, Algernon Borthwick, Jem Wortley, and Colonel Clarke, the Admiralty Director of Works, who took part in some capital *tableaux vivants*, arranged by Lady Clarence, with the assistance of Captain Inglefield.

CHAPTER VIII.

MEDITERRANEAN—VISIT TO EGYPT, ETC., 1867.

In the middle of the winter orders arrived that a squadron should proceed to Alexandria, and that the Commander-in-chief should accompany it as a special envoy from her Majesty, to invest the Viceroy of Egypt with the Order of the Bath in her name, and to omit nothing which would evince her regard for his Highness. Such were the words of my instructions, and I will now relate how the Queen's desires were carried out.

As there was not sufficient depth of water in Alexandria for the ironclads, the *Arethusa* frigate was ordered from Athens, the *Endymion* frigate from Malta, the *Racer* corvette from Syria, the *Cruiser* corvette from Malta, to meet me at Alexandria; and, embarking in the *Psyche*, with my family and staff, together with Captains Inglefield of the *Prince Consort* and Stanhope of the *Ocean*, as attachés, and a considerable number of naval and military officers in the *Caradoc*, we left Malta on Thursday, January 24th, and after a pleasant three days' run, arrived at Alexandria on the Sunday following at noon.

The squadron, which had already arrived, saluted

and manned yards, as I had previously ordered, with a view of giving as much *éclat* as possible to the mission. The forts and a French frigate also saluted. What with the visits of officials in the fullest of uniforms, and the guards of honour and salutes on landing, we were in a whirl of magnificence which was a little irksome. An enormous palace was placed at our disposal, where we found dinner laid for twenty-four persons. Carriages and four, with outriders and running footmen, awaited us at the landing-place, in which we drove to Pompey's Pillar, Cleopatra's Needle, and the rest of the sights. A very intelligent officer, Sami Bey, Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs, was attached to the mission.

The following day we spent on board our dear little *Psyche*, instead of at the palace; not that we were insensible to this attention of the Viceroy, but because it was the Sabbath.

I was in hopes that the Khedive would have arranged that the ceremony of investiture should take place at Alexandria, as the presence of the squadron would have added considerably to the effect; but I received a message from his Highness that he desired to receive the high honours accorded by her Majesty in the midst of his people, and he requested that the mission should proceed to Cairo for the purpose. So we started by a special train, in gorgeous state carriages, the ladies' apartment being in real Eastern style, provided with gauze blinds; but they did not appear to appreciate this delicate attention, and speedily joined the masculine portion.

Nothing can exceed the monotony of this dead flat travelling. The speed, however, was good, and we only stopped at one station, where a pretty apartment was improvised, decked with flags and flowers, and refreshments were provided. On passing the numerous mud villages, the poor fellaheen turned out and made their graceful salaams, and we crossed the chocolate-coloured Nile over the bridge where took place the accident which terminated the lives of several high personages some years hence, and of which dark stories are related. Unfortunately, in this country, great people cannot go to their rest without being helped out of the world.

On arrival at Cairo, we found a beautiful palace, the "Kars el Nusar," had been prepared for us by the Viceroy's orders, and there we were sumptuously entertained during our visit. The ceremony of investiture took place on the 30th, and as the *Times* gave an excellent report of the proceedings, it is here appended.

The Times, February 12th, 1867.

THE VICEROY OF EGYPT, G.C.B.

Cairo, February 1, 1867.

The morning of the 30th of January was far from propitious. Cairo was enveloped in a damp mist, in singular contrast with the late lovely weather; but about ten o'clock the clouds broke, and the sun shone forth as lovely an Eastern day as any of the preceding.

By invitation of the Consular authorities, we all assembled at the Kars el Nusar about 10.30 a.m., and a little before eleven the procession started.

A troop of lancers, in double file, led the way. The Admiral

and Colonel Stanton followed in a magnificent state carriage; seventeen more vehicles sufficed to carry the military and naval officers in full uniform. Sami Bey, following, drew the line between officials and civilians, and the whole *cortége* of twenty-five carriages started for the Abbasieh.

At a funeral pace we went the longer way through the town, through the interminable bazaars, past the mosque of six hundred years and more, through the Bab el Nasr, the famous gate of victory of Arabian Nights' renown, across the hot sandy desert, then through long files of lancers and infantry, until the *cortége* stopped carriage by carriage at the Palace of Abbas.

As Lord Clarence Paget, accompanied by Colonel Stanton, and followed by the whole retinue, entered the magnificent hall, the Viceroy advanced to meet him with profound salutations. Lord Clarence Paget then stood facing the Viceroy, surrounded by a small staff. On his right stood Colonel Ross and Captain Inglefield; on his left Colonel Stanton and Captain Stanhope, while the officers and officials, entering in double file, formed in two large crescents around this centre group.

Captain Inglefield, then advancing, read a document authorizing Lord Clarence to invest his Highness Ismail Pasha with the Grand Cross of the Bath.

Lord Clarence Paget expressed the satisfaction he felt in being chosen, together with so many distinguished officers of both services, to invest his Highness with an order which had been worn by so many illustrious princes, warriors, and statesmen, thanking his Highness for the kindness which British subjects had so frequently received at his hands, and trusting that this good feeling might be still further strengthened.

The Viceroy replied in Arabic (which was subsequently translated by the dragoman), expressing his extreme pleasure at seeing so many officers before him, assuring them that every facility should be afforded for the transit of British subjects through his dominions, and every convenience offered to those residing in them; and, lastly, he personally complimented Colonel Stanton on the energy and ability with which he had assiduously endeavoured to strengthen the friendship and cordiality which had always existed between the two nations.

Colonel Ross then read the mandate for the investiture of his

Highness with the Order, and, Captain Wake advancing with the insignia and chain on a blue and gold cushion, Lord Clarence Paget placed over the right shoulder of Ismail Pasha the Red Riband of the Bath.

The ceremony was over; the assembled company seated themselves for a few moments on the divans, and then dispersed for the review which had been announced to follow the installation.

First passed a magnificent body of infantry—a fine lot of men, of height averaging, I should say, above the English—certainly equal to it, but with a notable peculiarity—the smallness of the officers.

The wild and martial Arab music, accompanied as it was by a shouting chorus of "Abbas Pasha" as they passed the palace that monarch had erected, gave a novel and spirit-stirring effect.

The artillery, in blue and red uniform, next—twenty-four good guns, drawn by sturdy little horses.

The cavalry, in their blue and gold coats and red Turkish trousers, followed, all bearing lances with pennants of red and green (the prophet's colours) lowered to the refrain of "Abbas Pasha." Lastly, and certainly to an European eye the most curious and interesting spectacle of all, came the camel regiment. The swift ambling trot of the dromedaries, and the picturesque Bedouin dress of the riders, seemed by their appearance to transport us back to the times of Arabian romance.

As regards the number of troops that actually took part in the review, I have heard it so variously estimated that I can only give the various reports. Perhaps the most carefully taken estimate is that of Captain Bowden, of the Guards, who makes six regiments of infantry, 7500; four regiments of cavalry, 1040; artillery, 340; camel regiment, 130; making a total of 9010, exclusive of officers and bands. Colonel Ross, however, and others, estimate the number as much higher, and the government are said to give 19,200 as the total.

As regards their efficiency, opinion is by no means so divided, the general opinion being that, as far as they could be judged by simply passing in review, they were equal in point of efficiency to almost any European troops.

The carriages returned in a somewhat irregular procession as the sun was setting, at about six o'clock. In the evening, Colonel Stanton gave a dinner at the Residency to the special Embassy and the officials, at which the healths of the Queen, Sultan, Viceroy, and Lord Clarence Paget were proposed and duly honoured.

I here insert a vivid description of a visit paid to the royal harem by my wife, which I think will be read with peculiar interest, as the privilege of penetrating into that mysterious abode, even in these days, is afforded to very few.

A Visit to the Harem: an "Arabian Night's" Dream realized, 1867.

(*By Lady Clarence Paget.*)

"During our visit to the Viceroy of Egypt, I received an invitation from her Highness the Valideh (his mother) to spend an evening with her at her palace. The invitation was conveyed by Sami Bey, who was charged to express her regret that, owing to the fast of Ramadam, the projected entertainment would lack somewhat of the grandeur with which she would have liked to welcome the wife of the 'Pacha,' who had come so far to decorate her son with the Grand Cross of the Bath; nevertheless, she would have a 'fantasia,' as it is termed, for me, and the Viceroy's wives would be there to make my acquaintance.

"On the appointed day, at half-past seven, a magnificent glass coach, elaborately ornamented and gilded, drawn by four horses, stood waiting at the door of our palace, 'Kars el Nusar'—the 'Palace of Delights.' On descending the staircase, at the foot of which stood our chamberlain and Egyptian retinue, who had been appointed by the viceroy to attend on us during our visit, and who were assembled to gaze at the *cortége*, we found the courtyard and garden one

LADY CLARENCE PAGET.
(*From a Water-colour by Mrs. Barrable.*)

blaze of light, owing to a group of torch-bearers holding their flaming torches aloft, who, with an escort of cavasses and soldiers of the Viceroy's guard, were to accompany us to the palace of the Valideh.

"Passing along the road under the beautiful avenue of caruba trees, we entered the town. Here, according to Sami Bey's instructions, we slackened speed, in order that the populace thronging the streets might have a good view of the cavalcade. For the benefit of those curious in such matters, I may as well state that I was dressed as for a court function in England, diamonds, etc. My little girl (Alma), who was with me, was, of course, in her 'best frock!' Through all the tortuous and narrow streets, wherever a carriage could enter, our *cortége* made its way, and everywhere groups of people waited for a sight of us.

"Emerging from one of these narrow and strange bazaars, suggestive at every instant of the stories in the 'Arabian Nights,' we perceived on an eminence the palace brilliantly illuminated, an honour which entailed a violation of the strict rules during Ramadam. We were received at the palace gates with military honours, the guard turning out, while the band struck up a rude attempt at 'God save the Queen,' and our escort still dashing on through another quadrangle, we finally stopped at the grand entrance. Here our friend Sami Bey, who had hitherto accompanied us, announced that he was not permitted to proceed further, but that he would remain in readiness to conduct us home again. Scarcely had he spoken, when two gigantic black men advanced to the door

of our carriage, and, lifting me in their powerful grasp, carried me inside the palace, where they put me gently on my feet, but kept a firm grasp of my elbows, one on each side. Passing through various corridors, bewildering from their similarity, strange stories of mysterious events and deeds rushed to my recollection, events and deeds of the past, but, if all we hear be true, still of daily occurrence in these harems. The probability of the Viceroy being concealed somewhere near was especially present to my mind, as I had been told of his curiosity to ascertain the taste shown by other Pachas in their choice of wives, and that for this purpose he had had peep-holes made in rooms and passages in order to obtain a good view of any lady visiting his harem.

"Still supported by my two dusky attendants, whose black faces and grinning teeth were not pleasant objects of contemplation, we came to a large square with a garden in the centre. Here shrieks of laughter and women's voices proclaimed that we were entering the mysterious precincts of the harem. The black giants now released their hold of me, and four slave girls advancing, immediately took charge of me, supporting me as before by my elbows. This, it may be well to explain, is an Eastern fashion indicative of respect, and a knowledge that your rank is of far too exalted a nature to admit of your walking without assistance. Ascending a broad flight of stairs, we entered an enormous hall, where we paused for a few minutes, when the door of an adjoining room was thrown open and we were invited to enter. This

apartment was brightly lit, but in a singular fashion, large glass lanterns being placed at intervals on the ground along each side of the room, whilst several were grouped together in the centre of the floor. At the end of the room, which was long and narrow in shape, and facing the door by which we entered, reclined, *à la Turque*, on rich crimson cushions, the Viceroy's mother. Her dress was of sky-blue velvet, trimmed with miniver fur, a magnificent parure of diamonds encircled her brow, and from her head depended a long white veil. She made the salaam with grave dignity, then smiling her welcome, she ordered a chair for me to be placed close to her, my little girl was placed next, and beyond her the lady who acted as interpreter. These formalities occupied some minutes, as the Valideh insisted on indicating and altering the position of each chair herself. Opposite to me sat the three princesses on chairs placed against the wall. Two were wives of the Viceroy; the third, the youngest and prettiest, was his daughter. Each was dressed in a loose jacket, large trousers and train, all of one colour. The eldest and the least pretty was the Viceroy's favourite wife, being the mother of his son. She wore blue satin brocade. Next to her sat a very pretty creature in yellow satin, and beyond her the young girl, her daughter, in rose-coloured satin. They all wore black velvet pork-pie hats, with magnificent diamond sprays in front, and the youngest had hers cocked jauntily on one side over a 'chignon.' White kid gloves and French boots completed their costume, which, until they stood

up and betrayed the Turkish trousers, looked like that of a rather gorgeously got-up English or French woman. The princesses were now formally and separately introduced by the Valideh, and made the salaam, a graceful and pretty action, touching rapidly with two fingers the forehead, heart, and lips.

"The slaves crowded into the room, but did not advance much beyond the doorway. At the slightest sign from the Valideh or the princesses, they were ready to come forward, and kneeling and touching the ground with their foreheads, and pressing the garments to their lips received the royal commands. A pipe was now handed to me by a kneeling slave, the mouthpiece being of the finest pink coral, with diamonds sparkling all about it. A gold tray was next presented by a girl, also on her knees, on which were jewelled saucers containing sweetmeats, glasses of water, and napkins fringed with gold. Anticipating that this refreshment must prove acceptable, a slave advanced softly, and dipping a spoon into the jam, dexterously put it in my mouth. This proceeding recalled forcibly disagreeable moments of childhood, and I trembled for my little girl, whose turn I knew was coming next. While still under the power of strong imagination, dreading to bite, for fear of encountering that gritty bitterness, too well remembered in days of yore, a glass of water was presented to me, which enabled me to make the necessary gulp, a third slave wiping my mouth. Here, again, the 'thing signified' was that of my being too exalted to have power even to feed myself!

Pipes and jewelled cups containing coffee were offered to us without any intermission, each one, as it seemed, more beautiful than the last.

"I ought to mention, that the Valideh requesting me to smoke was intended as a great compliment, as it is a thing not permitted to the Viceroy's wives in her presence.

"During all this time, there had been no lack of conversation between the Valideh and myself, and I was considerably surprised, notwithstanding all I had been told of her intelligence, at the amount of astuteness she displayed, her interest in and accurate knowledge of the valuable collection of antiquities in the museum, which, in spite of rigid Eastern prejudices, she had herself visited and carefully inspected.

"We talked over the events of the last few days, of the mosques, of the pyramids, of the great improvements making in the town of Cairo, which, with pardonable pride, she stated to be all the work of the present Viceroy. We spoke of England, of the Queen, of Malta, of the Suez Canal; in short, her conversation was that of a superior and intelligent woman, well acquainted with the chief topics of interest in the outer world.

"She repeatedly expressed her gratification at the honour just conferred upon her son, to which she said much dignity was added by the Queen's selection of the Commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean Fleet to perform the ceremony of investiture. She told us the Viceroy had received many decorations, but none he valued like this one from the Queen of England;

and she added that she had never known her son take so great a liking before as he did for the 'Capudan Pacha,' as she styled my husband.

"I had been told by a lady that the Valideh sometimes said strange things, and asked questions which were rather distressing to English ladies; but nothing of the sort took place during my visit, with the exception of one question, which was more of a ludicrous nature than anything else. There had been a pause of a second or two, when suddenly the Valideh looked across the room towards an English lady and her young unmarried sister who had accompanied me.

"Our interpreter: 'Her Highness wishes to know if your sister is married.'

"The English lady: 'Tell her Highness she is not.'

"Interpreter: 'Her Highness says she had better make haste; she has no time to lose; the sooner you manage it the better.'

"This speech well-nigh overset all gravity. Sounds outside, as of instruments tuning, caused the Valideh to inquire if all was prepared for the fantasia. The princesses then rose, and the Valideh excusing herself from accompanying us on the score of indisposition, made a sign for one of them to come near. The youngest princess then offered me her hand, in order to afford me the necessary support in walking to the hall; but I believe she would have fallen down herself several times had I not saved her, for she stepped upon her train, and twisted her trousers round her legs, stopping to disentangle herself so often, that we were some minutes getting across the room and

to the seats we were to occupy in the great hall. Here, on a divan at the top of the room, was I placed, with the Viceroy's wives, one each side of me. They lost no time in making up for the restraint and abstinence they had been forced to submit to in the presence of the Valideh, and, tucking up their legs Eastern fashion, and laughing merrily, they puffed away at their pipes for some minutes without speaking —all but the young princess, it being ruled by the Valideh that unmarried ladies are not to smoke in the Egyptian court. This young girl was to be married very shortly to a Pacha.

"Down the sides of this vast hall, now brilliantly lighted, and in the same curious way, by lanterns on the ground, were seated the wives of Pachas and high officials, who, with their children, were invited to witness the dance. The proceedings commenced by a concert, combining every variety of instrument. Violins, trumpets, flutes, tambourines, banjoes, mandolines, castanets, etc. They were played by about forty girls, seated in a line. Behind them stood hundreds of slaves, accompanying the instruments with their voices. Anything more deafening or more discordant than the sounds they uttered it would be impossible to imagine. When this wild screaming and noise had proceeded for some minutes, there rushed suddenly in front of the musicians twelve young girls, their ages varying from ten to thirteen. These were the dancers, and are the especial property of the Valideh. She buys them at Constantinople, and has them instructed in dancing, a *master* coming

daily to the palace for that purpose. At fourteen years old she marries them, giving each a marriage portion, and fills their vacant places by fresh purchases. All this was told me by the young princess, who mentioned it as an act of great charity and kindness on the part of the Valideh. The dance was called a 'Love Dance,' and the song, a 'Love Song.' The dance was the song put into action. They quivered, they shook, they held their hearts, they fell on the ground, they gasped, they seemed reduced to the very verge of despair. They took hope, they rallied, they gathered fresh courage, they galloped round and round the room, swinging their hair backwards and forwards, they bounded with ecstasy, till something direful in the words of the song again reduced them to a state of grief almost overwhelming. From this state they suddenly rose up (apparently youth and hope were strong within them!) and, encouraged by the loudness and quickness of the music, they madly careered in circles till singers, players, and dancers seemed given up to a frantic state of mad, delirious joy. The perspiration streamed from their faces, their eyes started from their sockets, their hearts beat and thumped audibly and visibly when, seemingly at their last gasp, the love dance came to an end! The fantasia had lasted an hour and a half. Now we all rose up and proceeded, led by the princesses, to take leave of the Valideh. After expressing our appreciation of her kindness, and thanking her for her wish that we should ere long be again the guests of the Viceroy, we departed. The princesses accompanied us to the

outer hall, where, amidst kisses and shaking of hands, they told me, with true Eastern poetry of language, they loved me dearly—they loved me as a sister—they loved me when first I came into the room. My two black guards scanned me carefully from head to foot, as if responsible to the 'Capudan Pacha' for his property, and, apparently satisfied that all was well, they placed me in our golden coach.

"Once outside, our charming friend Sami Bey rejoined us, and I was very glad to hear that he had been hospitably entertained, and regaled with coffee in the apartments of the chief of the eunuchs. We passed the carriages of the princesses waiting to convey them to their respective palaces on the opposite side of the Nile. It was half-past one a.m. before we reached home. Our escort of soldiers accompanied us as in going, the torch-bearers apparently flying along by our side, their large loose sleeves having all the appearance of wings. On arriving, we found all our party impatiently awaiting a recital of our adventures. Many were the questions put to me, until the dawn of day warned me to seek repose in 'the chamber of the silver bed,' described in many a book of Eastern travel, where, musing on the strange scenes of the last few hours, and haunted by the sweet faces of the princesses, I fell asleep."

I need only add that we all felt the deepest gratitude to the Khedive for his truly magnificent reception, which resembled more an "Arabian Night's" entertainment than a series of modern *fêtes*.

Before leaving Egypt, we paid a most interesting visit to the Suez Canal, by invitation of M. de Lesseps. Leaving Alexandria in the *Psyche*, with the suite, we proceeded to Port Said, where we were escorted by M. de Lesseps and the staff of the Canal Company on board two dahabiehs to El Ferdan, which is about half-way between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. From thence to Ismailia we went by land, forming a procession, some on camels, some on horses, and ourselves in a *char-à-banc*, drawn by six dromedaries. As it was at night, the effect of the Arab torch-bearers was most weird and picturesque. I was immensely interested, and was able to assure M. de Lesseps that there was no jealousy of this great undertaking on the part of England.

We returned to Malta in the *Psyche*, and fell in with a heavy gale, arriving on February 12th, after a rough passage of from four to five days from Port Said. A round of gaieties followed our arrival at Malta. At daylight, on March 11th, the signal was made quite unexpectedly for the squadron to provision and put to sea, in order to ascertain in what time the ships could be victualled and prepared. In two and a quarter hours we were outside, and we passed a week in performing evolutions under canvas and steam, and in exercising at targets; we also tried the anchorage of Marsa Scirocco.

Nothing of importance occurred until the Spanish embroglio, respecting the *Tornado* and the *Victoria*, started three ironclads by Admiralty telegraph to Gibraltar in April. The threat had the desired

effect of bringing them to reason, but I question the policy of this *raison du plus fort* with the Spanish nation. True, there is nothing so successful as success, and Lord Stanley was lauded to the skies; but that the former vessel was on her way to do a little Alabama work for the Chilians against the Spaniards, and that the latter was a tobacco smuggler taking refuge in a Moorish port, was known to all the world.* England is fond at times of a little bluster; and the British public are always ready to support what is called a bold policy. The *Tornado*, however, and the *Victoria* are still in the hands of the Spaniards; but their crews are, I hope, set free.

I was awakened one fine morning by the arrival of a telegram from the Admiralty, informing me that my noble three-decker, the *Victoria*, was to be sent home, on the arrival of the *Caledonia* ironclad, which ship was to bear the flag.

This determination had long been foreseen, and, except for the pain of losing my companions, was, notwithstanding the personal inconvenience of living in a cramped and confined cabin, instead of the spacious apartments of the *Victoria*, anything but disagreeable, as I had often told the Admiralty that the change ought to be made. It was, however, an ungracious way of doing it—a course, I regret to say, not uncommon at Whitehall.

* On August 22, 1866, the *Tornado*, of Glasgow, was seized off Madeira by the Spanish frigate *Gerona*. The *Tornado* and the sloop *Queen Victoria*, which had also been seized, were delivered up by the Spanish government, and compensation was made.

With the view of expediting the transfer, I resolved to meet the *Caledonia* at Gibraltar, whither I accordingly set sail, in company with the *Arethusa*, on May 15th.

Our exit from Malta was interesting. The last three-decker that will ever probably appear in these waters was not allowed to depart without many demonstrations of respect and regret, and the walls were crowded by the inhabitants.

Four days' easy steaming, however, against occasional strong winds and head sea, brought us off Algiers, on May 19th, where we anchored in company with our beautiful frigate consort, the *Arethusa*. My friend, the Duc de Magenta, Viceroy, was absent in France, but a very gentlemanlike and agreeable general officer was acting in his place.

We spent Sunday afternoon in exploring the old Moorish parts of the town. The streets, or rather lanes, are just wide enough to enable two persons to pass, and if you happen to meet a donkey—the only quadruped admitted—you have to retire into the first doorway. Overhead, the houses almost touch one another, so that the sun never, and light scarcely enters. Nothing can be more mysterious than these tortuous labyrinths. The French are gradually encroaching on them with rows of Parisian houses, wide streets, and boulevards.

I was especially interested in visiting Algiers, as when only thirteen years old I was midshipman of H.M.S. *Naiad*, which was sent here to declare war against the Dey, in 1824.

A curious circumstance with regard to this recurs to my memory. A little steamer was sent from England, being, I believe, the first steam man-of-war. The only shot which damaged us was one into her paddle-box. I believe she still exists as a dockyard tug. We then thought her a wonder, and were very proud when she was put in charge of our frigate. Various accidents happened to her; among them, one night when we were towing her, her funnel was knocked down, and she was disabled for many days. But what caused the Admiralty most anxiety was how to keep her supplied with coals. Things have changed since then, and there is no lack of coals nowadays.

Many other incidents, such as cutting out, capturing and burning vessels at the various little ports on the coast, and blockading for a whole year, with its concomitant of salt "junk" and other privations, came fresh to my memory on returning to Algiers. We went by train to Blidah, being anxious to see this place, which so long resisted the French under its famous chief, Abdul Kader. We met him last year at Brest, and he then gave my wife his arm, or rather hand, to lead her into her place at the theatre, when the state representation in honour of the visit of the British fleet took place.

Blidah lay on the borders of the magnificent plain of the Metidja, and at the entrance of the mountain pass leading to the territory of Kabylia. As long as the natives held it the plain was untenable, and many and long were the struggles for its final possession; it

was several times taken and retaken. This plain is indeed worth fighting for: it is some ten or twelve miles broad, and goes away into the interior for many leagues. It is of the richest soil, and well watered. The consequence is that it is a perfect paradise, and is now the early fruit garden of the *bon vivants* of Paris and London. Every vegetable and fruit abound. Here you have green peas and strawberries in profusion at Christmas. The town itself is uninteresting, and, consisting only of low and mostly wooden houses, it is surrounded by a loop-holed turreted wall of the most primitive construction, only fit to keep out the Kabyles. The orange gardens are marvellous. Here also there is a large government establishment for cavalry horses. We breakfasted at a decent inn, and had excellent bread and butter.

Talking of Kabyles, there are two races who generally go under that name, but are quite distinct in habits and temperament. First, the Kabyle proper, who is a tamable creature, and largely employed by the French in agriculture; secondly, the Arab of the desert, who spurns the spade and lives on his horse. They are not much trusted; but, nevertheless, are made use of as cavalry spahis, and, under officers who understand their management, make brave and hardy troops. Abdul Kader was, I believe, of the latter race.

The plain is dotted with farms and villages, but I learned from my fellow-passengers that in parts of it, especially near the river, much sickness prevails

in summer; in fact, at several of the railway stations along it, the company lose many of their servants yearly.

We passed the Maison Carée—the scene, likewise, of much hard fighting; and returned to Algiers in the evening, after visiting the government acclimitizing garden, on which much care is bestowed, and which is well worth seeing. Here are avenues of palm and other tropical trees, beautiful to behold, with hundreds of ostriches strutting about under their branches. The ladies of Paris depend largely on this estate, worthy of a paternal government. When will the British parliament furnish ostrich feathers for the beauties of Hyde Park? It is the fashion to disparage this great colony of France. I hold it to be a blessing to humanity that France has turned this magnificent country to account, and I am amazed when I compare Algeria now with its state in my youth—changed from a den of robbers to be the garden of Europe. There are few spots which thirty-seven years have so transfigured. Long may the French occupy it, and may they, or some other Christian nation, in like manner extend the wand of civilization far into Morocco and Tunis!

So far from agreeing with the somewhat arrogant pretensions of my countrymen as to being the best colonizers, I hold that in countries in which a population—and particularly an old and historical society—exists, we are about the worst, for, by a haughty assumption of our superiority, we invariably fail to conciliate the natives; whereas other people, especially

the French, ingratiate themselves by that easy *abandon* and cheerful manner which puts them at their ease and allows them the privilege of meeting on terms of equality.

I remember many years ago, at Corfu, long before we had a notion of giving up the Ionian Islands, a remark made to me by an Ionian lady. She said to me, "You English are hated here, notwithstanding that you spend a great deal of your own money and enrich the islands, and that you are very generous in tolerating our religion and respecting our customs and laws." I replied, "Do you, then, regret the French and the Russians, who plundered you while they held possession of the islands, and quartered on you their troops without mercy?" She replied, "True, they did this, and more; but they made themselves agreeable, and became *les enfants gatés* in our houses, so that we were loth to part with them."

It appears to me that the speciality of England is to push her population and civilization into distant and uninhabited regions. This is a glorious destiny, and in this sense England is the best colonizer on earth.

We reached Gibraltar on May 23rd, where we found our new flagship awaiting us. The old rock is as grand as ever. Few things are finer than the approach to it from either side; indeed, the coast scenery of all this part of the Mediterranean is sublime. One is always tempted to ask why we keep this rock at enormous cost and perpetual irritation to

Spain, who, by-the-by, notwithstanding that we hold it by fair conquest and also by treaty, persists in styling the governor of Algeciras governor of Gibraltar, much as we retained the title for a long time of king of Great Britain and France. The answer is not so easily given. As the key of the Straits it is of no use, for there is no lock to keep out steamers; but, as a depôt for coals, its position is, for the Mediterranean trade, equal to that of Malta, and when the Suez Canal sucks the great Indian commerce through its long neck, there is no saying what will be the amount of traffic between England and India *viâ* Gibraltar and Malta. A reference to the map will show that both places are perfectly adapted, as regards position, for coal depôts. But would not Gibraltar, under the Spaniards, be equally available to us for this purpose? or would not Ceuta, on the opposite coast, be even better adapted, "*que se yo*," as the Spaniards say? But they are so pig-headed and backward that I doubt whether they would not endeavour to strangle commerce if they could; and so I am not for giving up Gibraltar.

No sooner had I arrived, and received high approval of my coming conveyed to me by telegram, than I got a second winged messenger desiring me to return to Malta, to receive the Sultan, who was expected to call on his way to Paris. I was to offer to convoy him as far as Marseilles. No date was named for his arrival, and I found myself in some difficulty, as the business connected with the change of flagships involved some delay in preparing for a

start. I telegraphed to Lord Lyons at Constantinople, to learn on what day the Sultan would start, and ordered the *Pysche* from Malta also by telegram. Meantime the newspapers stated that the French squadron would convoy the Sultan. This gave me much uneasiness, knowing as I do the difficulty attending any joint operations with our gallant but rather pretentious neighbours. I consequently wrote to Lord Cowley, asking him to arrange this delicate matter; and the Admiralty, on receiving from me a copy of my letter to Lord Cowley, wisely changed their intentions and excused me from the duty. It is an odd thing that they should not have foreseen the probability of the French squadron convoying the Sultan on a visit to France! So far, however, from giving me credit for foresight, they, in the same breath that they acted on my letter, rather demurred to my asking for instructions from Lord Cowley. As long as an imbroglio was avoided, however, I was satisfied. Imagine a French squadron of six ironclads, under a vice-admiral, arriving to take charge of the Sultan, and finding the ground already occupied by an English squadron of four ships, under an English vice-admiral!

From Gibraltar we made up a party, consisting, besides Lady Clarence and family, of myself, Captain McDonald of the *Arethusa*, and Mrs. McDonald, who had accompanied him from Malta, the Rev. Mr. Gibbens, Dr. Martin, of the same ship, and Dr. Forbes of the *Caledonia*. We proposed to visit Granada, Cordova, Seville, and Cadiz.

Starting betimes in the *Redpole*, tug, we arrived at

Malaga at 5 p.m. By mistake, the senior officer had telegraphed to the consul at Malaga of my intentions, so I was rather ceremoniously treated by the authorities at Malaga, and was unable thoroughly to preserve incognito during our trip; nevertheless, I enjoyed it much. The hotel at Malaga is a large and commodious building in the Alameda. It has a patio or court, like all the houses in Southern Spain. Here much of the business is conducted, under the sound and spray of a marble fountain, and it fell to me, as the only member of the party speaking Spanish, to make the necessary pecuniary arrangements.

Let all who read this, and iutend to travel in Spain, attend carefully to my proceedings, and closely imitate them on pain of quarrelling, and being cheated and laughed at by everybody. Under the marble fountain I sat me down, and requested the polite attendance of the "Amo," begging him to be seated. I expatiated on the magnificence of his hotel, his town, his country, and himself; extolling his European celebrity for generosity, good dinners, and care of his guests, and likewise his extraordinary influence on the road we were about to travel, and trusted him not only as regards Malaga, but to forward us to the other towns. This was pretty well, considering I had never heard of him or his hotel before stepping into it.

"Señor," said mine host, "you only do me justice; and it shall be my business to forward your wishes."

I replied that, being satisfied of that, I had made up my mind to spend the night at his house, in preference to the various hidalgos who had offered to

lodge and feed me, if I found the terms corresponded with my views—and I lit a cigarette. (This is indispensable, and the light must be taken from the "Amo" himself.)

We then went to business, the charges were very high, and I had only to express my profound regret, etc. "But, Caballero," said he, "for so distinguished a set of visitors I should desire not to press for my usual charges, moderate as they are." Having got so far, I named the prices I would agree to for every single article, room, coffee, and baths, and such details, and we installed ourselves.

And here let me say that both this and all the hotels (with one exception named hereafter) were clean, with tolerable cooking, and moderate charges; but that exception proves the necessity of the preliminary arrangements I have described. I then called for the postmaster, and went through precisely the same ceremonies and cigars. I informed him that, having heard of his celebrated carriages, generosity, etc., I had resolved to go to Loja, *if* his prices were reasonable, instead of returning to Gibraltar. This was a grand shot, considering I had come determined to go to Loja; but it required a bold stroke, as the consul told me he had the monopoly of horses all the way. It required several cigars and regrets before we came to terms, which were to transport us to Loja in ten hours in an omnibus, and thence by rail to Granada the same evening. Our party of ten duly rose at five, and commenced the ascent of the Sierra de Malaga with twelve horses. A wide, and very dusty road led

us, in three hours, by zigzag to the summit, and the view of the Mediterranean at our feet, and the beautiful town of Malaga fringing the sea, was glorious. Every available spot on the southern slopes of the mountain was covered with vines. We had taken some breakfast with us; and gladly sat down while the horses were changed, and the eternal squabbles of our *arrieros* with mine host of the Venta rang in our ears. Hence we began to descend, passing in succession various old-fashioned villages, with old Moorish castles, for here was the last stronghold of the Moors.

Here is Alhama. Who does not remember the lament of the Moor, "Woe is me, Alhama!" anglicised by Byron? Droves and droves of mules, with their picturesque majo, dressed *arrieros*, came and went; in fact, we were in Spain—picturesque, old-fashioned, bigoted Spain. The last time I travelled this road was on horseback, with poor John Fortescue, who had accompanied me in my yacht *Serpent* from England. Then we were in some danger from brigands; now the road is perfectly safe. We stayed an hour to lunch and look about at Loja. This old place is at the entrance, and was formerly the key to the Vega de Granada. It lies on the Guadalquiver, and has its old castle and a charming Moorish bridge. The Vega here is closed in by the mountains, and it must have been a most important stronghold, and was the scene of fierce conflicts between El gran Capitan Gonzales de Cordova and Muly Hassan. The station is several miles from the town—an arrangement very

common in Spain. At 6.30 we entered the train, and travelled at twelve miles an hour through the famous *Vega*, arriving at Granada at 8.30, with just light enough to look at the towering Alhambra over our heads. The same ceremonies at the hotel Ortez, which is within the outer *enceinte* of the Alhambra, and charmingly situated. This Alhambra is to Granada what the castle is to Windsor.

What a queer life it must have been for the poor Jews of the town below, who now and again received a polite message from above for many thousand sequins, their fairest daughters, and such-like requisites, on pain of a nocturnal visit to the Torre de la Vela, and thence over the battlements into the river below.

I cannot venture on a description of the Alhambra. I confess the principal pleasure I experienced was the intensity of the delight of dear M—— and the children. To the latter the tales and legendary marks of blood on the marble floors, and the interesting little episodes of domestic history of the Abencerrages were a source of considerable excitement. I ought to state that the restorations were making much progress. A Señor Contreras deserves much credit. I bought from him some pretty miniature models.

We contrived to see a lovely bit of the Alhambra entirely closed to visitors; it belongs to an old and surly lady—that is her reputation. But M—— and I were walking past her door, and I coolly accosted her with a few compliments, and expressed the regret that

she was unable to show her treasures. She replied, "Caballero, to one who evidently knows and loves Spain, I cannot refuse. *Esta casa esta a la disposicion de usted Entre usted.*" She not only showed us from the roof down to the very dungeons, but she presented us with two beautiful specimens of the tracery work which had broken off. We could not, in this instance, help telling her that her gift was to the Commander-in-chief of the British Mediterranean Squadron, and she gave us her parting blessing, "*Vaja usted y en escuadra con Dios.*"

One of my companions, McDonald, who knew little of Spain, listened to the earnest advice of our host to proceed to Cordova, *via* Campillos, in lieu of going by Anteguera, and joining the railway near that place. In vain I warned him and his charming wife that this was probably a *cosa do españa*. The account he received of the beauty of the country, of the excellence of the hotel of Campillos as a resting-place for the night, was so plausible, that my remonstrances were unheeded. We left, therefore, our lovely Alhambra at 6 a.m. I insisted on sending on my servants the evening before, by Diligence, to prepare for our large party. The day was hot, but the scenery at times was fine. We struggled on and on in our veturinos, however (two German carriages), until we arrived at Jaen, a very antique Moorish village on a hill, with the usual castle. Here we breakfasted well enough, but when at ten at night, wearied and worn out, we entered a dirty village consisting of one street, and alighted at

the door of a miserable posada or low inn, and saw my servant with a blank look of dismay, the truth burst upon us! It is difficult to describe anything more really Spanish than this establishment. The basement was mainly appropriated to horses, mules, donkeys, carts, etc., and in one corner a huge chimney, with a few pots and pans represented the kitchen, a narrow flight of stairs led up to a loft, to which the landlady led our ladies and children, pointing out two small garrets with several trestle beds with very questionable coverlets. "Here, *señoras*," said she, with some pride, "is your apartment; not so magnificent as I could wish, from the small notice, but yet most comfortable and honourable, since it has often been the resting-place of grandees of Spain!" The only thing to be got were some eggs, bread, and bad coffee. Most of our gentlemen preferred to sleep in our carriages. Those of the party who laid down upstairs will long remember the ravenous nature of their bed-fellows, and the incessant snorting, and pawing, and braying of the animals below. The ladies, bless them, turned out at daylight as fresh as daisies; but, alas! such was not our case. Poor McDonald! he here learnt the truth, that he had been gammoned by the proprietor of the hotel who horsed the coaches, and provided for travellers on this road. *Cosas d' España!* We joined the Madrid and Cordova railway, and arrived at the latter place in the evening. The only, but unique and grandiose, object here is the thousand-pillared mosque.

Every day brings to light more Moorish treasures

of art within, and the government, or rather the chapter, deserve praise for their care of this magnificent relic. A clear day, however, sufficed to explore it, and we left by train again after a twenty-four hours' rest, and arrived at Seville. At both these places—indeed, all along the great roads and railways—the hotels are really good and clean; but let no one suppose that they can properly see the south of Spain by railway. You must submit to traverse many flat fields if you wish to see the land of Don Quixote. The trains never leave the plains, however round-about their course, so the travelling part for the remainder of our trip was uninteresting; but Seville, inimitable Seville, so well-known to me, opened to my dear M—— and the children a scene of surprise and enchantment. They gazed with delight on the Alcasas, the glorious cathedral, the Giralda, the graceful women, with their fans, the tortuous and mysterious streets—and, in consequence, my office of cicerone gave me the greatest pleasure. In truth, I say it with humility, I am rather a good one. We spent a day with the Duke and Duchess de Montpensier and their children. They have expended large sums on their palace, situated close to the town on the Alameda; but, what is more creditable, they have contributed largely to the improvement of Seville and its inhabitants, and are exceedingly beloved. The palace is full of *objets d'art* and interesting reminiscences of the Orleans' family, and the gardens and park are laid out with great taste. Our visit commenced at nine; the princess and children left us after a few moments to go to mass,

when H.R.H. drove us round the park and garden in a pony carriage. On our return we found the ladies. I dare not repeat all the conversation of the Infanta and my wife, not because it was political, but because it consisted of the twaddle of two mothers as to the management of children, and she certainly appears to have the art, for a more healthy, cheery lot of all ages I never saw, some on high chairs and some full grown. All sat round a well-furnished table, which, with us and ours and a host of chamberlains and ladies in waiting, must have numbered thirty or more. After breakfast, every room, every picture, every statue was duly inspected and admired, and a good deal of kissing among the ladies finished our visit. My impressions of this prince, whom I have had the honour to know many years, and of the Infanta, whom I never met but once before at a dinner of Queen Amelie's at Richmond, are most favourable. I said to myself, "Should there be a vacancy in the crown of Spain, I do not think it can be better filled than by the Infanta and the Duc de Montpensier."

At Cadiz we had the little *Psyche* to meet us, and it was refreshing to anticipate real, undeniable sitz-baths and comfortable cabins, when we saw her graceful form as we rounded the head of the harbour in the train; and so we returned to Gibraltar, and mutually congratulated one another on a pleasant ten days in South Spain. After escorting to sea the Duke of Edinburgh, who sailed for Australia in the *Galatea*, we took the opportunity to pay a visit to Tangier in the *Psyche*. It fortunately happened to

be a fair-day and a Mahometan festival, which brought together vast masses of Moors to barter and gossip like Christians. There were snake charmers and dervishes in profusion. I do not know a more curious sight in its way than the plain just outside the Morocco gate on a fair-day.

I parted with my *Victoria* with sadness. I never in any ship was more satisfied with the conduct of all, nor did I ever command a finer lot of officers and men. My departure was, in fact, by stealth, for I gave out that I should not finally quit till the following day. I do not approve of demonstrations, but I permitted the officers to offer a parting mark of respect to their chief by rowing Lady Clarence in the barge to the *Caledonia* when she quitted the *Victoria.*

I confided my little boy to the charge of the excellent commander, Codrington, to take him to England to school; so the day the old ship left was to all a day during which we had lumps in the throat.

We left Gibraltar with our consort, the *Arethusa,* and for two days we had a delightful westerly wind, which filled our studding-sails and admitted of our coasting the south shore of Spain, and of admiring the grand scenery of the Sierra Nevada, whose snowy ranges were refreshing to us, already sweltering in the summer sun; and yet, when fairly at sea, I do not think one ever, or at least very rarely, feels oppressed with heat; it is in the confined harbours that the heat is cruel.

The remainder of our trip to Hyères was a succession of calms. It took some days to reconcile

us to the change from the three-decker to the iron-clad; but with a merry party such matters as size of cabins are of small account.

We entered the magnificent inland sea of Hyères on Sunday, June 30th, and found the *Royal Oak* awaiting us, being the first instalment of the squadron destined to accompany me on our summer cruise. The *Psyche* arrived next day, and in her we all embarked for Toulon. Here my dear folks left the squadron for the summer, and I looked forward to their rejoining us somewhere to the south of Italy previous to our wintering at Malta.

It was not without a little remonstrance from the principal officers and others, who all appreciate the charms of M——, that I adhered to this rule. It was the abuse in my opinion of the privilege granted by the Admiralty to Commanders-in-chief to carry their family on board, to retain them constantly, as was often done by my gallant brethren. I held that their presence should be the exception, and not the rule, and to this I adhered, although to me absence from my circle renders life very uninteresting.

I accompanied my wife to Macon, where I deposited her, and with Dr. Forbes and the chaplain, Dr. Stothert, I ran up to the great Exhibition for a couple of days. We returned to Macon, where I took leave of my wife and the children, and so back to Toulon.

Every opportunity, I am bound to say, was given to us, and which we freely took advantage of, of examining the naval arsenal, and of criticising their

ships building, in commission, and in reserve. I need not add that I gave every facility of performing the same operation on our ships by the French officers, of which they were not slow to take advantage. Their squadron of evolutions then consisted of six ironclads, and two *avisos*, under Vice-admiral Comte de Guedon, and two rear-admirals, the *état-major* of the former being the chief, with an *officier d'ordonnance*, and two aides-de-camp; of the latter, and two admirals. There was a full complement of men, who thus obtained ample opportunity for useful exercise.

Their ships are admirably fitted for purposes of war. So, indeed, are ours, save in the matter of towers. Each of their ships has a large armour-plated tower in the centre, so roomy as to admit of a steering wheel, so high as to be the best place, even on ordinary occasions, for guiding a ship or squadron, with communications with engine-room, batteries, etc. On either side are quadrants for directing bow and quarter fire. Nothing of the sort exists in our ships, generally. Each ship is similarly fitted, as also their engines, so that an accident to one by breakage in any part can be replaced by another. In fact, they are *homogeneous*. They attach deserved importance to bringing up seamen to assist in these engine-rooms. The *Magenta* has altogether eighty stokers, including auxiliaries; we have about forty. If we were under full steam for forty-eight hours we should be much crippled in speed owing to being obliged to send men unacquainted with the business

into the stoke-hole. Clearly we ought to have thirty auxiliary stokers to each ship at least. They attach little, I think too little, importance to their sails, and their ships are inadequately masted and rigged as compared with ours, and most of their officers admit it. Any lengthened operations must be conducted—except at the moment of battle—by steam. Ship for ship, ours are certainly heavier and more powerful; but, then, their fine forms may have greater speed. Indeed, I am informed that the whole squadron—that is, of course, including the slowest (all operations, be it remembered, are governed by the slowest)—last year easily passed one of our P. and O. packets carrying mails. From constant practice together they perform delicate, simultaneous operations in line, echelon, etc.—where a wrong turn of the helm would produce collision and serious disaster—at high if not full speed. Whether they venture, as I always do, to manœuvre within a distance of one cable's length between the ships, and two cables' between the columns, I doubt; but as yet I have never done this at a greater speed than five knots, because, being during the summer so far from our depôt of coal, I cannot afford to expend it, except at rare intervals and at slow speed. They scarcely ever quit their own waters, and therefore have their depôts at hand, and use principally patent fuel, not from choice, but from the inferior quality of their coal, now wholly French, since we threatened to forbid the export to them when the Italian war broke out in 1859.

They have under trial the *Taureau*, ram, of which

they profess not to approve, but which appears to me a most formidable vessel, admirably adapted, and very handy for turning with her twin screws.

Their new ships building have all an elongated spur, and are on what we call the box principle, with four projecting towers—also, to my idea, well conceived. While we who are more interested in building in iron, since we have greater facilities, are talking about some means of applying copper-sheathing; they have adopted in their ships, one of which is in the Pacific, copper over iron.

M. Puy de Coure, their chief constructor, is constantly visiting or sending to visit our dockyards; but when do we hear of Admiral Robinson, or Mr. Reed, or any of our constructors picking up wrinkles in theirs? I remember, in 1860, visiting this very yard, and carrying home a rough sketch, among other things, of a metal rudder-head, which had been in use in the French navy many years. It was unknown at the Admiralty, and they pooh-poohed it, but at last we have them. The capstan of to-day, dispensing with the messenger, was used generally in the French Mediterranean Squadron when I was with them in 1843.

Mr. Watts, at the Admiralty Board, in 1860, asserted positively that the *Solferino* and *Magenta* could not float, let alone fight. Admiral Guedon told me that, with some small alterations, he thinks those the finest types of ship in the French navy; and the spur, which I believe will perform the principal part in a naval engagement, was first adopted in those two ships.

about 1861. We have certainly in this instance the merit of copying it in our newest ships. But it is in the details of fitment that they are so infinitely in advance of us. What I stated above with regard to their towers, etc., was done for all of them, while no two ships of ours are so fitted *at first*. I will take this ship, on board of which I have spent three months, as an example. We had no communication whatever by voice with the engine-room, no correct indicator on deck to show the revolutions of our screw, no tell-tale on the poop to show which way the rudder was turned, and it is only from absolute necessity, and from several narrow escapes from accidents in manœuvring, that I have had these primary matters fitted on board. And here let me say a word in praise of our engineers. I doubt whether the French could have so soon made up for the sad defects of the ship-building department of the Admiralty, by the ingenuity of their engineers. I think there is more care in the fitting of our armaments than the like matters in the French ships. The War Office now do us ample justice.

The upshot of my observations at Toulon leads me to this conclusion, that the French are admirably prepared for an onslaught, that nothing has been overlooked, no expense spared to bring their squadron to the front at once in its entirety; but I am also impressed with this, that all depends on a first success, failing that, they would be at our mercy, for their establishment here is on a comparatively small scale, and all I saw leads me to believe that, if successfully

resisted, they have little either in ships or men to fall back upon.*

The Admiral, Vicomte de Chabannes, was kindness itself. He has a pleasant English wife, and gave us a grand entertainment. He expressed his astonishment to me at the excellent behaviour of our sailors on shore. I gave a large number leave, and certainly they did us credit, for there were no complaints; indeed, he remarked that there were many French sailors drunk in the streets, but rarely an English one.

We resumed our cruising on July the 21st, and fell in with the French squadron several times at sea. We passed mutual compliments. They were always under steam, and always manœuvring. There is a very good anchorage, called Golfe Juan, which we looked into. Here are the remains of the original Martello tower which successfully beat off an English frigate, and after which all those on the coast of Spain and France, and even the south coast of England, were built. It is in ruins, but I was much interested in looking at it.

From the coast of France we transferred our cruising ground to Italy. We commenced with Genoa, where I intended to make some little stay in order to give general leave to the crews, of which they had been deprived since leaving Toulon; but the cholera was rife, and I changed our course to Spezzia.

This is a magnificent inlet of the sea, capable of containing the navies of the world. Here Napoleon contemplated, and indeed commenced, a naval arsenal,

* See "Remarks on Board of Admiralty," in Appendix II.

which was to rival Toulon, for the Italian portion of his navy. His troublesome customers, the English, however, thwarted this by continually showing themselves in the gulf and occasionally engaging the works. Here the poet Shelley found a watery grave while out boat-sailing. The houses of himself and of his friend, Lord Byron, are pointed out in one of the lovely nooks which surround the bay, the scenery of which is incomparably beautiful. The squadron, composed of the *Caledonia*, *Prince Consort*, *Royal Oak*, *Arethusa*, *Endymion*, and *Cruiser*, with several small craft, proved a handsome addition to its appearance, with their two trim and neat lines.

I visited the naval arsenal in process of construction, on a different site from that contemplated by Napoleon, and I think much more judiciously chosen. *When* complete it will quite rival anything of the kind in the world. General Chiogi, of Engineers, was in charge of the works, and is, in fact, the author (along with the great Cavour) of this design.

From Spezzia a flight of officers and seamen to all parts of Italy took place. I like to see them when in harbour (particularly the men), go sight-seeing. Pisa, Lucca, and Florence, with their picture galleries, were full of Jacks. The marble works of Carrara especially interested them. I do not know anything more extraordinary than this place; it is simply a marble mountain, and all the excavations for ages past have only scratched its surface. Nothing can be more primitive than the works and the

means of conveyance of the blocks to the sea, which are brought down on trucks drawn by oxen. The groaning of the wheels can be heard miles off. The blocks are embarked in flat barges from a rude wooden jetty on a perfectly open coast, for Leghorn or Spezzia, for final shipment.

I paid a visit to Sir Augustus and Lady Paget (our representatives in Italy), at the Baths of Lucca, and I likewise had the honour of an audience and a dinner with Victor Emmanuel, "*Il Re Galantuomo*," in the Palazzo Pitti at Florence. He is a remarkable-looking man, tall, stout, and burly; excessively frank—indeed, rough in his manner, but so honest, so homely, that I was much charmed with him. Ratazzi dined at the palace. He is a spare, lean, cadaverous-looking person, with a somewhat hesitating and shy manner, but has an intelligent countenance which, however, appears to lack soap and water.

Both King and minister were very friendly, as, indeed, were all the members of the cabinet, to whom I paid visits, and appeared highly pleased at the presence of the British squadron in their waters. Indeed, the King repeatedly invited me to come as often as I liked, and bring all my ships. I told him that there still existed a decree forbidding the presence of more than three foreign vessels of war at one time in his ports; and he replied, "Never mind that—come again."

From Spezzia we resumed our cruising, touching at Porto Ferrajo, Elba, Bastia, Corsica, and various

other places, returning to Spezzia, and finally leaving it for more southern latitudes in the middle of October. The autumn weather was charming, but the winds became boisterous towards the end of September, and I very nearly lost the *Cruiser* in a heavy gale, on a lee shore off Carrara. Her sails blew away, and she at last took to her anchors, which, fortunately, held on close to the beach. Hundreds of the natives came down to endeavour to save her people, in momentary expectation of her being stranded.

Several reasons, in addition to the approach of winter, made me glad to start from these lovely regions. The country was in a highly excited state. Garibaldi was within a few miles of Rome; there was a threatened French expedition, which came off later, to defend the Pope; a ministerial crisis at Florence; and, above all, the Admiralty had detached two of my smart ironclads to reinforce the Channel Squadron, thus rendering my evolutions useless.

So, after a pleasant fortnight at Florence, we set sail with a fine fair wind for Elba again. Here we visited all the Napoleonic haunts and relics, and heard much gossip about the famous Emperor when at Elba; how he explored every spot of his small dominion on horseback, devising schemes for new roads, towers, forts, etc., as if he still had Europe to transmogrify. My wife became possessed of a curious relic of him, through the kindness of her Majesty's consul, in the shape of his opera-glass, which is the same so often depicted in Vernet's and other pictures, and which the Emperor always carried about with him.

One day, when making his plans to escape from Elba, he rode to a promontory to ascertain if certain merchant craft, who were to carry his handful of troops, had yet come in sight. He dismounted, and sat long and wearily watching the horizon, and had food brought to him. Towards evening he mounted his horse to return home. A country peasant picked up this glass on the ground a day or two afterwards, and brought it to his master. That night Napoleon left Elba, and was chased by a British frigate.

The people of Elba worship the memory of Bonaparte. I conversed with several old folks who knew him. He seems to have been very affable to them, and, during his eleven months' reign, to have had not only the virtues, but likewise the vices of Solomon. In recounting anecdotes of his extraordinary sagacity and wisdom, they admitted that he was somewhat free in his morals. It appears from their account that he was perfectly satisfied with his new lot, and long resisted the entreaties of his friends in France to escape, being bound in honour to leave France to repose. He had all sorts of plans for the benefit of his island; but there is no doubt that, in spite of the vigilance of two French cruisers, strangers used to land by night and go to his so-called palace and the house of his mother, who lived next door.

In time he got together some two thousand of his old Guard, and some Mamelukes. How strange that he should have clung to them always!—probably by the influence of Roustan, who had been with him since his Egyptian expedition, and who always slept

in the next room to him. Gradually the little port began to fill with small country coasters; and at last, on a fine evening in March, 1815, he gave the order to embark, he himself going in a little brig, the only man-of-war he possessed. Outside they were hailed by a French frigate, whose captain was a friend of the captain of the brig. "*Ou allez vous?*" "*A Gênes, pour des emplettes pour l'Empereur,*" was the reply. "*Comment va le petit caporal,*" to which Napoleon himself replied, "*Très bien!*"

Such is the story related to me by the old man who has charge of the museum built by Prince Demidoff, close to Napoleon's country house, three miles from Porto Ferrajo, and who was one of the party. This house is extremely interesting. It is a low, one-storied building; there is but one decent apartment, the dining-room, with small bedrooms leading from it, and an adjoining drawing-room. The window of the dining-room looks out on a charming glen, with Porto Ferrajo in the distance. The Emperor always sat opposite this window when at dinner. The room is rudely painted with views in Egypt. The man who painted it—still alive—was sent for by the Emperor, and when he asked in what style he should paint the room, Napoleon roughly drew some pyramids and palm trees, and so the room was decorated. There are Mamelukes depicted riding about on things that look like rats. The furniture in the drawing-room was principally embroidered by Hortense. The pillows in the bedroom, and other bits of work, show how marvellously adroit she must have been with her

needle. The house lays in a romantic ravine, and has pretty walks and a spring, at which the Emperor used daily to refresh himself.

The museum contains a collection of works of art, pictures and sculpture, and many gems, trinkets, and curiosities belonging to the Emperor; but its Doric architecture is quite out of keeping with the simple chateau of Napoleon adjoining. I was struck with his bath-room and appurtenances, and am certain he must have been very clean in his person. He must have had a passion for soaps, for there are at least a dozen soap-dishes. Although every article of furniture is as he left it on the night of his departure from the island, I could not see anything like a crucifix, Bible, or religious book; but, as a whole, his little collection of books showed a highly cultivated taste, and maps seemed to have been his constant study. By the way, there is his travelling map of his great Italian campaign, with his own marks for the movement and stationing of troops. The accumulation of linen, especially silk stockings, shirts, etc., is wonderful. Certainly he must have escaped with a very small wardrobe.

Altogether, for any one who was interested in the everyday detail of the life of this extraordinary man, I do not know that he would find anywhere, not even in Paris, more to interest him than in Elba; but whoever wishes to enjoy this treat should lose no time, as the old people who knew him are fast disappearing, and it is said that Demidoff is going, from straitened circumstances, to sell the property.

There still lives here an old servant of Napoleon's, who has never left his house or room since the news arrived of the defeat of Waterloo.

We spent a week at Naples, and a couple of days at Syracuse, returning to Malta on November 8th. So ends my second campaign as Commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean.

"CONTRAST." SAILORS PAST AND PRESENT.
(*Sketched by Lord Clarence Paget for the Drawing Club at Malta.*)

CHAPTER IX.

MEDITERRANEAN (*continued*), 1868.

I ESTABLISHED in the grand harbour, by the kind permission of the Admiralty, a naval canteen. It contained, first, a very large room, amply furnished with tables and chairs for refreshments; secondly, a reading-room, with all the principal papers and periodicals and games; thirdly, a theatre; and, fourthly, a skittle-ground. Here the sailors and marines congregated in hundreds nightly. There were no police or sentries to overlook them; yet, after a winter's trial, I had not heard of a single case of misconduct or riot, and I was sanguine that it would tend much to the good order of the fleet. The preparation of the canteen was a source of much interest to me, and it required no little effort to open it with the new year. The advantages I expected to derive from it were manifold, and it must be considered in connection with the naval savings banks opened on January 1st, last year.

The last Bill I passed through the House of Commons is known as the Navy Savings Bank Act. I had been three years endeavouring to prevail upon

my colleagues to adopt this measure for the navy, in imitation of that which had worked so well in the army, and which had been in existence several years. I must say, however, that, although they did not think that seamen would be induced to save their money, and even questioned the advantage of their doing so, the opposition came not from them, but from the Accountant-General, as tending to throw additional work on his department.

How well I have been rewarded is easily shown by reference to the defaulters' books of this squadron, and my two flagships in particular, where the scheme has been carried out with the utmost zeal by my excellent flag-captain, Gardner, and no less excellent commander, Codrington. In order to exhibit the homely picture, I append a copy of an address I issued on the day of the opening of the bank.

"NAVAL SAVINGS BANKS.

"COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF'S ADDRESS TO THE SEAMEN, MARINES, AND BOYS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN SQUADRON.

"Malta, December 31st, 1866.

"In forwarding for information the Admiralty Regulations for Naval Savings Banks, which their Lordships have ordered to be tried in the first instance on board the *Victoria*, I desire to give the sailors and marines a few words of explanation and advice as to the important boon now granted to them by their Queen and country.

"First, let me advert to the origin and use of what are called savings banks.

"The ordinary way of employing money to advantage is, either to lend it to the public by purchasing government securities or to some company or association, receiving interest for the money so lent.

"This is convenient for persons having considerable sums at

their disposal, but to the poorer classes it is not available, because they can only save very small sums at one time, whereas neither in the one nor in the other would very small sums be accepted; there are, moreover, expenses for brokerage, agency, etc., attendant on such transactions, and they are all liable to the fluctuations of the money market.

"This led, many years ago, in most civilized countries, and especially in England, to various devices for the purpose of enabling the poorer classes to invest their savings day by day, with the certainty of receiving interest thereon and of getting back their money at any moment without expense and inconvenience.

"Hence arose savings banks, benefit societies, etc., all for the beneficent purpose of inducing the working classes to save their money for themselves and their families, instead of squandering it at public-houses.

"Until lately these banks and societies were entirely in the hands of private parties. The public were not responsible, consequently when, by the mismanagement or dishonesty of the conductors of any of these establishments, the money invested was lost, whole families of honest and prudent labouring men were ruined. Many such disasters have occurred.

"Various checks have been attempted by Parliament to remedy this evil, and finally, within the last few years, it was resolved to establish government savings banks at every village post-office, where a poor man could invest his little savings with perfect security, and draw out at any moment the whole or part of his money, if he wanted it, without any expense, allowing him $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., or, in other words, $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ for every 100 pence, or $6d.$ for every pound sterling, as interest yearly for all the money he invests.

"The result of this great measure has been, in a few short years, to induce a vast proportion of the labouring classes to invest their savings in these banks, and the sums invested amount to many millions sterling.

"Savings banks are established in the regiments, and are now to be established on board her Majesty's ships, with this great advantage, as compared with the government *Post Office* Savings Banks, that, instead of $2\frac{1}{2}d.$, $3\frac{3}{4}d.$ is given yearly for every 100 pence invested, that is, $9d.$ for every pound sterling, or in other words, the sailors and marines and soldiers have a boon of $1\frac{1}{4}d.$ *additional*

interest over the labouring class at home for every 100 pence invested.

"Now I find that many soldiers put their savings into the regimental banks, although their pay, after deducting their necessary expenses, is considerably less than the pay of sailors or marines after their necessary expenses have been deducted, as the following table, which has been carefully drawn up, will show; observing, that in the case of both soldier and sailor, the bare pay, without any extras for good conduct badges, trained men, etc., has been considered.

Soldier's Daily Pay.	Soldier's Daily Expenses.	Sailor's Daily Pay.	Sailor's Daily Expenses.
1*s.*	8*d.* stopped for rations; 1*d.* required to keep up his kit; leaving 3*d.* for his personal use.	1*s.* 3*d.* ordinary seaman.	From 3*d.* to 4*d.* for clothes, soap, and tobacco; leaving 11*d.* or 1*s.* for his personal use.

"In addition to their pay, I find that the average sum received by sailors for savings amounts to about three-halfpence a day, ample for the purchase of mess comforts in the shape of potatoes, soft bread, etc.

"Therefore the young sailor has, after deducting his expenses for clothes, tobacco, soap, and mess comforts, etc., no less than eleven pence to one shilling a day to spend—that is £16 to £18 a year, and even if he allots his pound a month for his family, he still has £5 or £6 a year to spend; and the older sailors, as they become expert seamen and petty officers, have considerably more pay and allowances.

"Now, I will show some of the advantages of saving a little money.

"Let us suppose a young seaman, who does not allot, makes up his mind to invest at the pay table on board monthly, without any trouble or expense, say fifteen shillings, keeping more than a shilling a week for amusements, at the end of the year he will have saved, say, £9; to this must be added *interest*, 6*s.* 9*d.*: thus, after his £9 has been invested one complete year, it has increased to £9 6*s.* 9*d.*

"If he is imprudent, he will then be persuaded to draw it out and

spend it in riot and drink; but if he is a sensible man, he will go on monthly leaving his fifteen shillings at the pay table, when he will be receiving interest, not only on his original £9, but on £9 6*s.* 9*d.* And so on, year by year, till when his ship is paid off, after say 4 years, he will have about £38 in addition to any pay which may be due to him.

"And here will be his greatest temptation! Every inducement will be held out to him by bad people to take out this large sum.

"I will, however, assume that he is a sensible man, but still young, and probably single. He will desire to go for his six weeks' leave. He will retain a sufficient portion of the balance of pay due to him for his expenses while on leave, and will deposit the remainder in the savings bank.

"All this time his pay is going on, so that when he returns to the service, he can go on monthly depositing his fifteen shillings. By this time, the sailor will have, it is to be hoped, become an able seaman; he will, perhaps, be a trained man, and will have a good-conduct stripe, and he will be thinking, I trust, of increasing his savings gradually to one pound a month, still retaining his original five shillings a month for amusements.

"The result of this will be that, at the expiration of his ten years' service, the sailor will be in possession of one hundred pounds; the marine a little less, as his pay is lower.

"Now, what will that sum buy? It will buy a comfortable cottage, and furnish it into the bargain; so that a home, free for ever, is provided for the sailor's family, or it will probably produce in 'consols' about £3 5*s.* to £3 10*s.* a year for ever, or it will enable a labouring man to set up in business, or, if he prefers continuing a sea life, to leave his family in a comfortable cottage, free, and having only to allot for their food and clothing.

"Now this is not by any means an overdrawn picture of the prospects of a prudent man; in truth, he may save more, as is shown by the savings of prudent soldiers with much less pay, for I find that many of these men, out of their small pay, put in the regimental savings bank an average annual sum of nearly £7 each.

"Let me then earnestly advise the seamen, marines, and boys of this squadron, instead of remitting their pay to private establishments, or even to those excellent institutions—the sailors' homes, where they get no interest for their money—or, what is worse, spending the

whole unprofitably, to invest their savings in the government savings bank on board their own ship, where their money is perfectly safe, and where they will receive interest thereon, at the rate, as I have said, of 9*d.* annually for every pound invested.

"I have only further to add that none should invest who have any intention to desert her Majesty's service, as there is provision made, by clause 12 of the Order in Council, that unless a deserter surrenders before his ship is put out of commission, he is liable to the loss of his savings.

"For further information concerning this beneficent measure, the men should apply to the lieutenants of their divisions.

"C. PAGET,
"Vice-admiral and Commander-in-chief."

In three months' time the crew of the *Victoria* had invested £3500, and my present ship, *Caledonia*, invested more than £3000 within the year.

It will scarcely be believed that I was only allowed to open the bank originally in the flagship. After much entreaty it was extended, firstly, to three more ships of the squadron, and, on my declining to give so invidious an order, to the whole squadron.

The next step was the canteen, also in imitation of the army system. Here I have to thank the Admiralty for readily granting the boon. If sailors can be drawn away from low public-houses, and induced to spend their leisure hours rationally, the effect will be that drunkenness will be subdued, and that hateful vice, the parent of almost all crime in the navy, will be as rare among the men as it now happily is among the officers. And why not? How few years have passed away since the bottle was too freely emptied among gentlemen, and they reeled home from dinner-parties!

This can only be effected gradually, and the process is going on satisfactorily. On the one hand, the men have good beer and wine at low prices; on the other, they have excellent tea, coffee, ginger-beer, and other drinks of which they partake largely at still lower prices.

Here the savings bank comes into play, as tempting them to put their money out at interest, instead of spending it on the more expensive drink; and I hope to develop largely the use of the canteen, by making it a general purveyor to the fleet, for all sorts of groceries, stationery, fruit, etc., at low prices, and so getting rid of the bumboats.

I had another scheme in hand, which I hoped the Admiralty would sanction, viz. to establish a reading-room, billiard-room, etc., for the officers. I felt sure this would draw them away from the clubs and smoking-shops at Malta. And why not also at the home ports, at Portsmouth and Plymouth?

We keep during the winter months certain ships of the Channel Squadron, just as we do at Malta. There is so much discomfort, owing to bad weather, to the difficulty of communicating with the shore from ships lying in the stream, and many other reasons, that everybody, from the captain to the ship's boy, is glad to get away. My belief is, that with a little arrangement, and a little expense, there might be kept during winter, at each of the two principal ports, a division of the Channel Squadron in perfect trim, and ready for service. It would be necessary first to give them a snug berth out of the stream

and near the shore. There should be built a complete set of apartments, reading-room, etc., for men and officers, and I would add cottages for the married men, and, if need be, a residence for the admiral, although if his ship is in a snug berth, he may well live on board. The exercises should be carried on as we do at Malta. In fact, I would carry out our Mediterranean system, just established, at home. I am convinced that if we did so, the Channel Squadron would be as neat and smart as that of the Mediterranean.

The long winter was diversified with a trip to Athens in the *Lord Warden* with the view of studying her armament. I was favourably impressed with the handiness of her new nine-inch guns. Weighing twelve tons, they yet are as easily manipulated as the old broadside gun.

Lady Clarence met me at Athens, and we spent several days in exploring its far-famed remains. I have not seen any which can vie with these, although many are more extensive; but their rare merit is the lovely colour of the marble. They are, however, so well known that it is idle to describe them here. The King and Queen were very gracious to us. She is the daughter of my old friend and shipmate the Grand Duke Constantine, but as unlike him as it is possible to be. Her countenance is the picture of gentleness, and is the index, I understand, of her real character. She is much liked by the Greeks, and will be of considerable service in keeping things together in their country.

From Athens we set off for Constantinople, in the little *Psyche*, carrying with us Lord Erskine, the brother of our worthy minister. The cold of Constantinople was intense; but nothing could damp the ardour with which we attacked the bazaars, mosques, palaces, etc. Although often at Constantinople, I never before saw St. Sophia, and truly it is a gigantic and noble building. There are here, as well as in the mosque of Sulieman—called Magnificent—some exquisite stained glass windows, quite unlike anything I ever saw, except at the mosque "Omar," at Jerusalem. They should more properly be called mosaic windows. The frames consist of the most delicate Arabic tracery in metal, the little interstices being filled with coloured glass, producing exactly the effect of a kaleidoscope.

To my mind there is an air of comfort and simple grandeur combined in these mosques, which is very striking. They are entirely laid with rich carpets, which the believers tread noiselessly. There are no seats, and the view is only obstructed by a little low ornamented table here and there, with a cushion under it, from which the Mollahs expound the Koran to hundreds of devout kneelers, who now and again touch the ground with their foreheads.

The royal mausoleums have the same air of comfort. Instead of a cold marble sarcophagus, the sultans and sultanas—the latter only distinguishable by the absence of a turban—have each a place in rows of large coffins, with odd-looking gable roofs, covered with beautiful gold embroidery and shawls, the room

carpeted and furnished with clocks, silver lamps, reading-desks with Korans, and costly furniture.

Stamboul was in the most unhappy state of decay. Whole quarters had been burnt down, and an attempt made to rebuild with better houses and wider streets; but it was only an attempt, for few have the means, and we saw only here and there some solitary new house rising out of mountains of rubbish.

The prettiest sight in Constantinople is the Friday visit of the Sultan to the mosque, by water. He has gorgeous caiques, rowing twenty oars each. Two lead the procession abreast; then comes the Sultan, who sits under a red velvet tent; then one containing the ministers of state; and the rear is guarded by two caiques abreast. There is no difference in size or ornament, but the Sultan's caique carries, on a staff in the forepart, a golden eagle, as denoting his presence. Every ship possessing guns salutes, but nobody takes off his hat or salaams, except here and there a Christian. He seems to glide along at a rapid pace, unnoticed, like a spectre, the only observable excitement being at the moment he leaves or re-enters his palace, when petitions are thrust into his hands by many wretched-looking creatures, who doubtless suppose that their prayers will be heard. Such has been the immemorial custom of the Osmanli, and it must not be supposed that they would continue thus to besiege their Sultan every Friday, unless some good came of it. This custom is one of many to which the Sultan has to submit. He is expected, for instance, whenever

a considerable fire occurs, to mount his horse and direct, or pretend to direct, measures for its extinction. He is obliged to appear every Friday, besides on certain great festas.

We had a glorious run up in the *Psyche* to the entrance of the Black Sea. How beautiful are the shores of the Bosphorus, with their never-ending, picturesque ruins. One can well understand the attachment of the Turks to their lovely capital.

The ambassador requested I would, if convenient, call at Smyrna on my way back, in order to settle a knotty point of dispute between the British merchants and the Sublime Porte. The latter had recently given a concession to a company to create wharves, landing-places, and docks—a scheme good in itself, and much required in Smyrna; but such is the universal distrust in the government, that the merchants are averse to it, believing it to be a job, and certainly, if half they alleged is true, I cannot but condole with them. I found them very reasonable, and hope that my friendly offices may not be altogether without result.

We visited Santorin. This island is one of the best specimens of the gigantic cataclysms of prehistoric times. It must have been belched up from the deep in a very short time, possibly instantaneously, since there are no indications of gradual accumulation. The whole is a mass of volcanic formations, mixed with enormous boulders of primary formation, apparently, so to speak, boiled up together and allowed to cool. Some idea may be

given of its grandeur by stating that the diameter of the crater is about five miles, and the bottom of it has two hundred fathoms of water over it. Within about two hundred feet of the summit the strata show successive deposits, alternate red and white, probably from periodical eruptions, giving it a most singular appearance. Two openings of about half a mile wide, one at the south, the other at the north-west side, occurred at some period or other, and now admit of the largest ships into the great basin. In the very centre arises a cone of volcanic matter, with a crater in full activity. Every ten minutes it belches forth smoke, steam, and red-hot stones, in a volume which has the appearance of a huge cauliflower. No sooner is this dispersed, than another succeeds it, and the phenomenon is visible far off at sea. The outer slopes of the great crater now extinct are remarkably fertile, and produce the famous vintage of Santorin wine. The inhabitants dwell on the very edge of the perpendicular cliffs of some four or five hundred feet height which form the great crater, and the vessels, of which there are many which trade to the island, moor with their sterns to the cliffs, and their anchors in twenty fathoms of water. Hence they communicate with the villages four hundred feet over their heads by zigzag paths cut in the perpendicular rock.

We returned to Malta to renew the usual routine of the harbour quarters of the winter. The American Admiral, Farragut, with his squadron, favoured me with a visit. This remarkable man

made a great impression on me; his pleasant countenance has two characteristics betraying the man, a piercing eye, and a mouth denoting firmness. He was a great but very agreeable talker. I accompanied him to sea, and took leave with salutes and cheers.

CHAPTER X.

MEDITERRANEAN (*concluded*)—SYRIA, HOLY LAND, ETC.

AND now comes the story of our pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Often and often had I yearned to see that sacred locality, that I might follow the footsteps literally, as I have spiritually, of the blessed Saviour. Many difficulties lay in the way, the great distance from Malta, the impossibility of separating myself from my squadron, and the improbability of my being allowed to carry the whole force thither. With some diplomacy these difficulties, however, were overcome, in spite, no doubt, of objections political and naval, and the squadron of five large ships and four small ones left without regret the gaieties of Malta.

I had hoped to be joined by my wife and children, but in this I was disappointed. We had made every preparation in the shape of tents, as well as contrivances to carry them in sedan chairs over the rugged and difficult mountain paths.

Sir Francis Blackwood brought a party of military officers in the *Psyche*, who gladly accepted the place of the ladies; the sedan chairs were exchanged for horses, and so we set out on May 4th, at noon. Our

cavalcade consisted of twelve mounted gentlemen, our dragoman, Micael El Hanné, a noted character, whom we had engaged to carry us and provide every necessary for our journey—and let me here state that he fulfilled his engagements with the entire approval and applause of the party—about thirty baggage horses, mules, and donkeys; and, including our own, some fifteen or sixteen servants, muleteers, and attendants accompanied us.

Emerging from the wretched village of Jaffa, we passed the house of Simon the tanner, and the dismal sandhills on which Napoleon massacred his fifteen hundred Mameluke prisoners, and poisoned his own sick and wounded previous to his retreat to Egypt across the desert. We next reached the richly cultivated Plain of Sharon, the garden of Judea. Orange groves, pomegranate gardens in abundance, and waving corn refreshed our eyes. At one we called a halt, under the shade of a very fine ilex, and near a marabout or tomb of some Moslem saint, with its delicious fountain. Here we righted ourselves, so to speak, in our saddles and prepared in earnest for the journey. Before us lay the hill country of Judea, rugged and uninviting, but containing the most holy spots on this earth.

It was long after dark when we reached Beth-horon. As yet vestiges of historic interest were mostly confined to the crusaders. At Ramlah and Lydda there are several fine remains of churches, now turned into mosques, and here and there old towers, each with its appropriate tradition of Godfrey de Bouillon, our own Richard Cœur de Lion, and

other warriors, which were chronicled to us by our worthy dragoman. Nor did he omit to gravely point out the mud hovel at Lydda where Peter performed his miracle.

The scene which presented itself at Bethhoron, "the higher," was well worth studying—the site of many a pitched battle between David, Saul, and other fighting Israelites. It lay in a gorge, and precipitous paths lead to it. A capital place for defence, but not so comfortable to encamp in. Everybody was shouting, and the utmost confusion appeared to prevail. Our prospects of dinner and bed were dim indeed, and the night was cold. Yet, in one hour and a half, all our tents were pitched, and our dinner was ready for us. Let me give a notion of the camp. First is the dining-marquee, a large double tent capable of holding fifteen or sixteen persons at a long table. Next to it the cooking-tent, and in a circle are the several sleeping-tents. In the middle of the area, an indispensable accompaniment, is a long pole stuck in the ground, with the national flag of the party floating in the breeze. This is no mere ornament, being accepted by the natives as the badge of the great Frankish nations, and respected as such. Micael insisted that the Admiral's party should hoist a white ensign, no doubt with the view to increasing his own importance and our backshish.

We sat down to a sumptuous repast at 9.30, really sumptuous, not only in the cooking, but in reference to the dinner-service. In fact, it was a very good and complete hotel dinner, with napkins, etc. We

drank health to El Hanné, and retired each to our tents, with comfortable camp-beds, blankets, sheets, etc., and slept as only those sleep who have had a hard day's ride. We were in our saddles at seven next morning, and were soon fairly in the defiles of David. Our poor horses literally clambered among rocks and stones up and down these dreary hills till noon, when we approached Neby Samuel, standing on a pinnacle. Our hearts vibrated, for from here we were to see Jerusalem! Truly there is no possibility of expressing the emotion we all felt as we toiled up this hill. Our hitherto merry party lapsed into silence, our dragoman whispered that, on turning the next angle of the path, *Jerusalem* would be before us.

The view of the Holy City from Neby Samuel is in itself unsatisfactory, for it is but the rim of the town, with the glorious dome of the Temple which is seen over the crest of the hill. But yet the glimpse produced its full effect on us all, and, with hats in hand, we inwardly addressed our little thanksgiving for the privilege we were enjoying of actually beholding the scene of our Lord's martyrdom. The Mount of Olives, with the intervening valley of Jehoshaphat, were distinctly visible on the left. Interesting as is this mount of Samuel, as being undoubtedly his home and resting-place, we hurried on our horses, supposing that half an hour or so would bring us within the walls of the holy City. But the extraordinary clearness of the atmosphere, so celebrated in the Holy Land, deceived us. We had still three long hours on horseback.

We sat down to lunch at the entrance of what is called the tomb of the Judges, and finally arrived at Jerusalem about four p.m., and found our camp pitched between the gate of Damascus and the north-east point of the city wall overlooking the valley of Jehoshaphat. We were duly visited by the consul, Mr. Moore, and the Pacha, and underwent the pleasant ordeal of pipes and coffee when we returned his Excellency's visit.

Every sacred locality here is the subject of dispute, and the various arguments as to the exact site of the Temple, the crucifixion, and the tomb of our Lord, are immensely interesting. The explorations carried on by Lieutenant Warren, R.E., under the auspices of a society, have elucidated many doubtful points. My own impressions, after a careful comparison of the authorities, lead me to adopt the sites as handed down by the traditions of the inhabitants, and I am the more satisfied as to the reality of the Holy Sepulchre from the fact that within about twenty yards of it are several undoubted Jewish rock-cut tombs. With these feelings I entered the dark, circular-domed building, and crept into the low chamber within it, and reverently laid my hand on the tomb of our Lord. I heeded not the mummeries, the tawdry altar, and masses of lamps, nor the sprinkling of rose-water on my garments by the Greek priest. Many poor old men and women came and went sobbing. There were costumes denoting many climes, but all apparently with a fixed purpose of realizing the Agony of the Saviour.

From thence we ascended Mount Calvary, which is within the walls of the church, and were shown the holes in the rock in which the three crosses were fixed. This leads me to some observations which occurred to me after visiting all the principal scenes of our Lord's life, ministry, and death. To me it has always been a difficulty—I will not admit stumbling-block—why such stupendous events could possibly have escaped the knowledge of contemporary nations. How is it, for instance, that with very few and unimportant exceptions, no records exist, or at least have come down to us, from Egypt, from Rome, from Greece, or even from India, of the portentous occurrences during three eventful years in Palestine. The fact is, they *were* done, so to speak, in a corner. Any one who has travelled in the Holy Land is at once struck with the smallness of everything. Jerusalem could only have been a small town of some twenty thousand inhabitants. The Temple, though grandly situated, is a small building. All those places so often mentioned—Bethel, Ai, Jericho, Bethlehem, Bethany, the hill country of Judæa, the plains of Samaria and of Sharon, Mount Tabor, Gerizim, Ebal, Nazareth, the *Sea* of Galilee, Capernaum, Bethsaida, Chorazin—the whole of these could be comprised in what we should now call a small county. A railway train would traverse Judæa, Samaria, and Galilee—the Holy Land—from north to south, in a couple of hours. Is it, then, to be wondered at that a Preacher, passing backwards and forwards among villages, which probably had little or no communication with each other,

should perform mighty miracles which remained utterly unknown and unheeded except by the few who were privileged to see them ?

I pictured to myself the Saviour and His apostles as I rode among these hills and valleys, whenever I saw a few Bedouin or fellaheen pedestrians, weary and footsore, wending their way from one little village to another. Daily there are disputes and wrangling, and sometimes bloodshed, going on between the Latin and Greek priests. Indeed, within the walls of the Holy Sepulchre itself are stationed Turkish guards, who sit smoking their pipes, and upon any infraction of their rules they would as soon crucify a Christian or Jew as not. Doubtless the Romans despised them as much, and treated them in the same fashion. Such I take to be the reasons why we know so little—it was not intended we should. What exercise of faith would there be if the glorious works of Jesus were proved and corroborated as mathematically as we are permitted to do in regard to earthly things? If I could venture to dispute any of the inspired writings, it would be the expression of Paul (I think), who says, "these things were not done in a corner;" the truth is, they were done in a corner, and intended to be so done.

From the summit of the Mount of Olives we long contemplated Jerusalem, and in so doing I nearly lost my life, for the parapet of the tall minaret on which I was perched gave way beneath me, and fell heavily some sixty feet. I clung to the minaret, and was rescued from my perilous position.

A very singular feature is the side of the mount

facing Jerusalem. Here are buried myriads of Jews from the earliest times, and their flat gravestones have a strange weird appearance, especially in moonlight; in fact, the whole valley of Jehoshaphat is one gigantic Golgotha.

Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the exact spot of the crucifixion, there is and can be none as to the daily walk of our Lord to and from Bethany, since there is but one path He could have taken without making a long detour. This view of Jerusalem as one turns the brow of the Mount of Olives is indeed sublime; the abrupt precipice in front of the city walls, with the brook Kedron and the pools of Siloam, and the Garden of Gethsemane at the bottom, the glorious Temple (now the mosque of Omar, standing on Mount Moriah), Mount Zion, and the city, all facing you, with the little village of Siloam in the foreground, form a picture worthy of the locality. The poor Jews may be seen daily weeping and wailing at the foot of the Temple wall. It is a sad sight.

I was anxious to procure a coat without seam —nothing more easy; the coats, in fact the dress, the manners and customs as to salutations, eating, drinking, travelling (the Sabbath-day journey, for instance), all are unchanged since the time of our Lord; indeed, the Bible is the very best guide-book for the Holy Land. Our journey from Jerusalem lay through Bethany to Bethlehem, by a mountain path, and occupied three hours. The uninviting hill-country of Judæa has its good as well as its bad side; the

expanse of view is uninterrupted, nor is it all so bleak and uncultivated as is generally supposed.

The great convent and church at Bethlehem were built by the pious mother of Constantine over the stable and manger, exactly as she built the church at Jerusalem over the sepulchre of our Lord. Thus the Greek Church fairly claimed the priority in these places. But in process of time the Latin or Roman Catholic nations encroached, built their altars, and established themselves on an equality within these walls, with the Greeks; hence endless and bloody feuds.

The spot where the Virgin was delivered is in the hands of the Latins, and on a large gold star is inscribed in Latin, "Here our Lord saw the light." Some wily Greek priest from the neighbouring manger where the infant was laid, and which is a *Greek* chapel, is said to have abstracted the star, and replaced it by a similar one, with the same inscription, only in *Greek.*

Bethlehem, as well as Nazareth, is almost entirely inhabited by Christians. They are the exception to the rule, as the majority of the inhabitants of the villages of the Holy Land are Moslems, and these two places consequently have a somewhat cleaner and less squalid appearance. We fell in with groups of sailors from the squadron on our road, some riding donkeys, some horses, some walking. It has given me great satisfaction to observe how much they appreciate all that is interesting. They go sight-seeing like their officers. Hundreds of them made their pilgrimage to

Jerusalem. At first, the Pacha informed me that he was in some alarm lest they should become riotous. But after they had been there some days, he told me that he was no longer apprehensive, although every hotel and khan was crammed full of them.

From Bethlehem we rode to the frightful wilderness overlooking the Dead Sea, and pitched our tents in a ravine close to the ancient Greek convent of Mar Saba. The surrounding country is very wild; not a blade of grass, not a solitary shrub, save here and there a sprig of wild thyme among the dismal cliffs. An occasional Bedouin encampment, inhabited by the most forbidding copper-coloured women, whose lords were out on some marauding expedition, and some half-starved sheep, were the only living things that met our eyes. We visited the poor monks in their extraordinary eyrie in this locality, and were glad to return to our clean tents.

On the morrow we followed a gorge which led us gradually down to the shores of the Dead Sea. The path lay on the brink of precipices the whole way, until we arrived at the desolate plain surrounding the Dead Sea. Here all is flat and salt; the ground crackles under one, and sparkles, and the wind drives minute particles of salt into the eyes, which is distressing. The shore is strewed with dead branches of trees, washed from the Jordan, which empties itself within a few miles of the spot on which we stood. Miserably dismal as it is, it is less so than I had anticipated. The water is of an intense and beautiful blue, and very transparent, but horribly nauseous to the taste; and,

though few and far between, still there are spots of verdure on its banks. The heat was very great, and our poor horses eagerly snorted with delight as we approached the famous Jordan, for they had not tasted water since we left the camp, a matter of six hours. Here we fairly revelled in its muddy waters, at the reputed place of the baptism of our Lord. It seemed to me that nothing could be lovelier than the spot. Large trees, with magnificent foliage, fringe the river, and under one of these we reposed during the heat of the day. But we had still three hours' hard ride to our camping-place at Jericho, so reluctantly but obediently we mounted at three at the call of the vigorous El Hanné.

Jericho is, or rather was, situated just at the foot of the hill country of Judæa, which overlooks the long valley of the Jordan. There is scarcely a vestige of this ancient town remaining, though mounds of earth tell of the walls which fell at the sound of the trumpet of Joshua, and the same delicious stream runs where our Lord supped with Zaccheus. Here at the fountain of Jacob we encamped. At this spot was a magnificent palace and gardens, presented by Herod to Cleopatra. Later, the Crusaders established large sugar plantations and bakeries, the remains of which are to be seen.

One of the muleteers nearly lost his life by the bite of a snake, which had nestled under his pillow during the night. Our doctor, however, was prompt in his remedies, and the man has since recovered.

We again ascended the hills by a zigzag path,

following, I suppose, much the track of Joshua to Ai, and then Bethel, from whence we had a last and very distant view of the Mount of Olives; and so we encamped beside where stood the Ark of the Covenant. Here we would gladly have spent our Sabbath in rest for man and horse, but alas! I could not afford the time. We, however, enjoyed our Sunday service under an enormous ilex tree, near Shiloh, with a congregation of at least a hundred wild Arabs surrounding us, all Mahomedans, and encamped at Sychem. The Sunday ride was very interesting, the whole was necessarily the path our Lord must needs go in travelling from Nazareth to Jerusalem. We drank water at the well where the Samaritan woman gave our Lord to drink. There can be no mistake as to this spot. There is the tomb of Joseph hard by, now surmounted by a modern cupola, built by the pious hand of some Mahomedan who reverenced his name, as we do. The sect of Samaritans exists to this day, though now dwindled to some two hundred families. They worship on Mount Gerizim, which overlooks Sychem, and I visited them and purchased a Samaritan pentateuch, said to be nine hundred years old, from their Sheik Jellaby. The same hatred exists between them and the Jews as prompted the woman to express to our Lord her astonishment that a Jew should ask a Samaritan for a drink of water. Long did we muse at the well of Samaria.

Joshua stood at Sychem, and the people were assembled, one-half on Mount Girizim, and the other

half on Mount Ebal, when he read to them the Law. I thought the distance too great to admit of his being heard on both sides of the valley, but we found it easy in this wonderfully clear atmosphere to make each other hear from one mount to the other. One meets with these corroborations of Scripture history at every turn.

The ancient town of Samaria, six miles further north, the palace and dwelling-place of the kings of Israel, has some pretensions to remains. There are many columns scattered about, and these plains of Samaria are rich in soil and vegetation. The contrast to the rocky and sterile hill country struck us very much.

Passing Jezreel, and throwing a stone, according to custom, on Jezebel's tomb, inspecting Naboth's vineyard, and a little further on the well where Joseph was sold by his brethren, we followed the valley or plain of Esdraelon, up which Jehu, the impetuous, flew with his chariots to attack Ahab. With the Bible in hand, it is impossible to mistake the site. We emerged into sight of Mount Tabor, something like the Wrekin of Shropshire, a high hill well wooded with ilex. When on the summit we beheld in the far distance the famous Mount Hermon, which bounds the Holy Land on the north.

We felt that we were now entitled to wear the pilgrim's scallop-shell. We had at our feet the favourite haunts of our Saviour. There, more calm and lovely than I can describe, nestled in the surrounding hills, lay the Sea of Tiberias, the Lake of

Galilee or Gennesaret. It reminded me somewhat of the Lago Maggiore. The mountains of Moab, which contain it on the east beyond Jordan, are very singular though not picturesque, a perfectly ruled straight line from Hermon to the Dead Sea. Such an outline is unique.

We encamped at the foot of Tabor, and were in our saddles right early. Only one day to visit Tiberias and follow our Lord's footsteps from Nazareth to Capernaum, Chorazin, and Bethsaida, and to picture Him on the lake with His poor fishermen, who almost alone were faithful to Him. One cannot wonder at the feelings of interest and reverence engendered in all Christian minds when these scenes are visited.

Capernaum, His favourite resort, has few remains, indeed its site is disputed; but the gateway of the synagogue is there unmistakably, with the seven-branched candlesticks in bas relief over it. Under that gateway He must have often passed.

How marvellous that He, now in the immensity of space, governing millions of worlds, compared to which this globe is a mere grain of sand, should have lived, and worked, and slaved in this confined space for people, some of whom reviled and insulted Him daily, and fairly drove Him away—"besought Him to depart."

We followed His path in the evening to Nazareth, passing through Cana, associated in our minds with the marriage-feast at which He was present. Our Lord's journeys could have seldom been less than

twelve or fifteen miles, and most probably bare-footed, for the poorer classes are generally wending their way thus.

Cana is prettily situated in a narrow and well-cultivated glen, and is a clean little village. We encamped on this our last night at Nazareth. I reflected that for thirty years He lived here; that His youth must have been spent among those lovely glens; that every rock we now saw must have been familiar as household words to Him; that at the well at which we were encamped (the only well, and a very ancient appearance it has, with its many-grooved sides from the constant wear of the bucket and rope) He and His Mother must have often come to draw water, and I was deeply thankful to have had the high privilege of seeing those places, so sacred to us all, and with which the daily life of our Lord and Saviour is indissolubly connected.

Here closed the absorbing interest of our journey.

Proceeding on our way, we found ourselves in the plains of Acre, and passed through a magnificent forest of evergreen oak. The view of Carmel was very fine, and from the summit of a hill we distinctly saw the squadron at anchor off Caiffa, awaiting us.

After ten days in the saddle, we were glad to get on board, and to feel that we had accomplished a most interesting tour, in which more than five hundred officers and men have participated.

We passed some days at Beyrout, where the squadron reassembled for the Queen's birthday, on May 25th. We there heard the glorious news of the

capture of Magdala. The effect of this generous and intrepid, almost Quixotic expedition, undertaken by England for the sole purpose of rescuing her countrymen, had an electric effect on these semi-barbarous Eastern nations, and greatly added to our prestige in those parts.

I took a party of officers and my nephew, Lord Francis Conyngham and his wife, with me in the *Psyche* to visit Beit-u-Deen. We steamed along the coast as far as Sidon, and landed at that now miserable village. There were no remains whatever of its former magnificence. There, as at most other forts on this coast, are the marks of the war of 1840, in the shape of battered walls and towers.

We landed at Ras Amar, where horses awaited us on the beach. The mountain-path hence to Beit-u-Deen is a good specimen of the romantic scenery of the Lebanon. We forded and reforded the Amur thirteen times. It is a mountain torrent, hemmed in on either side by precipitous cliffs. Four hours' hard work brought us in view of Deir-el-Kamma and Beit-u-Deen, the scene of the terrible massacre of the Christian Maronites by the Druses, in 1860. It is a lovely neighbourhood, and I made a sketch of it. It was the residence of Daoud Pacha, the Christian governor of the Lebanon. The perpetual quarrels of these two mountain tribes, Druses and Maronites, form the most stirring dramas of this remarkable country. Always destined to inhabit the same regions, ever in arms against one another on one pretext or another, they yet exist and multiply.

The Maronites are Roman Catholics, the creed of the Druses I never could unravel. They outwardly conform to the Moslem faith, but have certain dark, mysterious rites, apparently pagan in their origin. A little further north, near Antioch, the pure pagan worship is universal among the lower orders. We found the palace fully prepared for our reception, and were sumptuously fed and lodged by the Pacha's suite, he himself being absent at Constantinople.

The stories of the dark deeds of 1860 were fully narrated to us. Almost every apartment, especially the magnificent suite of bath-rooms, were scenes of bloodshed and treachery, and bear the marks to this day. My bedroom had its share, and I could not sleep for thinking of the dismal story. When will this beautiful country be rescued from a rule so fatal to its happiness and prosperity?

We returned by the same route, and when passing through Deir-el-Kamma, we were invited by the caimakan, a Maronite, to take pipes and coffee. In his reception-room we found seated on a dais his really lovely wife, and were presented to her and two dear children. Fourteen nargillehs were brought in after sweetmeats, and the usual little cups of coffee. The caimakan spoke a little Italian, so I was able to converse with him. He said that Lebanon owed a great debt of gratitude to an English lady, who, with her equally benevolent sister, established schools all over the Lebanon, as far even as Damascus, where the children of all creeds receive a good secular education.

This lady's story is very interesting. She is the widow of a physician, who, although a civilian, was employed during the war of the Crimea, and lost his life in the arduous exertions and perils of his profession. She had previously been with her husband at Beyrout, and when she heard of the massacres of 1860, her good heart led her back from her English home to the Lebanon. She commenced by collecting and procuring shelter and employment for the widows, who flocked in by hundreds from the mountains after the murder of their husbands and children, and the burning of their cottages.

Happily the British fleet was present, and greatly assisted her by subscriptions, as well as employing the poor creatures as washerwomen. Establishing the schools was an after-thought, and has been very successful. I visited one at Beyrout, and saw some five hundred girls and boys. The only distinction betwixt Moslem and Christian girls consists in placing the former behind the usual trellis work of the harem, in order that they may be concealed from the gaze of the Giaour.

I regret to say that we had not the good fortune of making acquaintance with this lady, owing to her temporary absence at Damascus on her noble errand; but Mrs. Mott, her sister, gave us much valuable information concerning the people, and assured us that one of the excellent results of these schools is the gradual disappearance of the Eastern prejudice against the "unveiled." And certainly the Moslem young ladies did not appear to object to my visit. Perhaps,

if I had been twenty years younger, they would have veiled themselves with becoming propriety.

The squadron left Beyrout on the 25th, spent a few days at sea performing evolutions, and then anchored off Famagousta, in the island of Cyprus. There were some well-preserved remains of the old town. The cathedral is of the twelfth century, and quite equal to many of ours in architectural magnificence, but sadly dilapidated. There are within it many flat slabs, with the arms and effigies of knights, bishops, abbesses, etc., though much obliterated; and I counted some fifty or sixty ruined churches and chapels, of which many were Greek and Byzantine. There is a good field here for the archæologist who seeks information as to the government of the kings of Cyprus and the crusaders, as well as of our own Richard Cœur de Lion, who brought his wife Berengaria here, and punished the authorities for their inhospitality to her during his absence. We also visited the site of the Phœnician town of Salamis, which is on the shores of the bay. I picked up some few bits of marble, but it is but a succession of mounds of rubbish and broken pottery. From Famagousta we coasted along the shores of Asia Minor, passing close to Xanthus and Marmorice, and anchored off Rhodes on the 30th of June.

In this island there is still much to interest those who follow the history of the Knights of St. John, although time and the reckless hand of the Turk were fast obliterating their handiwork. The Strada dei Cavalieri, the convent of the knights, some few

churches used as mosques, still remained, as well as their fortifications. On a comparison of these with similar buildings of the same order at the third and final resting-place of the Knights of St. John, Malta, I was struck with the contrast between them and the warrior-like simplicity of the residences of the early knights, who so valiantly resisted the all-powerful Turks at Rhodes. The buildings at Rhodes are all small and low, the streets very narrow, the architecture (and there are some rich specimens) purely religious. In fact, everything there betokened the earnest Christian warrior, while at Malta riches and worldly splendour tell the tale of that luxury which was followed by degeneration. It is impossible to read their history without finding corroboration of this in those excesses of their later years which brought about their fall. I do not know anything more sad than the description of the last century of the government of the knights. The fact is that their creation was a necessity of the moment, in order to check the growing power of the Moslem; but when that decayed, their occupation was gone, and their existence became simply anomalous.

At Rhodes I met an old friend, Achmet Pacha, Governor-General or Mushir of the Archipelago. He and I were both captains of line-of-battle ships in the Black Sea. He dined with me, and gave me a real Turkish *fête* at an ancient fountain under the shade of a group of noble plane trees, some three miles from the town. Nobody understands the arrangement of this sort of thing better than the Turks. The lovely

glen was lit up by numerous coloured lamps. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood flocked in, occupying every prominent spot around us, and we sat down to a Turkish repast which I will not attempt to describe, but which was much enjoyed by the many officers who assisted at it. Then came pipes and coffee at my particular desire, and a torchlight procession on horseback to the town finished the evening's entertainment. Rhodes is replete with wild and beautiful scenery, differing in this respect from Malta.

We passed through Santorin, which I have already described. The squadron entered the grand crater at the southern opening, steamed partly round the active volcano in the centre of the magnificent basin formed by the old crater, and out again by the north-western passage. Was ever such a thing heard of as seven large vessels of war caracoling in the centre of a volcano?

We arrived at Malta again in June. We had left it two months earlier, fresh and pleasant; it was a positive oven on our return.

We were glad to receive the heroes of Magdala, and their grand chief, *en route* for England, where we hoped full justice would be done to them, for a more admirably planned and ably conducted expedition never was sent forth. I found in Sir R. Napier an exceedingly quiet, gentle, and modest man, and so unassuming that one almost wonders how he, an Indian officer, came to be selected for the command of the Abyssinian Expedition. In India, however, his merits were well known, and his brilliant campaign has fully

justified the government in their choice. The son and heir of King Theodore was with the party. His mother had died on the road from Magdala. He was a delicate child with remarkably piercing eyes, and an intelligent countenance. Though only about eight years old, he received his visitors with great dignity, and had evidently a knowledge of his position as a Royal Prince. While playing with my children, nothing would induce him to run after the ball; if he missed catching it he expected others to do that for him. He constantly used the asseveration common to his countrymen, "by the life of my father," not knowing, poor boy, that he was dead! My children showed him a very curious toy, a cat which by internal mechanism played on a harp. In true Eastern fashion he showed no surprise, simply saying, "Is it alive?" He expressed the greatest abhorrence of his countrymen; indeed, that was the only subject which seemed to warm him up, and he declined to wear his Abyssinian dress. Speaking of the war, he said on several occasions, "My father is all powerful, and woe betide those who oppose him." I must not omit to mention his repeated professions of gratitude to my children for playing with him, and making him some little presents of toys; and he gave them his photograph, and promised one of his father whenever it was taken! Conversation with this interesting child was conducted through an interpreter, who was his tutor.

We started on July 1st for the Adriatic, this time accompanied by M—— and the children, who were to land at Venice. We touched at Corfu—no longer the

old British possession, replete with bright uniforms, bristling fortifications, and giving evidence of prosperity—but, to the regret of many of the inhabitants, a poor tottering relic of its former self. Nature alone remains unchanged; probably there is not a prettier spot on earth. What vast sums has England spent on this place! The fortifications on Vido island, which protect the anchorage, are destroyed, blown up by us on leaving. I hope, however, not willingly, for I have heard that it was the price at which Austria, one of the treaty powers, reluctantly agreed to our handing over this island to the Greeks. We took a lovely drive on Sunday through luxuriant foliage to the one-gun battery looking on the blue Sea of Calypso.

Our next visit was to Ancona, from whence we proceeded by train to see the *Santa Casa* at Loretto. The tradition, as everybody knows, is, that the house of the Virgin Mary took flight from Nazareth, landed somewhere in Dalmatia, and, being uncomfortable there among a race of savages, again moved through mid-air, and finally landed on the property of a good lady on its present site. Great was her wonder, when a dream that the Virgin's house was going to appear on her estate was verified; and she did full honour to the Virgin by enclosing the humble single-roomed cottage within a sumptuous cathedral, to which all the pious were summoned to contribute. The legend dates only three centuries back, and probably grew out of the want of some place of pilgrimage, when the real holy places were finally in possession of the Moslems, and forbidden to the faithful. It is a very

innocent deceit, and, till lately, has been much in vogue with the Roman Catholic world; but the changes in Italy, and the abstraction of this district from the territories of the Pope, has been fatal to Loretto. It is still, however, maintained as a public monument, and a large staff of priests and monks continue to reside within the vast range of buildings belonging to the cathedral.

There are some fine mosaic pictures and *basso relievos*, especially, enclosing the Santa Casa itself. As far as I could discern by the dim light within, it seemed to be built of bricks; and here arises a cruel nut for the devotees to crack.

I had just come from Nazareth, and so speak with authority; there is not a brick, or the means of making one, in the whole country. Stone and rock there is in plenty, and of this all the houses are built.

Strange to say, the Roman Catholics of the Holy Land utterly repudiate this Loretto house, and consider it an unworthy attempt of the Italian Catholics to supplant them in the interest which is shown to their sacred buildings in the East. There is a fine apartment which contains the offerings to the shrine, and various are the relics in the glass cases around the room. Necklaces and other ornaments of precious stones, *cinque cento* cups, crosses of gold and silver, and among them a strange gift consisting of a magnificent pair of breeches of rich brocade, with coat to match, presented by a king of Saxony! Loretto is set on a hill, and forms a beautiful and imposing object from

the distance. There is a good specimen of triumphal arch at Ancona, erected by the wife and sister of the Emperor Trajan to grace his return from a Dalmatian expedition.

We anchored off Malamocco on July 16th, and transferred ourselves to the little *Psyche*, which carried us in an hour and a half to the position prepared by the authorities off the Doge's palace at Venice, and nearly opposite the Bridge of Sighs. Here followed a series of *fêtes*, given to the officers of the fleet, which are well described in the newspapers. What most pleased me was the admirable conduct of the sailors of the fleet, who visited Venice in very large numbers. Venice has totally changed her aspect since I came here in 1860. Then it was dead; now it is alive. Indeed, I am forced to admit that this is the only place I have visited in the newly acquired Italian dominions where the people profess to be perfectly contented—and no wonder! Under Austrian rule, this unhappy people, oppressed by heavy and vexatious taxation, would not be comforted. They resented the appropriation of their beautiful and historical palaces to the meanest uses, and the diversion of their commerce to Trieste. Now all was changed; the sea approaches were being deepened; the hitherto unsavoury canals were being cleansed; and the old palaces restored. It was calculated that a thousand gondolas graced our night *fête* on the Grand Canal. The old patrician families now flock to Venice again, and it was very interesting to see on board the *Caledonia*, at our return *fête*, the descendants who

bear the names of Faliero, Foscari, Gradenigo, Dandolo, and others.

By-the-by, we had an historical visitor in the course of the evening, which proved very unwelcome. The famous Bora, or north wind, common to Venice, and often in ancient days fatal to its argosies, suddenly arose, and obliged us to send back our patricians before dark. What grievous difficulties beset the infant kingdom! Turin, Naples, and other former capitals had now become provincial towns, and sigh over their neglected royal palaces. Ancona is discontented because Venice is absorbing her commerce and navy yard. Even Florence had her grievance. They say that in good old timés they had cheap houses and a pleasant little court, whereas now, house rent and living has doubled in price; while Sicily was in a very unsettled state. Yet, to do them justice, I believe there were few who would exchange for the old *régime*. The fact is, they now enjoyed the blessed privilege of all free and constitutional states—that is, they were highly taxed, and could grumble openly without let or hindrance.

We were shown by special favour a Palażzo, within which are collected very perfect and connected reminiscences of its great founder, M'orosini, surnamed Il Peloponesiace. This is the only instance, during the jealous government of the doges, in which a statue was erected *ut viventi* by his countrymen. This beautiful old palace happily has remained intact, through the care of his descendants, who have had the wisdom to steer clear of the ruin so common to

the patricians. An elderly spinster possesses the palace and the name. Among many curios are a walking-stick and a missal, in both of which a pistol is concealed, which they say Morosini constantly had about him, being "*molto devoto e pronto a morire ed a amazzare.*" He was a great sea captain.

After leaving Venice, we commenced and continued for some time our summer cruises and manœuvring, paying a flying visit to Pola and Trieste. Admiral Baron de Bourguignon commanded at the former; and there also was the gallant Petz, who rammed the old two-decker *Ferdinand Max* into an Italian ironclad at Lissa, and lost his foremast and bowsprit—a worthy second to the more famous Tegethoff, who commanded in chief, and sank the *Re d'Italia.*

I was much interested by the modest account given by Petz of this fine feat of arms. He appears to have been completely surrounded by the enemy, who were ramming at him on all sides, but he dexterously turned the tables. The immediate shock of ramming, they all agree, is very great on the upper decks, and the ship appears to bend like a bit of indiarubber. The stores were thrown about; the guns did not overturn, but trained themselves forward. The people were knocked off their legs; but in the engine-room it was much less felt, nor were the engines or boiler damaged. The *Kaiser*, under Tegethoff, rammed four successive times, the last with perfect success. According to all accounts, the longest time which elapsed between the collision and the

disappearance of the Italian ironclad was two and a half minutes. The reason given for Persano's failing to use the ram of the *Affondatore* was her being so very low in the water. She was constructed to be immersed, so as to show in action only a few feet of freeboard, by letting in water into chambers. If she had struck an enemy, they think she would have gone down head foremost. Although this is opposed to the original Monitor theory and experience, there is much force in the argument.

It is fair to state that the Austrians agreed in asserting that Persano showed no want of courage from the way in which he brought his ships into action, but that he was wholly unsupported; that the firing was execrable, and that the Italians from first to last had luck against them. Certainly it is a curious bit of luck that Tegethoff should have got his enemy to do exactly what suited him—namely, to calmly await, in line ahead, a wedge-shaped attack into his centre, the manœuvre, as I was given to understand, on which he staked the day. The line once broken, the doubling back and enveloping a portion of the enemy was truly Nelsonic. I have myself seen most of the vessels engaged on both sides, and can affirm that there was but little damage done to them by shot or shell. The ram was the deadly weapon; nevertheless, we continue to build vessels more with a view to broadside fighting than ramming.

It is apparent to me that a future ship contest will depend mainly on the individual who has

command. The man who is endowed with the nerve and the sagacity to choose his antagonist and go straight at him, and who can dexterously avoid the ram of another in doing so, must succeed, be his ship of the type of stem recommended by the French or the Austrians, the Italians or ourselves. Two heavy guns on the bow, delivering their shot just before the collision, would add to the confusion of the enemy.

But what if both parties are equally determined? Tegethoff's ship was going at from eight to eight and a half knots at the moment of collision. Supposing the Italian had, instead of calmly offering his side, gone at him at the same speed, what would have been the result? Two heavy ships butting at one other at a velocity of seventeen knots! This has to be determined. Here is where the quick eye and strong nerve will be required.

Another very formidable engine is in process of development which bids fair to surpass even the ram—the torpedo. The importance of the invention may be assumed from the fact that the Austrian government is said to have awarded £20,000 to Mr. Whitehead, the inventor. The French also sent an officer to negotiate, and I have advised the British government to do likewise. We took our ambassador, Lord Bloomfield, and some officers to Fiume, leaving the squadron at Lossini Island, in a landlocked harbour, which the French used as their depôt during their war with Austria in 1859.

It is surprising how little is known and written

about this Dalmatian coast. We could only find one English book of travels worth consulting, that of Mr. Paton, our consul at Ragusa, with whom I had an interesting and agreeable acquaintance at that place. Fiume is finely posted on the side of a hill overlooking the inland sea, formed by the noble islands of Cherso, Veglia, etc. The town is clean and well-built, and has several old and interesting buildings; but the most striking object is a feudal castle, I believe of the Frangipani family. The late General Count Nugent bought it for a song, and applied his excellent taste to fitting it as a residence and mausoleum of his family.

Here in Fiume party strife runs high, on the great question of Magyar or Sclav—a question which is almost as complicated as that of Schleswig-Holstein.

After leaving Fiume we sighted the magnificent pass of Maltempo. Here the Bora reigns; not a vestige of verdure on the mountain sides which are scoured by this wind, it is the *bête noir* of the Dalmatians. We had a taste of it a little later at Ragusa, when the whole squadron drove from their anchors in the landlocked harbour of Gravosa, its port. Passing through these intricate channels we anchored off Zara, famous for its sieges, which form the subject of many fine pictures in the Ducal Palace at Venice, where "blind old Dandolo" distinguished himself. It is a little walled town, almost surrounded by water, full of Venetian relics, and well worth seeing. Need I say we filled the ship with "Maraschino," made from the

Marasch cherries, which grow in abundance along this coast! Hence we threaded the intricate canal, which leads among numberless islands to Sebenico. Nature has performed marvellous freaks here. The town is some seven miles from the sea. You enter what appears as a rent in the limestone cliffs, and find yourself between perpendicular walls some three hundred feet high, in a natural canal just broad enough and deep enough for one large ship. Suddenly you arrive at a great inland basin, with Sebenico, an old fortified hillside town, facing you. Great was the surprise of the primitive inhabitants at the appearance of a man-of-war. It was Sunday, and they were all attired in their Dalmatian costumes of every hue.

From here we took to the boats, and wound through a similar canal, which would have, I believe, carried the *Psyche*, had we been able to get a good pilot. We passed through a second lake, then another canal, and finally to the famous waterfall of the Cherga. This river is said to be a tributary of the Danube; but how it gets through the awful barriers of the mountains which fringe this coast is an enigma to me, for they are, in fact, part of the Balkan ranges. I saw in the Val D'Ombla, near Ragusa, a few days later, a good-sized river emerge from beneath a mountain; so I conclude this grand cascade may indeed join the Danube. The height is not above one hundred and fifty feet, and the cascade is a successive fall of water from ledges some thirty or forty feet deep, but the volume is tremendous. The country around is very wild, and the natives are said to partake of its

character. The few we saw were, however, very civil.

Our interesting trip among the Dalmatian islands finished, we returned to the squadron at Lossini, where Lord Bloomfield left us under the usual ambassadorial honours, and returned in the *Psyche* to Trieste.

I had intended to go into the harbour of Lissa, famous for its two battles—the first under Hoste, the second under Tegethoff, to which I have already referred—but having heard that an absurd report was prevalent that the British squadron was come to the Adriatic for the purpose of receiving at the hands of the Emperor the island of Lissa, I did not enter, but passed close by.

Steering betwixt the outer islands, and close past Meleda, which, in my opinion, is erroneously supposed to be the scene of St. Paul's shipwreck, we ran into Ragusa harbour, intending to anchor off the town; but finding the anchorage so much smaller than the old plan of it led me to expect, I made the signal to annul anchoring, and we passed between the town and the island of Lacroma, in single file, and out again through a very narrow channel. The first division was under steam, the second under canvas. The signal was made for the first to take the second in tow, which was very neatly done, and a good bit of practice, and thus we entered the fine harbour of Gravosa by moonlight. This little republic was a puny rival to Venice; the mighty state never could brook its existence, and perpetually but vainly sought its overthrow. The Ragusans sought the protection

of the then all-powerful Turk. With the view to its safety from the Venetians, they handed over to the Moslem a strip of land reaching to the sea on either side, leaving their territory of some sixty miles of sea-board, completely surrounded by the Turks, and so the little community defied the Venetians in their stronghold. It is a perfect nest of quaint fortifications of the Middle Ages, totally valueless now, but very picturesque. There is a ducal palace, and a hall of council and inquisition.

The proverbial jealousy of the Venetians towards their Doge, was child's play as compared with his treatment at Ragusa. I believe it to be perfectly true, that the reign of each Doge was for one month, and that he was rarely renominated continuously for above two or three months. Yet this system lasted for very many years. The number and variety of the pretty country and town houses attest the former prosperity of this diminutive republic, all alas! going to ruin. There are but three of the patrician families left.

At the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks, the cathedral, now mosque, of St. Sophia, was completely ransacked of its treasures, vast numbers of costly vessels, trinkets, robes, etc., and many bodies and limbs of saints, encased in gold and silver. The Ragusans managed by cajolery and gold to rescue a portion of these, and carried them off to Ragusa, Cattaro, and other places. There is a chapel, completely full of these relics. Here are skulls, arms, legs, hands, toes, etc., of many scores of saints, enclosed

in silver and gold, some highly wrought in filigree, with precious stones, the casing usually following the form of the body within. It is a most curious and unique collection, and it would be worth while for an antiquary to visit this place and to give a detailed description of its contents.

About five miles south of Ragusa, on a plateau some hundred feet above the sea, is the pretty village of Canosa, with its celebrated plane trees. The curé informed me that the person who planted these was alive not many years ago, and that he believed they were not more than seventy years old. Having measured their girth at four feet from the ground, and found that one tree was twenty-eight feet four inches in circumference, I hardly think this can be the case, although the soil is most favourable to the growth of trees in this country. From the curé's garden we surveyed the whole coast, with numberless islands and their intricate channels, as it were at our feet. Behind us rose the impassable mountains of the Balkan.

I should have liked to linger hereabouts, but the autumn and the Bora, of which we had had a taste, warned me that the Adriatic is a disagreeable cruising ground for a squadron, except in summer; so we proceeded southwards. We passed close to one of the palaces of the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian—La Croma. On this barren rock he converted an old monastery into a residence, and it is still unfinished—a second Miramar. I visited both these palaces. The latter is built on a projecting point of the Bay of

Trieste, about five miles from and fronting it. The wild limestone crags, which here overhang the sea, have been levelled at great cost, and on the plateau stands the palace and gardens. It is a high, three-storied, turreted building, somewhat resembling Osborne. Within it is very rococo and Gothic. There is one fine dining-hall, with groined roof, and the whole is elaborately ornamented and gilded, perhaps overmuch. Every accident of ground has been artistically taken advantage of in the gardens, which combine Italian, French, and English styles, and are really beautiful.

A pleasant four hours' run brought the squadron to the Bocca di Cattaro—"the gates of hell" of the poet. It is formed by a succession of lakes of salt water, and is bounded by stupendous mountains. The old town of Cattaro is at the head of the third lake or basin. Here is the frontier of Montenegro, to which the only approach is by a zigzag road up an almost perpendicular cliff of a thousand feet. Some of the projecting rocks are secured by chains, to prevent their tumbling on the roofs of the houses beneath.

Arriving at the summit of the pass, you are in the wild territory of Montenegro. I had previously visited this country, when the mountaineers were fighting against the Turks. Now all is peace; they are alternately coquetting with Russia and Austria in order to maintain their present independence.

One of our greatest delights was the magnificent Austrian bands which everywhere serenaded us. None, that I have ever heard, approach them, either

in delicate execution or in *ensemble.* It is as if one perfect instrument was playing. The bands were principally composed of Bohemians, who are born musicians; generally they numbered about sixty.

This is the last Austrian port we visited. I received a very pleasing letter from Lord Bloomfield, in reply to one from me, expressive of the gratification of myself and the fleet at our reception at the Austrian ports. M. de Beust, his lordship informed me, wrote that, besides the pleasure H.I. Majesty had experienced in opening his ports to the British navy, he had been especially gratified to learn from the authorities the admirable conduct of the crews of the fleet, and the universal regrets of the inhabitants when they quitted them.

The squadron then proceeded to Augusta, from whence various parties ascended Mount Etna.

Our cruising season being pretty well over, some of the squadron proceeded to Malta; others to relieve the out-stations; the flagship, with a frigate, going to Naples. The King of Italy, always doing gracious acts, offered us a *chasse* at Capo di Monte.

Everybody who knows Naples will remember that the lovely gardens and shrubberies of that palace overlook the city, and that it is the resort of all the nurses and children of the dense population below. I thought there must be an error in the wording of the invitation, but the grand Veneur, an agreeable Italian nobleman, who came on board to arrange matters, assured us we should have good sport. But how about the nursery maids? "Eh—*non fa niente!*" And sure

enough we blazed away, and happily bagged nothing but tame pheasants; not, however, tamer than those which provide the wretched sport called a battue in our own country.

The King (Victor Emmanuel) has some very extensive preserves near Naples, as well as at other places, but his delight is chamois hunting in the Alps. Although a tall and heavy man, he outstrips his companions, and his marvellous endurance of fatigue and hunger are the theme of wonderment among the easy-going Italians. He was said never to touch food except at mid-day. I observed that at dinner he ate nothing.

The great theatre at San Carlo is much shorn of its glory since the Bourbon days; the "subvention" has been reduced, and the Neapolitans are in despair. A great agitation was apparent, and the *cafés* were the scenes of much discussion. An opposition party, and a violent one, were bent on removing the impresario of San Carlo, because he would not repaint the grand drop scene. We left them in the heat of the contest, and a noble breeze carried us to the Straits of Bonifacio. We anchored off Caprera, in front of the residence of Garibaldi. Here we were joined by my wife and the children, and paid a visit to the hero.

People may differ as to Garibaldi's qualities, but it is impossible justly to withhold admiration from the man who has freed Naples from the tyranny of the Bourbons. The deeds of Garibaldi, when one takes into account the slender means at his disposal, are

astonishing, and as a patriot he has set an example for all time by his determined refusal of the honours and wealth which were offered to him.

We had some difficulty in finding our way from the beach to the cottage where he lived, for road there is none, and the path is over the roughest of rocks. Most part of this barren island belongs to Garibaldi, who cultivates little patches of land where the rocks will admit of it.

There was something melancholy in the visit to this remarkable man. It was impossible to escape observing that he was dissatisfied and unhappy, not, I feel positive, at his own condition, for he glories in it, and points to the lovely Italian sky and exclaims that that suffices to make up for all the dainties of life; but in truth he thought he had not been fairly treated by those who owe much to him, and that he had been cajoled. I persuaded him with difficulty to accept some very choice cigars as a memento of our visit; and he presented Lady Clarence with a beautifully executed likeness of himself, which was a great mark of favour, as that picture had long been coveted by his admirers.

This was one of Lord Nelson's favourite anchorages, as being handy to Toulon; and here still resided, in the little village of Caprera, one of his followers, an old retired captain of the royal navy, who, with hundreds of others, was turned adrift at the peace, and came and dropped both his anchors for good and all, amid the scenes of his youth. He was greatly beloved by the poor fishermen, his only companions,

to whom he was fond of relating, in Italian, his adventures with the greatest of sea-captains.

From Caprera we shaped our course for Palermo. What a noble bay is this—not unlike Naples, but lacking its beautiful outposts of Ischia and Capri, and, consequently, very exposed to all winds from seaward. It was in a melancholy state of stagnation. The cathedral and other churches partake of the Byzantine and Moorish styles rather than the Italian. The gem, however, of Palermo is the cathedral of Mon Reale, with the Moorish palace adjoining, on the hill overlooking the town. The vaulted ceilings, as well as the interior, are of rich mosaic sacred pictures on gold ground; this is the best preserved specimen I have seen, and beats Saint Mark's at Venice hollow. The modern imitations by M. Salviati of Venice are not a bit fresher in appearance than the Mon Reale pictures, which are said to be of the twelfth century.

We were interested in inspecting Garibaldi's abode in Palermo. On his victorious entry, a magnificent apartment was prepared for him. He preferred a little lodging on the terrace of the palace.

Our cruise, our last cruise, was over, and we entered the little pleasant town of "steps and stairs," as Byron called La Valetta, with sorrowful reflections that the three years of command have nearly run out, and that what remained was harbour instead of sea work. Yet let it not be supposed that the squadron is idle during the winter months. First comes the refit, then the harbour exercises, the landing of the seamen in battalions, the Hythe course of musketry,

boat and sail and gun drills—in short, every day and every hour of the day has its routine at Malta.

Undoubtedly Malta has many advantages. The weather is generally mild and the water smooth, enabling free intercourse with the shore. The police regulations are good, and that disease which is the bane of our seamen almost unknown. They are provided with a magnificent canteen, with all sorts of adjuncts, notably a theatre, close to the ships, and where the greater part congregate nightly in preference to frequenting low grog-shops.

It seems unaccountable that some similar system is not adopted at our home ports. Nothing can be more unsatisfactory than our arrangements, which go to break the hearts of our excellent officers. The entry of a squadron into the harbours is the signal for all sorts of irregularities, indiscipline, and discomfort. The ships are moored in the tideway ofttimes, rendering it difficult to land, and when the men do land, they have no decent and respectable place to go and enjoy themselves. There is no good exercising-ground in the neighbourhood of the ships, where battalion and field-piece drill can be carried on, much less the Hythe musketry instruction.

All this might be remedied, and without any great cost. Firstly, a place might be found both in Portsmouth harbour and Hamoaze, where a division of ships might be safely moored for the winter, head and stern, and close to one another and the shore. An exercising ground, with sheds and other appurtenances, above all; a good canteen and recreation ground, might

be organized. Lastly, the rear-admiral commanding the division, and all the captains and officers, should live on board with their men.

Instead of allowing the men long leave—except in particular instances, to visit their families at a distance—the Mediterranean system should be more particularly adhered to, consisting of a regular system of general, privileged, and special leave, sleeping on shore being forbidden except for the fortnightly general leave.

I am aware that in making these observations I am treading on delicate ground, and I confess that, never having belonged to the Channel Squadron, there may be more difficulties than are here contemplated in assimilating it as regards winter routine to their brethren of the Mediterranean; but these opinions are shared in by many good officers who have commanded ships on both stations, and are therefore worthy of consideration.

The flagship was the scene of an entertainment—a farewell entertainment to the excellent inhabitants of Malta—on New Year's night, which was novel, and, it is believed, successful. The *Caledonia* was moved close to the shore and brilliantly illuminated with gas, and the company entered and departed by a temporary wooden bridge. The night happened to be one of those of which only these climates can boast of, and the moon was at the full. The concert which followed amused the guests exceedingly. Towards midnight the lights insensibly diminished, until almost total darkness prevailed. Suddenly a gun was fired,

eight bells struck, the lights burst out, assisted by blue lights, and the whole ship's company, who lined the hammock nettings, joined in a serenade, with music by Lady Clarence, accompanied by the bands. The effect was very striking, though doubtless many of the young couples preferred the few minutes preceding the new year, and were a little startled when the full blaze of light burst on them. Long as is the winter night it was over before the ball.

All things, however pleasant, have an end, and I write this in sorrowful mood. To-morrow I take leave of the squadron.

EPILOGUE.

HERE the public life of Lord Clarence Paget closes. On relinquishing the Mediterranean command he returned to his home in Wales, where he was cordially welcomed, and an address was presented to him by his neighbours and tenantry.

In the beautiful scenery surrounding his home, he found for the first time leisure to cultivate the arts which he loved, and he turned his attention especially to sculpture.

He enjoyed the friendship of the late Joseph Durham, R.A., and he profited greatly by his instruction.

In 1873 he remodelled and erected on the shores of the Menai Straits a colossal statue of Nelson. For this fine work he received the thanks of the Admiralty, by whom it has been adopted as a guide for the Navigation of the Menai Straits.*

A marble bust of himself—a remarkable likeness—was soon after exhibited in the Royal Academy.

His varied accomplishments, and the musical powers of his wife, made their house in Cromwell Gardens attractive to many persons whose society and friendship they highly appreciated; among whom were Professor Owen, Professor Ella (the founder of the Musical Union), Gustave Doré, Sir Henry Cole, and others eminent in science and art.

In the summer time he usually cruised in his small steam yacht, for he was a born sailor and loved the sea.

In the spring of last year he went with Lady Clarence to Brighton. There the fatal influenza epidemic seized them, and they died within a few hours of each other in the presence of their deeply grieved children, and to the great sorrow of many who knew and loved them. United in Death, as in life, they lie now in one grave in the village churchyard of Patcham.

* *Vide*, "Admiralty Sailing Directions," pp. 280, 281.

AT COWES, 1886.

APPENDIX I.

A YACHT VOYAGE IN 1882 THROUGH THE CANAL DU MIDI OF FRANCE.

Reprinted from the "Journal of the Society of Arts."

Miranda, Toulon.

I HAVE been asked by several yachting friends to describe a trip, offering some novelty and interest, from England to the Mediterranean, *viâ* the Canal du Midi of France, and have consequently prepared the following account, which I trust may interest the readers of the *Journal*.

The *Miranda* is a galvanized steel screw steamer, built by Messrs. Halsey, of Wandsworth, of the following dimensions: 85 ft. length over all, and 11 ft. extreme beam. Her draught of water with her small, three-bladed canal screw, is 4 ft. 2 in., but, being constructed with the screw snaft very low down, and a break in the keel, she carries, for sea-going purposes, a larger screw, which increases her draught to 4 ft. 8 in.; her height above water-line, with funnel lowered, is 8 ft. She has a compound engine, and a surface condenser. She carries 6½ tons of coal, equal to about eight days' consumption at full speed, and water for a fortnight. Her accommodation consists of a fore-peak, with two sleeping-berths; a cabin, with two bed places for the mate and engineer; a double-bedded sleeping-cabin; and a single-bedded ditto, with bath-room, washing-room, and closet—all before the engine-room; and abaft, she has a saloon and pantry, and cooking-place, with steward's berth. She carries five hands and a pilot. I mention these few details, as the sequel will show their importance to those who undertake this cruise.

The start was not propitious. Various circumstances detained the vessel, and she found herself off Beachy Head at the commencement of the furious gale of the 14th October; she got, however, safely into Ramsgate, and so on to Cowes, thence to Dartmouth, where she

was detained a considerable number of days by bad weather, and at last she had a good run across Channel to Ushant on November 6th. Passing through the Passage du Four, her coal bunkers took fire, and she put into Brest, restored her coals, and proceeded on southwards; but bad weather drove her into the several ports of Locktudy, Port Louis, and Croisic. Finally, she arrived at Bordeaux on November 19th, having proved herself a right good little sea boat.

Having completed coal and water, unshipped her masts and davits, and made all preparations for canal work, we started on November 26th from Bordeaux, passing under the bridges and into the Garonne, to La Reole, where commences the canal.

Here I must pause and give an idea of this great work which unites the ocean with the Mediterranean through the heart of France. Originally the canal, which immortalized its constructor, P. P. Riquet, was only intended to connect the head waters of the Garonne at Toulouse with the Mediterranean, and it was opened with great pomp and ceremony by Louis XIV. in 1681; but it was soon found inadequate to the purposes required, as the Garonne was subject to all sorts of vicissitudes of drought and floods.

It was not, however, till our own times that the "Canal Lateral," between Toulouse and near Bordeaux, has been completed, and, curiously enough, just at the moment when the railway between Bordeaux and Cette has almost entirely absorbed the traffic. So here is this magnificent canal, with its ninety-nine locks and its viaducts and bridges comparatively unused, save by an occasional barge loaded with wine. Nevertheless, it is kept in admirable order, and the passage can be made, with certain precautions, without any difficulty.

A pleasant, though not very picturesque voyage of thirty miles of river, brought us to the entrance of the canal. It was necessary to put on our canal screw before entering, so we laid the vessel on the ground, and entered on the flowing tide, through the lock, which is double, or rather twin, so that two vessels can pass at the same time. The dimensions of this, and indeed all the locks, are as follows: Length, 28 metres; breadth, 5·80 m.; depth, 1·60 m.; and the height of bridges varies, but no vessel is allowed to pass which is higher above the level of the canal than 2·72 m.

Thus it will be seen that we had about six feet of length, and five feet of width, to spare, one foot of height, and one foot under our

bottom; nor is this by any means too large a margin, since, however well a vessel may be steered, and however quickly stopped, it is impossible at all times, particularly if there be a strong breeze, to ensure her entry into the locks with exactly sufficient speed. Moreover, it is quite necessary that a boat should be afloat, to make a rope fast to the shore, where the canal has very sharp curves, as is the case in the old part of it, between Toulouse and Cette; and inasmuch as the boat cannot be hoisted up to davits or inboards, it will be manifest that room must be left for her in the lock. We had just room under the stern for one thirteen feet boat athwart. The safe passage through the first lock and under the first bridge caused us pleasant excitement, for although I had taken all precautions to ascertain the matter beforehand, nevertheless I was somewhat anxious, having come so far, that we should not have to return disappointed.

Here I feel bound to express my sense of the kindness and attention we experienced from all the authorities of the Canal du Midi. M. Moffre, l'Ingenieur en Chef, who resides at Toulouse, and gave me the pleasure of his company when we arrived there, had given orders that an officer should go with us the whole way to see that there was no detention at the locks; and we, besides, had an excellent pilot, whose name I desire to make public because of his merits, which included those of purveyor and cook! Although on several occasions our ragout was somewhat damaged by Serre (such is his name) having to steer the vessel into a lock at the critical moment when the casserole required his attention, nevertheless we fared sumptuously on the whole; but let no one suppose that in passing through the heart of France victuals can always be procured. There are distances of twelve or fifteen miles without shop or even a cottage.

We were satisfied to have accomplished our first lock, and made fast opposite the house of the "Chef du Section," of which there are seven on the canal. He and his lady paid us a visit, as did the curé and principal inhabitants of La Reole. Next morning, the 28th, we fairly tackled the business, and accomplished that day eleven locks, stopping at Buzet. It would be tedious to describe our daily routine, and I need only remark that we took advantage of all the daylight—at this season only about 8½ hours—and accomplished some thirty-five to forty miles per day, always ascending, till we

arrived at Toulouse on the sixth day. This "Canal Lateral" follows much the course of the Garonne. It is a splendid work, and is kept in beautiful order. The grand features are the bridges which carry the canal across the Garonne and other rivers. There are three, but by far the grandest and most interesting is that at Agen, where we found ourselves in mid-air, with the river, the railway, the high road, and part of the town far beneath us. The centre arch is a hundred feet high. After leaving Agen, the scenery became picturesque and sometimes grand; but to really enjoy this trip it should be taken before the fall of the leaf. The whole length of the canal is lined on either side by poplar, plane, and other trees, many of them of great height, so as almost to shade the vessels passing. The locks are admirably managed, and it is surprising how little delay they cause—always supposing that there is no vessel to take precedence; but whether by chance, or that orders had been sent on to keep the road clear, we were rarely detained, and the average time in passing through was about five minutes. As we approached Toulouse, the air became keen and the nights frosty. Our "Chef du Section," who always accompanied us, informed me that some years since the canal was frozen up in the middle of December, and we consequently delayed as little as possible, and only spent a couple of days at Toulouse, which I regretted, as besides being a pretty town, it is especially interesting as being the grand central depôt of the canal, and junction with the old "Canal du Midi," a name which has outlived the original title of Louis XIV., who christened it "Canal de Languedoc." Here, or rather a few miles to the eastward, are the numerous reservoirs and alimentary canals which bring the waters from the "Montagnes Noires." We could not stop to see them in detail, but could trace their outline far away into the distance.

When the celebrated engineer, Vauban, came to inspect these works, he was astonished, and exclaimed that one thing was wanted only, namely, a monument and statue to the founder. This has since been rectified, and a grand obelisk is visible at the source of the canal. The story of Pierre Paul Riquet is that of many, nay, of most, great patriots—he met with scant assistance from the government, and strenuous opposition from his countrymen; he was treated as a madman, and died of a broken heart before the great work was finished. His career seems to have been very similar to that of an illustrious man of our own day—Lesseps—save and except that the

latter, happily, has been spared to see the final achievement of his splendid work. He had, however, one attribute which is not common among inventors—he knew how to strike a bargain; and his contract still enriches several families, his descendants, especially the Caramans.

On December 5th we arrived at the summit of the canal, and it was interesting to note the alimentation going both ways. Here the whole character and structure of the works changes; instead of many miles of straight reaches of uniform width of about 100 feet, the canal becomes tortuous to a degree which is almost absurd, but which is accounted for by the fact that, in Riquet's day there was no law "d'expropriation," and he had to make a bargain with every little landowner for permission to pass through his grounds, and being in many cases refused, he had to cut away in another, and often opposite direction. The locks here are also peculiar, being oval-shaped, to admit of two boats abreast; the effect of this is, that although on the map Toulouse is at least two-thirds of the distance from Bordeaux to Cette, it is, by the canal, not quite half-way.

These sharp curves are inconvenient, as it is necessary to turn the corners very slowly, for fear of running into vessels coming in the opposite direction, and often they are so very acute as to necessitate stopping the engines and using poles, and sometimes ropes to get round the corner.

Another peculiar feature of this part of the canal is the constant recurrence of multiple locks. On first approach to double, treble, quadruple, and even quintuple locks, one feels somewhat like going over a precipice; but this soon wears off, and, in reality, the ground is got over quicker than with single locks.

The famous octuple lock at Beziers only required half an hour to accomplish, and it is one of the most wonderful features of this canal—it is like going down a steep ladder from the top of a cliff to the valley below. Our passage must have been a source of amusement to the natives, judging by the crowds which met us at each stopping place. I never could quite understand the exact cause of this. I asked M. Moffre, to whom I have already alluded as the obliging and amiable chief; but he did not satisfy me by saying it is the first steam yacht except one, which belongs to the Emperor of Austria, and which passed through five years ago.

It so happened that my friend and agreeable companion, Mr.

Percival, the British consul at Bordeaux, accompanied me, and I fancy the innocent people must have supposed we were rehearsing an intended voyage of some royal personage—indeed, this was hinted to me; anyhow, we were received with, if I may ungratefully express it, too fervent demonstrations, which culminated in the military governor of Carcassone coming out on a prancing charger to welcome us, and caracolling along the towing path with us into the town. What a curious old place is Carcassone, said to be the oldest town in France, and I should think, from its appearance, it might claim still greater antiquity.

But how sad is the aspect of this country, till lately the favoured land of the grape, and of the famous Vins du Midi, now a desolate wilderness. As far as the eye can reach, in every direction, are vineyards desolated by the terrible Phylloxera, and the poor people are now rooting up their vines to sell for firewood. It is, alas, spreading in every direction, and there seems no cure. A more horrible aspect than a vine attacked by these insects cannot be conceived; seen through a microscope it is a living and moving mass of insects, which assume various forms, from the chrysalis to a diminutive moth, and in that state they fly to fresh plants and deposit their eggs.

From Carcassone we descended rapidly by multiple locks to the plain of Agde, having always as a grand background to the south the range of the Pyrenees; but this plain is anything but picturesque, being rocky and barren. Here we pass what the ignorant and misguided people of Riquet's day thought would be a barrier to his great work. A sharp spur of the "Montagnes Noires" here juts out into the plain, which looks like "thus far, no further;" but he was equal to the task, and set to work to tunnel an imitation of the only tunnel existing in those days, the grotto of Pausillipo at Naples, which he visited on purpose, and it is exactly similar and about the same length. Who does not remember the odd mysterious passage, high enough to pass a line-of-battle ship through? A part, unfortunately, has given way, and necessitated arching the roof, which has somewhat marred the effect, but it is still interesting and imposing. From hence, a sharp descent through several multiple locks, brings us to the level of the Mediterranean, whose blue waters are seen in the distance; and on Saturday, the 10th of December, being our fourteenth day since leaving Bordeaux, we emerged from the canal into the Etang du Thau, an inland sea, several of which

abound on this coast, and must have belonged at some former period to the Rhone, whose delta resembles that of the Nile, and continues from hence nearly to Marseilles. At the mouth of the Etang is the town and seaport of Cette, which we reached in the afternoon.

The canal is passed, and we are in the Mediterranean. Cette is becoming celebrated, or more properly, notorious; it is the principal seat of adulteration—open and unblushing—of the wines of France and Spain. Here are millions of barrels all along the quays in every street, on countless waggons and railway trucks, and in dozens of ships marked with the brands of Medoc, Burgundy, Frontignac, any other wines such as Sherry, Madeira, Malaga, etc., innocent of any connection with grapes, or with a modicum so small as to be merely nominal, and they are sent all over the world. The government is powerless to curb this traffic, and can only step in if deleterious drugs are mixed; but the curious part of the story is that several samples which I tasted are really not at all disagreeable. England, of course, is the greatest dupe; but even the French are obliged to submit, as there is great difficulty, even in this wine-growing country, of getting pure wine. It is a busy place, and far from dull, with its teeming population and shipping. I might here lay down my pen, and say the task is accomplished: the *Miranda's* masts are again stepped, her sea-going gear set up, and her sea-going propeller shipped, and we are off to Cannes to winter in that lovely climate; but my yachting friends will expect some general advice concerning this novel mode of visiting the Mediterranean. Let no one suppose it is to be lightly undertaken, like a coasting cruise.

The canal is subject to several maladies. In winter, it is sometimes frozen in its higher parts, near Toulouse. It is subject to droughts, and when I passed Toulouse, the engineer-in-chief told me he had doubted whether he ought to telegraph to me at Bordeaux not to attempt the passage, as they had not had a drop of rain for six months, and the reservoirs on the Montagnes Noires were very low, and getting lower every day, so that there was barely four feet in parts; consequently I broke one of the blades of the propeller, though I was never actually stopped. Each year, and usually in August and September, what is called "chômage," or cleansing and repairing, takes place, during which the canal is closed.

A serious mishap befel me, and nothing but the exertions of an

excellent engineer surmounted the bother. Before leaving England, I made all sorts of inquiries in Paris as to the facilities which Cette offers for docking vessels. It will readily be understood that on the ocean or western side of France, where there is a good rise and fall, nothing is easier than to beach the vessel and change the propeller; but on the Mediterranean side there is no rise and fall, consequently either a dock or a slip of some sort is required. I was shown, in Paris, plans of Cette, exhibiting docks and slips in abundance; but on arriving at that place I found these things only existed on paper, and the folks there are so absorbed in their occupation of adulterating wine, that they have neglected this necessary appendage to a Mediterranean port. We succeeded in changing the propeller by wading under the vessel's bottom.

The engines I should recommend would be compound surface condensing, with power to cut off the condensing gear, and use high pressure while in the canal, as the constant and sudden stoppage and backing is very trying to the condensing gear, which in my case fairly broke down. No harm comes to the boiler, as the water is fresh.

I have already said that 85 ft. length, and from 11 ft. to 12 ft. beam is as much as is advisable, and on no account should the draft of water exceed 4 ft. 2 in. As to height, there is a fair margin, and I do not think that 9 ft. above the water line would actually scrape the crown of the bridges. There is no coal, or at least no coal fit for use to be procured at any of the ports, Bordeaux and Cette excepted, so a vessel should stow seven to eight days of that article. A pilot is of great use, particularly at the locks, not to mention purveying at the principal towns, and if he adds to his merits that of cooking, as mine did, no one will regret shipping one, although it is not required by the authorities.

I will not close this account without adverting to the origin of this scheme. Many years ago, in the historical "Gossett Room" of the House of Commons, the illustrious engineer Stephenson consulted me about a yacht on the "wave line" principle, which was then somewhat in vogue, and which was supposed to combine speed and steadiness at sea. I need not detail my objections to this form, which I laid before him, but I asked him what he wanted to do, and his reply was, to go as far as possible, and never to be at sea at night. I replied, given certain conditions, he might leave England,

and navigate either to the Baltic or to the Mediterranean, passing his nights in harbour.

Those conditions were, first of all, that his engine should not break down; secondly, that the dimensions of his vessel should not exceed certain limits; and thirdly, she should have a running speed of nine knots, and stowage of coal for one hundred and fifty hours. The company laughed me to scorn; but this project has actually been carried out almost in its integrity by the *Miranda*, for she has only passed two nights at sea, and that was because she was hurried out to Bordeaux by the builder who had engaged to deliver her there.

It is a curious fact that there is scarcely a distance exceeding sixty miles where a vessel of her dimensions may not take shelter with perfect safety. She crosses from the Isle of Wight to Cherbourg, or she may cross to Dieppe or Havre, and coast along the west coast of France; she may enter the Canal d'Ile et Rance, at St. Malo, descend the Vilaine River, and coast to Bordeaux, touching at a dozen little harbours; she then goes by the Canal du Midi to Cette, and here she finds ports the whole length of France and Italy (with but one break between Naples and Messina of one hundred and ninety miles) to Malta and so on, or along the coast of Spain; but she must have a good engine, and stow plenty of coal, and she should have abundance of time, so as not to force her passage, as her dimensions are not for real sea-going, but for coasting.

I have already adverted to the uniform kindness I received from all the authorities, and I have been requested by them to make known to any yachting gentlemen that they are ready to give every information and assistance, and are glad indeed to see their splendid canal *égayé* by the sight of the English flag.

The only other item to which I need allude is the cost of the trip, and this is not the least of its merits. It seems incredible, but the only charge made by the canal authorities for the passage of the ninety-nine locks is under ninety francs.

APPENDIX II.

Remarks on the Board of Admiralty.

The new Admiralty I think better constituted on the whole than the former Board. At all events, it is good to have an occasional change, as it was this feeling which in the main decided me on leaving the Government. Many criticisms were, of course, passed in Parliament and by the press on the late Government, and especially on the Admiralty. I feared, from the questions put, and Sir J. Pakington's answers, he had rather encouraged them, which I thought unwise. The public are apt to take an exaggerated view, and are easily alarmed by an answer from a Minister. That the late Board had been remiss in not at once, in 1859, ceasing to build line-of-battle ships, I freely admit. Indeed, there is reported in the Royal Commission on Dockyards, in 1860, my earnest appeal to my colleagues on that subject, immediately after we were installed. But they did manfully face the question of armour ships in the following year, and have since been continually constructing them. Whether the class of vessels has been the best may admit of doubt. The turret system advocated by Coles has many friends and many enemies. His injudicious conduct towards the department, who really have treated him like a spoilt child, has doubtless been detrimental to a full and fair exposition of the merits and demerits of this system.

Again, the substitution of Mr. Reed for the old constructors, and the adoption of the "box" system and U bows, has led to much controversy, and it is not my object to dissert on these matters. But, as it invariably happens that criticisms on measures by the public and press merge into an attack on the constitution of the department found fault with, even though the errors—if errors

they be—might easily be shown in many cases to be due not to the constitution at all, but to the individuals working it, I am going to offer a few remarks, after seven years' experience of the Admiralty.

No other government department has such varied duties. The Admiralty is first a great executive, and second a great manufacturing and financial department. It is easy to be seen that this is not conducive to economy. The old Navy Board was charged with the construction of ships, and was responsible for their cost. It was almost independent of the Admiralty, and was of course a great check on the expenditure and material. There was also formerly an officer called "the Treasurer of the Navy," who was supposed to check the expenditure of the department, both in *personnel* and *matériel*. Both these officers have been at various periods suppressed. I have always thought and said that this was regrettable. True, there were sometimes conflicts between the Admiralty and the Navy Board, which were detrimental to the public service; and, with regard to the Treasury, in modern times the office became a sinecure. My opinion is that the Navy Board, in some shape, should be revived, and the treasurer should be re-established and be connected with the Treasury. By these appointments we should have this advantage: The construction of ships and the management of the dockyards would be under a responsible department, in connection with but not under the Admiralty. On this particular point I must say the present system is extremely faulty. The controller—formerly surveyor—is responsible, not to the public, like the old Navy Board, but to the Admiralty, and shelters himself under their wing. He proposes a plan of a ship to the Board, or rather to the First Lord, who sends for any member of the Board into his room, and after perhaps half an hour's discussion, a vessel, to cost nearly half a million of money, is decided on, and the plan comes into the board-room for official signature and seal. This I affirm has been the whole consideration given to the plan of construction of the fleet of armour ships built during the last seven years. Nor could the First Lord act otherwise, since he has no machinery but the Board to help him. But these gentlemen are charged with, I may say, enormous duties, which I will sketch, so that they cannot possibly give adequate attention to this matter. For of what

vast importance it is that a vessel of war should be thoroughly *studied* in design before she is called into existence? She is not, so to speak, a single vessel; she is the representative of a class.

We all know the importance of homogeneity in the navy, and it is on this point that the French have so far surpassed us lately. While we have been constructing vessels—no two of which are alike—they have built them by batches, thus assuring to themselves squadrons whose force and speed are similar, and whose engines, if damaged, could be renewed by the spare gear common to all. Before a plank is put in or a nail driven, the plan is placed before the *Conseil de Construction*, composed of every class of persons—the combatant officer, the navigating officer, the engineer, the boatswain, nay, even the medical officer and paymaster. And why? In order that each class may, through its representative, have due space and accommodation given to its business.

To take only one instance of the importance of giving scope for discussion on every detail. Our armour-ships had very faulty ventilation below, from the absence of scuttles for air. The absence of an airy sick-bay, combined with the former, rendered them very unhealthy. If a surgeon had been a party to the plan of fitment, is it not reasonable to suppose that he would have advocated scuttles and a proper sick-bay? Each and all of them have only since, and at great cost, had forecastles placed on them for sick-bays, and scuttles, involving extensive alterations. Again, it is evident that poops are a requisite for these ships, and are now being given to them. These matters were attended to in the very earliest of the French ironclads, *La Gloire*, in 1857!

With regard to this department, then, I advocate a revival of the *principle* of the Navy Board, and with it a committee of instruction. The argument used by the Duke of Somerset and other high authorities, in their evidence before the famous Admiralty committee of 1861, was that it produced clashing and delay. My reply is that there ought to be no hurry in designing a ship. When once deliberately considered in every part, the hurry should commence, and then only. I have very hastily dealt with what I consider to be the very weakest part of the Admiralty administration. I repeat, that a responsible department of construction should be devised.

As regards the all-important point of finance. The theory of

the responsibility of the Treasury for much of the expenditure of the public departments is fallacious. As long as the aggregate expenditure voted by Parliament is not exceeded—I speak of that for material—the department itself should be responsible. I will not now at length deal with this question, beyond stating broadly that the Secretary of the Admiralty should, in my opinion, be its treasurer. No important proposal for *matériel* or *personnel* should be entertained without his having carefully studied the financial view, and expressed his opinion to the Board, and when it relates to the *personnel*, that is, to pay and allowances, the Treasury, who are cognizant of these matters in the other departments, should be invariably consulted. The effect of this would shortly be that the construction department would be checked as to expenditure by the Secretary to the Admiralty, and the expenditure on the *personnel* would be checked by the Secretary, and likewise by the Treasury.

Another serious defect in the administration of the navy is the system by which appointments and promotions, both civil and naval, are made,—in fact, its patronage. It has been calculated that nine thousand individuals of the officer class depend wholly on the fiat of the First Lord of the Admiralty for their advance in life. What a political engine in a country like ours! Each of these persons exercises more or less influence in the districts with which he or his family may be connected. Is this fair towards the minister himself? Is he not pressed in every direction, either by persuasion or threats, for promises to promote this or that person? True, if he be a peer, these appeals may come with somewhat less force; but, whether peer or commoner, this enormous patronage is unconstitutional and unwholesome, both for the minister as well as the public. Let us in this again look to France. There, for the purposes of promotion, a *Conseil de l'Amirauté* is established. Once in each year the service, character, qualifications of every individual *are* placed before it, and the result of its deliberations, which occupy much time, is the *cadre* or *tableau d'avancement*. I will not here go into the detail of the rules by which the Conseil, and afterwards the minister, are guided; suffice it to say that he has not the power, as a rule, to promote any one who is not on the *cadre* for the year. I am not advocating a servile imitation of everything French, but I say that this is a better

system than our own, by which the promotions are dependent solely on the will of the First Lord; and I say it, likewise, without the smallest desire to question his probity. His only machinery for sifting the comparative merits of individuals and their speciality for particular services is his private secretary, with the occasional assistance of one or other of his overworked Board. I have said "overworked Board," and there never was a more just expression.

It is difficult to describe what these men have to do. The First Sea Lord, the commissioning of ships, and the discipline of ships. Imagine the careful study of offences, etc., for seventy thousand men; with the duty of checking, on the one hand, severity; on the other, laxity. The Second Sea Lord, the manning, with all the regulations and management appertaining to it in respect to the seamen, marines, and boys. The Third Sea Lord, the gunnery, the study of all the modern appliances of guns and rifles, steel shot and shell carriages, etc., as adapted for all the ships of our navy. The Fourth Sea Lord, the care of purchasing and supplying the stores and provisions, coals, etc., for squadrons in every part of the world, the clothing and the contracts for all these. Finally, the Civil Lord, who has charge of the public works, such as docks, storehouses, barracks, hospitals, etc., as far as the building, maintenance and repair of these vast structures. I have here only given the heads of the business which occupies, and I may say destroys—for during my tenure of office two Lords died, according to the opinion of their medical men, from overwork, and two or three, including one Civil Lord, were forced, from exhaustion, to quit the office—a body of gentlemen who are looked on by the public to be in easy and pleasant places.

I have but one other department to find some fault with, and, subsequently, the pleasanter duty of endeavouring to show the advantages of the constitution of the Admiralty as a Board, which, if *well worked*, I consider far overbalance its disadvantages, and leads one not to recommend pulling down a good old structure, but applying here and there repairs where they are needed. The director of works is under the immediate direction of the Civil Lord, ordinarily a young M.P., to whom this most important appointment is usually given as a start in public life. Many of our greatest statesmen, including the late Lord Palmerston, thus began their official career. In old days, when Admiralty works were unimportant,

this system worked well enough; but in these days about two millions are thus annually expended.

Let me illustrate the process by which a vast series of public buildings have been designed and executed. The Admiralty having generally decided on the necessity of the work, desire the Director of Works to prepare a plan, which he does under the supervision of the Civil Lord. A few years ago a very amiable and really promising young Civil Lord was charged with the construction of coastguard cottages for the force, consisting of about four thousand men and officers. He, being the heir to a magnificent estate, and with magnificent ideas, conceived that these buildings should be not only comfortable, but likewise ornamental; and after much consultation with his director, he devised elevations of the most charming character, at a cost of quite double what would be requisite for ordinary cottages. This great work was to be extended over many years, so that the actual estimate for the first year did not alarm the Treasury, to whom the estimates for new works are always submitted, and the result has been that these buildings all over our coasts have been going on on the magnificent but certainly extravagant footing I have described.

Here, again, permit me to return to the French. They have a *Conseil des Travaux Publique*, to which distinguished officers of all classes belong, and to whom all such matters as building dock basins, etc., are referred.

But having briefly sketched its imperfections, let me devote a few lines to do justice to the merits of Admiralty organization. The Board meets daily. Every matter of importance in administration is brought before it in a general way, it is discussed, and certain general decisions are come to, as I have already stated. But with regard to its military administration, I do aver it is unrivalled in celerity, in decision, and in justice.

If a ship or squadron is desired to be armed, there sit at table all who have to conduct the operation, and each of whom gives the orders simultaneously. One names the ships and the captains, another the lieutenants and subordinate officers, a third the crews, another the armament, another the provisions. Each of these duties requires the greatest care, precision, and promptitude; the selection of the best commanders and other officers, the crews, etc., the latter being under the Lord who is in charge of the admirable school of boys and the reserves.

Here at the Board also are decided all personal questions—decisions of courts-martial discussed, grievances redressed, punishments awarded; and few except those who have knowledge of the business can imagine how much such questions, in an enormous navy like our own, require and occupy the attention of the Board.

From what I have stated it will be perceived that I am averse to overturn the organization of the Admiralty. It has, like our blessed Constitution, many faults; but we have seen the failure of the attempt to make brand new constitutions, whether political or departmental, both abroad and at home. What I should like to see, I have already shown in a general way, and I sum up these remarks by expressing my desire to reform the shipbuilding, the promotion, and the public works departments, and to let the rest alone; observing only, that in my opinion these results could be obtained by an energetic First Lord, and he would be supported by his colleagues.

What we want is the individual who will unite vigour with conciliation, and who will forego patronage; and, more than all, that he should abstain from that which appears hereditary with First Lords, namely, the vanity of supposing, after they have been a few years, or even months at the Admiralty, that they can build and arm a ship.

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